

THE
NATIONAL
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY

EDWARD L. SEARS, A. M. LL. D.

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Pulchrum est bene facere republicæ, etiam bene dicere laud absurdum est.

NEW YORK:

EDWARD L. SEARS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

61 BROADWAY.

GENERAL AGENTS.

NEW YORK: AMERICAN NEWS CO., 121 NASSAU STREET. BOSTON: A. WILLIAMS & CO.,
100 WASHINGTON STREET. PHILADELPHIA: JAMES K. SIMON, SOUTH
SIXTH STREET. LONDON: TRUBNER & CO., 60 PATERNOSTER
ROW. PARIS: VICTOR ALEXI, 19 RUE DU MAIL.

1866.

STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

Piano-Fortes

Are now acknowledged the best instruments in America, as well as in Europe, having taken THIRTY-TWO FIRST PREMIUMS, GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and, in addition thereto, they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

POWERFUL, CLEAR, BRILLIANT, AND SYMPATHETIC TONE,

with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square pianos.

There were 269 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of the *Times* says:

"Messrs. STEINWAY'S endorsement by the jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

"This greatest triumph of American Piano-fortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and, as a result, the Messrs. STEINWAY are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of American Piano-fortes, by creating in them an article of export."

EVERY STEINWAY PIANO-FORTE IS WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

Among the many and most valuable important improvements introduced by Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS, in their Piano-fortes, the special attention of purchasers is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

For which letters patent were granted them November 29, 1859.

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, during a period of nearly six years, by STEINWAY & SONS, in all their Grands and highest-priced Square Piano-fortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that they have determined to introduce their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" in every Piano-forte manufactured by them, without increase of its cost, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

TESTIMONIAL

OF THE

MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS TO STEINWAY & SONS.

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

The Piano-fortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us.

Among the chief points of their uniform excellence are: Greatest possible depth, richness and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the STEINWAY Pianos, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequalled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the STEINWAY Pianos in all respects the best instruments made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the public.

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the Pianos of various makers, but freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS' Pianos superior to them all.

S. B. MILLIS,
ROBERT GOLDBECK,
HENRY C. TIMM,
F. L. RITTER,
GEO. W. MORGAN,
THEO. THOMAS,
MAX MARETZKE,

WM. MASON,
ROBERT HELLER,
WM. BERGE,
F. BRANDEIS,
THEO. MOELLING,
E. MUZIO,
CARL ANSCHUTZ,

B. WOLLENHAUPT,
A. H. PEASE,
CARL WOLFSOHN,
A. DAVIS,
F. VON BREUNING,
THEO. EISELDE,
CARL BERGMANN.

STEINWAY & SONS.

WAREHOUSES, Nos. 71 & 73 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,

Between Union square and Irving place, New York.

NEW ENGLAND
Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF
BOSTON.

BRANCH OFFICE, 110 BROADWAY, NEW YORK;

Directors in Boston.

SEWELL TAPPAN,
MARSHALL P. WILDER,
JAMES S. AMORY,
CHARLES HUBBARD,
GEORGE H. FOLGER,

HOMER BARTLETT,
FRANCIS C. LOWELL,
JOHN A. ANDREW,
JAMES STURGIS,
STEVENS.

BENJAMIN F. STEVENS,

President.

JOSEPH M. GIBBENS,

Secretary.

Accumulation.....\$3,800,000

Distribution of Surplus in 1863.....\$750,000

Losses Paid in 22 Years, \$1,800,000.

Policies of all descriptions are issued by this Company.

Distributions of Surplus are to be made annually, beginning
November 1866.

Printed documents, pertaining to the subject, together with the report of the Company for the past year, and tables of premiums, supplied gratis, or forwarded free of expense, by addressing

SAMUEL S. STEVENS,

Agent and Attorney for the Company,

No. 110 BROADWAY,

Cor. of Pine street,

NEW YORK CITY.

MANHATTAN COLLEGE,

(CHRISTIAN BROTHERS,)

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

This institution, incorporated and empowered to confer Degrees by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, offers many advantages to further the moral, intellectual, and physical development of students. The situation of the College is not surpassed in landscape beauty, or salubrity, by that of any similar institution in the country. It occupies an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson, beside the village of Manhattanville, about eight miles from New York city.

Its object is to afford the youth of our country the means of acquiring the highest grade of education attained in the best American universities or colleges. While its conductors mean that the classic languages shall be thoroughly studied, they have resolved to give a prominence to the higher mathematics and natural sciences not hitherto received in any similar institution in this country; thus combining the advantages of a first-class College and Polytechnic Institute.

Before receiving any degree, the classical student will be required not only to be able to translate with facility any classic author, whether Greek or Latin, whose style he has studied; he must also be able to express his ideas orally as well as in writing, with more or less fluency, at least in the latter language; whereas the mathematical student seeking similar distinction must extend his scientific knowledge so as to embrace the differential and integral calculus, together with astronomy, chemistry, &c.

The Faculty believe that neither the classics nor the mathematics claim more earnest attention, in order to constitute a sound and practical education, than the vernacular language

and literature, and accordingly their study is never intermitted at this institution, but is continued throughout the whole course, in every form which has received the approval of the most experienced and successful educators.

Besides being carefully instructed in the analytical principles of the language, every student is required not only to take part in oral discussions on rhetoric, logic, moral philosophy, &c., but he must also write English essays on various subjects, which are, in turn, subjected to the criticisms of the whole class, as well as to those of the Professor having charge of that department.

Although the regular preparatory schools of the college are the De La Salle Institute, 46 Second street, and Manhattan Academy, 127 West Thirty-second street, New York, another has been established at the college for the benefit of those who wish to send their children to the institution at an early age.

TERMS:

Board, Washing, and Tuition, per Session of ten months	\$300
Entrance Fee.....	10
Graduation Fee	10
Vacation at College	40


German, Spanish, Drawing, Music, and use of apparatus in the study of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, charged extra. School books at current prices.

No student received for a shorter period than one term of five months—no deductions made when withdrawn during the term. The pocket-money of the student is deposited with the treasure.

Payment of half Session of five months in advance.

The sessions commence on the first Monday in September and end about the 3d of July.

A public examination of the students is held at the end of the session, and gentlemen are invited to examine them then, and also during the class hours of term time.

 For particulars see Catalogue.

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN THE DIVIDEND PERIODS
OF THE
EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE
UNITED STATES,
No. 92 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ACCUMULATED FUND	- - - - -	\$2,000,000,
ANNUAL INCOME	- - - - -	\$1,000,000.

PURELY MUTUAL.
ANNUAL CASH DIVIDENDS.

At the request of their numerous policy-holders, this Society have determined to declare their dividends **ANNUALLY IN CASH**. The first dividend will be declared February 1, 1867. The last dividend declared on the quinquennial plan reduced the premiums in some cases more than 50 per cent., or double the policy during the next dividend period. It is believed for the future that no Company in this country will be able to present greater advantages in its dividends to persons assuring than this Society, as its total expenditure to cash premium received was, by the last New York Insurance Report, less than that of any of the older American Life Insurance Companies.—(See *Superintendent Barnes' Annual Report, 1865*.)

The new business of this Society for the past year (**\$13,623,900**) exceeds the new business of any New York Company in any previous year.—(See *Superintendent Barnes' Annual Report, 1865*.)

Hereafter dividends on the First Annual Premium may be used as Cash in the payment of the Second Annual Premium, and so on thereafter, the dividend on each premium may be applied to the payment of the next succeeding premium. Policy holders in most other Companies **MUST WAIT FOUR OR FIVE YEARS** before any advantage can be derived from dividends.

The success of this Society has not been equalled by any Company, either in this country or Europe, the Society's cash accumulation being over **ONE MILLION OF DOLLARS** greater than the most successful Company at the same period in its history, and its annual cash revenue from premiums, at the end of its sixth year, was greater than that of the largest Company in the country, at the end of its fifteenth.

NON-FORFEITURE OF PREMIUMS.—In the case of whole life and endowment policies at ordinary ages in force for at least three years, the Society will, on due surrender, issue a Paid up Policy for the full amount of premiums paid.

The Company will issue policies on a single life to the extent of **\$25,000**, but only in cases where the physical condition and family history of the applicant are entirely unexceptionable.

Permission is given at all times to visit Europe free of charge.

Extra Permits granted at moderate rates.

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.

HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.

HENRY DAY, Attorney.

DANIEL LORD, Counsel.

E. W. LAMBERT, M. D., Medical Examiner.

WILLARD PARKER, M. D., Consulting Physician.

New York, February 3, 1866.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE EXERCISES WILL BE RESUMED AS FOLLOWS :

IN THE SCHOOL OF ART,

September 4.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

September 11.

IN THE

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND LETTERS

AND

SCHOOL OF CIVIL ENGINEERING,

September 20.

THE SCHOOL OF LAW,

October 2.

THE SCHOOL OF ANALYTICAL AND PRACTICAL
CHEMISTRY,

AND THE

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE,

October 17.

Examinations for Admission to the Department of Science and Letters will take place in the Council Room on TUESDAY, September 19, at 9½, A. M.

For Circulars, enquire at the University, Washington square.

September 1, 1866.

ISAAC FERRIS,

Chancellor.

PURELY MUTUAL.

KNICKERBOCKER LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Office: 161 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

~~~~~  
Reversionary Dividend Averaging 72 per cent.  
~~~~~

ERASTUS LYMAN, *President.*

GEORGE F. SNIFFEN, *Secretary.*

H. LASSING, *General Agent.*

~~~~~  
**Accumulated Fund for the Security of Policy Holders,**

**\$1,000,000.**  
~~~~~

This first-class Company offers the most liberal inducements to parties seeking Life Insurance, and will issue policies in amounts from \$100 to \$10,000 on all the various plans.

The official reports of the Insurance Commissioners of Massachusetts and New York, place the KNICKERBOCKER in the front rank of American Life Corporations.

Holders of Policies will have every privilege extended to them, in the settlement of premiums, and in the transaction of all business with the Company.

Dividends paid in Cash, or made Reversionary, as the Assured may elect.

Western Branch Office,

166 and 168 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

B. F. JOHNSON,

Manager.

South-Eastern Branch Office,

16 Second Street, Baltimore, Md.

J. A. NICHOLS,

Manager

Southern Branch Office,

89 Bay Street, Savannah, Ga.

AARON WILBUR,

Manager.

COLLEGE

OF THE

HOLY CROSS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

This College was founded by the **RE. REV. BENEDICT JOSEPH FEWICK**, Bishop of Boston, in the year 1843, and by him given to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The location is remarkably healthy. Ninety-six acres of land are attached to the College. It stands on Bogachong, or Hill of Pleasant Springs, within two miles of the city of Worcester, and commands an extensive view of the beautiful country around. The water is abundant and of the first quality, the play-grounds are spacious, and afford facilities for healthful amusements at all seasons.

After the usual course of Arithmetic and Book keeping, the Students, according to their proficiency and capacity, are placed in different classes of Mathematics.

There are three classes of French, in which the Students are distributed according to their abilities.

There are two semi-annual examinations. If, at the first examination, any one can be found to have sufficiently improved, he is promoted to a higher class. Such promotion will be equivalent to the honors of the class left.

Candidates for the degree of *Bachelor of Arts*, are required to undergo an examination in Intellectual, Moral and Natural Philosophy, before the Faculty of the College. *They must, besides have pursued the regular classical course.*

Careful attention is bestowed on the religious and moral training of the Students, who, even in hours of recreation, are under the special superintendence of Prefects or Disciplinaryans.

Books, Papers, Periodicals, &c., are not allowed circulation among the Students without having been previously revised by one of the Faculty.

Whilst the moral and intellectual culture of the youths committed to our care is attended to with all assiduity, their physical development is by no means neglected. A Ball-Alley and Gymnasium occupy a portion of the ordinary play-grounds; the numerous hills and lakes in the vicinity afford, during the winter months, every opportunity for skating and coasting. The Blackstone River, which runs within a few hundred yards of the College, offers safe and delightful bathing-places. The Farm attached presents ample range for the indulgence of Foot-Ball and Cricket games, at their proper seasons. These innocent amusements, added to the healthfulness of the climate and location, work wonders in our Students, many of whom enter with pale cheek, and sickly frames, but invariably depart in buoyant spirits and flushed with health.

Each Student must be supplied, with, at least, two suits of daily wear, and one for Sundays; six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six pocket-handkerchiefs, six towels, two or three cravats, &c., two or three pairs of boots or shoes, an overcoat or cloak. Each Student must be provided with a silver tablespoon, marked with his name.

Reports will be sent to Parents or Guardians, to inform them of the application, conduct, and progress of their Sons or Wards. Also, regular accounts, in advance, for Board and Tuition. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made, to the full amount.

The Collegiate year commences on the first Monday of September, but Students are received at any period of the year. Applicants from other Institutions will not be received without testimonials as to character and conduct, from the principal of the Institution which they last attended.

The object of the Institution is to prepare youths for a *Professional* or for a *Commercial* state.

TERMS:

For board, tuition, washing, and mending linen and stockings, per annum (of ten months), payable half-yearly in advance.....	\$200 00
For Physician's Fee, per annum.....	5 00
Fuel for the winter.....	5 00
Modern Languages and Music at the Professors' charges.	
For further particulars, address	

JAMES CLARK, S. J., President.

DIVIDEND.
SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM
OF INSURANCE.

STATEMENT OF THE
Washington Insurance Company,
 172 Broadway, cor. Maiden Lane.
 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1866.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - \$400,000

ASSETS, FEBRUARY 1, 1866.

U. S. and State Bonds (market value).....	\$266,753 00
Bonds and Mortgages.....	129,245 50
Demand Loans.....	191,666 72
Cash on hand and in the hands of Agents,	40,588 91
Unpaid Premiums.....	38,780 01
Miscellaneous	47,988 93
	\$715,023 07
Unsettled Losses - - - - -	34,223 07
Capital and Surplus - - - - -	\$680,800 00

A DIVIDEND OF (6) SIX PER CENT. is this day declared, payable on demand, in CASH, to Stockholders.

ALSO, AN INTEREST DIVIDEND OF (6) SIX PER CENT. on out standing Scrip, payable 15th March, in CASH.

ALSO, A SCRIP DIVIDEND OF (20) TWENTY PER CENT. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1866. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after 15th March prox.

GEO. C. SATTERLEE, President.

HENRY WESTON, Vice-President.

WM. K. LOTHROP, Secretary.

WM. A. SCOTT, Assistant Secretary.

Georgetown College, D. C.

In the year 1785, several gentlemen—the principal of whom was the Rev. JOHN CARROLL, afterward the first Archbishop of Baltimore—formed the design of establishing “An Academy at Georgetown, *Potomac River, Maryland.*” In 1789 the first house was built; in 1792 the schools commenced, and in 1798 it was designated as “The College of Georgetown, Potomac River, State of Maryland.” In May, 1815, Congress raised it to the rank of an University.

In May, 1815, “The Medical Department of Georgetown College” was opened in Washington city, D. C.

The College is situated on the northern bank of the Potomac, and commands a full view of Georgetown, Washington, the Potomac, and a great part of the District of Columbia. Its situation is peculiarly healthy.

The academic year commences on the first Monday of September, and ends in the first week of July. The collegiate course, including the preparatory classes, which last three years, occupies seven years, unless the proficiency of the student authorize an abbreviation of the term.

TERMS PER ANNUM:

For board, tuition, washing, etc., payable half-yearly	
in advance - - - - -	\$325 00
Doctor's fee - - - - -	10 00

For further information apply to the President,

B. A. MACUIRE, S. J.

THE
National Life Insurance Company
 OF
YORK,
 NO. 212 BROADWAY
 CORNER OF FULTON STREET. (KNOX BUILDING.)

—••—
\$100,000

IN CASH deposited at Albany for the security of Policy holders.

—••—
REASONS FOR INSURING

IN THE

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

All Policies non-forfeiting.

It is the only Company in the world where a premium can be paid semi-annually or quarterly without paying interest on the deferred premium.

Thirty days' grace allowed in payment of premiums.

All Policies incontestable after five years.

Note taken for one half the Annual Premium when it is more than Forty Dollars.

—••—
BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

S. M. BEARD,	WM. E. PRINCE,	E. A. JONES,	JOSEPH WILDE,
S. C. HERRING,	T. B. VAN BUREN,	H. J. RAYMOND,	CHARLES CURTIS,
HENRY CLEWS,	S. TEATS, M.D.,	J. C. DIMMICK,	A. WRIGHT, M. D.,
J. A. ISLIN,	S. J. GLASSEY,	J. R. DOW,	N. E. SMITH, D. D.,
S. T. TRU-LOW,	ELI BEARD,	HOWELL SMITH,	WATSON SANFORD,
ROBERT CROWLEY,	HECTOR TOULMIN,	F. H. LUMMUS,	W. J. WORTHINGTON,
WILLIAM COIT,	W. A. CUMMINGS,	H. P. FREEMAN,	O. M. BEACH.

EDWARD A. JONES, President.
WM. E. PRINCE, Vice-President.
JONATHAN O. HALSEY, Secretary.

HIRAM B. WHITE, M.D., Medical Examiner,

Residence No. 5 Greene avenue, near Fulton avenue, Brooklyn.

AT OFFICE DAILY FROM 2 TO 3 O'CLOCK, P.M.

COLLEGE

OF THE

Christian Brothers,

ST. LOUIS, MO., 1865-66.

This Literary Institution possesses all the advantages of an agreeable and healthy location, easy of access, being situated on a rising ground, a little southwest of the Pacific Railroad terminus, in the city of St. Louis, Missouri. It was founded in 1851 by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, incorporated in 1855 by the State Legislature, and empowered to confer degrees and academical honors. However favorable the auspices under which it commenced its literary career, its progress since has surpassed all anticipation. Growing equally in public confidence and in the number of students, it has gone on extending its reputation. Repeated additions have been made to the original buildings. The number of Students received within the last year amounted to more than 600, and many applicants were refused admission for want of room.

Every possible attention is paid to whatever can contribute to the health and happiness of its inmates—ventilation, cleanliness, spacious halls, dormitories, refectory, recreation halls for cold or damp weather, &c., &c.

The various arts and sciences usually taught in colleges find here an appropriate place in a system of education established by experience, conducted on the most approved plan, and with a devotedness commensurate with the greatness of the work engaged in. By reason of the great number of classes, a thorough gradation for all capacities and acquirements has been attained, and the frequent examinations and promotions beget emulation, the soul of advancement, making labor a pleasure, and success certainty.

The course of instruction pursued in the Academy is divided into three departments: the primary, the intermediate, and the collegiate. There is, besides, an exclusively commercial course, offering rare advantages to young gentlemen who intend to make business their profession. It is divided into three classes, in which the chief place is given to instruction in Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Geography, and History, Business Forms, and Correspondence, Epistolary Composition, Penmanship, &c., with Lectures on Commercial Law, Political Economy, &c. Diplomas can be obtained in the commercial department by such as merit that distinction.

The session commences on the last Monday in August, and ends about the 3d of July, with an annual public examination, a distribution of premiums, and the conferring of degrees and academical honors.

On the completion of the course the degree of A. B. is conferred upon such students as, on examination, are found worthy of that distinction. The degree of A. M. can be obtained by graduates in the first degree after two years devoted to some scientific or literary pursuit, their moral character remaining unexceptionable.

The government is a union of mildness and firmness, energy, and kindness, a blending of paternal solicitude with fraternal sympathy; the results of which are contentment, good order, and happiness. The morals and general deportment of the students are constantly watched over; the Brothers preside at their recreations, and their comfort and personal habits receive every attention.

T E R M S .

Entrance Fee.....	\$8 00
Board and Tuition, per session.....	250 00
Washing.....	20 00
Physician's Fee.....	8 00
For Half Boarders.....	100 00
For Day Scholars.....	60 00
In the Senior Classes.....	40 00
Vacation at the Institution.....	40 00

Music, Drawing, and the use of apparatus in the study of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy form extra charges.

N. B.—Payments semi-annually, and invariably in advance.

No deductions for absence, except in case of protracted illness or dismissal.

☞ No extra charges for the study of the German, French, and Spanish languages.

The Ferris Female Institute,

No. 135 Madison avenue,
CORNER OF THIRTY-SECOND STREET,
NEW YORK.

Rev. ISAAC FERRIS, D D., LL.D., President.

Mrs. M. S. PARKS, Principal and Proprietor.

This institution aims to secure to young ladies a thorough training in all that belongs to a finished education—beginning with the elements, and closing with the higher philosophical, moral, and mathematical studies of a college course.

THE DEPARTMENTS ARE THREE, NAMELY :

JUNIOR, ACADEMIC, AND COLLEGIATE,

each subdivided into sections, making the entire course from the alphabet extend over a period of twelve years.

Daily instruction is given in FRENCH AND LATIN. In addition to the study of text-books, various courses of Lectures are given without extra charge. VOCAL MUSIC, PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK receive special attention.

The School year will commence September 18, and end June 22.

PUPILS WILL BE CHARGED FROM THE TIME OF ENTERING TO THE
 END OF THE SCHOOL YEAR ;

for those who leave before the close a substitute will be accepted. The terms for the following year will begin September 18, November 27, 1865 ; February 5, April 16, 1866.

Terms of Tuition :

Collegiate Department, including Latin, French,

Vocal Music, and Stationery.....\$200 per annum.

Academic Department, including as above..... 150 do

Junior Department..... 100 do

Infant Class..... 60 do

Fuel..... 4 do

Charge for Drawing..... 32 do

Charge for Oil Painting..... 60 do

Charges for Spanish, Italian, and German Languages, and for instrumental Music, will depend upon the terms of the Professors employed.

Admission to Lectures for Ladies not members of the Institute, \$3.

TUITION BILLS TO BE PAID EACH TERM IN ADVANCE, WITH NO
 DEDUCTIONS FOR ABSENCE.

A limited number of Boarding Pupils will be received at an additional charge of \$450 per annum.

The Principals assure their patrons that no effort shall be wanting to incite their pupils to diligence, and inspire them with an ardent desire for knowledge.

THE
Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co.,

OFFICE, No. 35 WALL STREET,
 NEW YORK.

Assets, January 1, 1866, - - - - - \$1,366,699

Organized April, 1844.

The Company has paid to its Customers, up to the present time, Losses amounting to over

EIGHTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

For the past nine years the cash dividends paid to Stockholders, made from ONE-THIRD of the net profits, have amounted in the aggregate to

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE AND A HALF PER CENT.

Instead of issuing a scrip dividend to dealers, based on the principle that all classes of risks are equally profitable, this Company will hereafter make such cash abatement or discount from the current rates, when premiums are paid, as the general experience of underwriters will warrant, and the net profits remaining at the close of the year, will be divided to the Stockholders.

This Company continues to make insurance on Marine and Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks, on the most favorable terms, including Risks on Merchandise of all kinds, Hulls, and Freight.

Policies issued making loss payable in Gold or Currency, at the office in New York, or in Sterling, at the office of Rathbone, Bros. & Co., in Liverpool.

TRUSTEES.

Joseph Walker,
 James Freedland,
 Samuel Willetts,
 Robert L. Taylor,
 William T. Frost,
 William Watt,
 Henry Eyre,

Cornelius Grinnell,
 E. E. Morgan,
 Her. A. Schleicher,
 Joseph Slagg,
 Jas. D. Fish,
 Geo. W. Hennings,
 Francis Hathaway,

Aaron L. Reid,
 Ellwood Walter,
 D. Golden Murray,
 E. Haydock White,
 N. L. McCready,
 Daniel T. Willetts,
 L. Edgerton,

Henry R. Kunhardt,
 John S. Williams,
 William Nelson, Jr.,
 Charles Dimon,
 A. William Beye,
 Harold Dollner,
 Paul N. Spofford,

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.
CHAS. NEWCOMB Vice-President.

C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

LAW SCHOOL

OF THE

University of Albany.

This School has now **THREE TERMS A YEAR.** **THE FIRST** commences on the **FIRST TUESDAY** of September, the **SECOND** on the **LAST TUESDAY** of November, and the **THIRD** on the **FIRST TUESDAY** of March, each term continuing twelve weeks.

Three successive terms constitute the entire course, and entitle the student to become a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Each term is independent and complete as to the instruction embraced in it. The method of teaching is by lecture, examination, and practice in the Moot Courts. Two lectures are given each day except Saturdays, and two Moot Courts held each week, at which causes are first argued by the previously appointed disputants, then discussed and decided by the class, followed by the views of the presiding Professor. The law is taught both as a Science and an Art.

The immense *Law Library of the State* is open to the students, under proper regulations, and all the terms of the *Supreme Court* and the *Court of Appeals*, the highest Courts of this State, are held in the City of Albany.

The Fee for a single term is \$40, for two terms, \$70, and for three, \$100, each payable in advance. The Professors, and leading topics upon which they lecture, are the following:

HON. IRA HARRIS, LL.D., Practice, Pleadings, Evidence.

HON. AMASA J. PARKER, LL.D., Real Estate, Criminal Law, Personal Rights.

AMOS DEAN, LL.D., Personal Property, Contract, Commercial Law.

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There is nothing in the Commercial world which approaches, even remotely, to the SECURITY of a well-established and prudently managed Life Insurance Company.—*Dr. Morgan.*



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The mortality among its members has been *proportionately less* than that of any other Life Insurance Company in America—a result consequent on a most careful and judicious selection of lives, and one of great importance to policy-holders.

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It accommodates its members in the settlement of their premiums, by granting, when desired, a credit at once on account of future dividends, thus furnishing insurance for *nearly double the amount* for about the SAME CASH PAYMENT as is required in an "all cash company."

Its annual income, exclusive of interest on investments, now exceeds **TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.**

The following is a summary of the Company's business for the year 1865:

Number of Policies issued.....	5,138.
Insuring the sum of	\$16,324,888.
Received for Premiums and Interest.....	\$2,342,820 40
Losses, Expenses, and Dividends paid.....	1 118 901 25
Balance in favor of Policy Holders.....	\$1 223 919 15
Total Assets, January 1 1865.....	\$4,881,919 70

THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Originated and introduced the *New Feature*, known as

THE NON-FORFEITURE PLAN,

which is rapidly superseding the old system of life-long payments, and has revolutionized the system of Life Insurance in the United States. It has received the unqualified approval of the best business men in the land, large numbers of whom have taken out policies under it, purely as an investment.

A new schedule of rates has been adopted, under which the insurer may cease paying at any time without forfeiture of past payments; and at the

END OF TEN YEARS ALL PAYMENTS CEASE ENTIRELY,

and the policy thenceforward becomes a source of income to him. To secure this result, the annual rate of insurance must, of course, be somewhat higher. But almost any person in active business would greatly prefer paying a higher rate for a limited time, and be done with it, to incurring a life-long obligation, however small.

By the table on which this class of policies is based, a person incurs no risk in taking out a policy. Insuring to-day for \$5,000, if he dies to-morrow, the \$5,000 immediately becomes a claim; and if he lives ten years, and makes ten annual payments, his policy is paid up—nothing more to pay, and still his dividends *continue*, making

HIS LIFE POLICY

A SOURCE OF INCOME TO HIM WHILE LIVING.

The only weighty argument offered against Life Insurance is that a party might pay in for a number of years, and then, by inadvertence, inability, &c., be unable to continue paying, thereby losing all he had paid. The "New York Life" have obviated this objection by their

TEN YEAR NON-FORFEITURE PLAN.

A party, by this table, after the second year,

CANNOT FORFEIT ANY PART OF WHAT HAS BEEN PAID IN.

Thus, if one insuring by this plan for \$10,000 discontinues after the second year, he is entitled to a PAID-UP POLICY, according to the number of years paid in, viz.:

Second year, two-tenths of \$10,000 (am't ins'd), amount 'g to \$2,000, with dividend on same for life,				
Third year, three-tenths of " " " " 3,000, " " "				
Fourth year, four-tenths of " " " " 4,000, " " "				
Fifth year, five-tenths of " " " " 5,000, " " "				

And so on, until the tenth annual payment, when all is paid, and dividends still continue during the life-time of the assured.

☞ This feature, among others, has given to this Company a success unparalleled in the history of Life Insurance.

A credit or advance of twenty per cent. on account of dividends is given on this table if desired, at the current New York rate of interest.

There has been paid to the widows and orphans of members of this Company an aggregate sum exceeding \$3,500,000.

The dividends paid (return premiums) exceed \$1,700,000.

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SEPTEMBER, 1866.

ART. I.—*Histoire de Jules César*. PAR S. M. L. NAPOLEON III.
Premier et deuxième tomes. Paris : Henry Plon, 1865-6.

THERE are at least a hundred Frenchmen who could have given us a better history of *Cæsar* than this; yet it is by no means destitute of merit. It is neither a crude nor a shallow performance, but one that would have had many readers altogether independently of the prestige of its author. This, indeed, is the reason why we take up the book, not because it has been written by an emperor; and we will give our impressions of it in the same spirit. If courtiers are expected to praise whatever their sovereign does, that is no reason why those who owe him no allegiance, or over whom he can exercise no control, should pursue the same course; it would be still more absurd, however, to be harsh or hypercritical towards him, merely because he is a sovereign whose power cannot reach us. In our opinion, if the position of the author should have any influence on the estimate given of his work, it ought to be in his favor so far as to give him credit for what he most probably would have done had his opportunities been equal to those of others.

No intelligent person who reflects for a moment will say that the chief of a nation like France has much time for literary labor; it will rather be admitted by all that it is only by the exercise of great self-denial he can devote any time to it. Yet there is nothing flippant in the volumes before us; we only wish that one-tenth of our professional writers, who make it their mission to instruct the public, would exhibit one-tenth the research of Napoleon III., for there is no writer of any authority on *Cæsar*, ancient or modern, whom he does not quote in a manner that can leave no doubt of his having studied him to a greater or less extent.

The amount of knowledge, both historical and biographical, which he has thus embodied would have rendered his work valuable had every statement he has made about Cæsar been erroneous; and we would have recommended its perusal accordingly, feeling that, if the reader failed to find a true portrait of the illustrious Roman, he would find many other good things, which, if they are not new in themselves are in new combinations, and afford us that sort of pleasure which we derive from revived recollections of old and familiar friends.

It is but justice to Napoleon III. to award him this credit, and that it should be awarded him is the interest of humanity; for certain it is that, if they are not the best sovereigns who occupy their leisure hours in discussing the great problems of the past, and showing how human progress has been promoted, or retarded, it must at least be admitted that they are not the worst. Had they been bad men before they commenced such a task, its obvious tendency would have been to reform them; since it would have impressed them with the uncertainty of all human power, especially of that which is obtained by violent or unjust means. The lessons taught by the history of Cæsar alone, to all who study them, are capable of subduing the heart of the proudest tyrant. In order to realize this it is sufficient to remember that on the day Cæsar was slain he was the most powerful sovereign in the world; nor had any warrior a nobler prestige than the conqueror of the Gauls. Hundreds of thousands of the bravest and best-disciplined troops loved him as a father, and were not only ready but anxious to obey any order he chose to give them. Still he was but a man; and as a man he fell by the hand of the assassin, after having won so many glorious battles and rendered his name a synonym throughout the earth with irresistible power.

We need assign no further reasons for entertaining the opinion that those in power ought to be encouraged to devote themselves to history rather than attacked as if it were a crime for them not to equal or even excel professional historians. The editor mentions, in a note at the beginning of the second volume, "the names of sovereigns and princes who have occupied themselves with the same subject." Those given are Charles VIII. of France, the Emperor Charles V., Sultan Seliman II., Henry IV. of France, Louis XIV., the great Condé, Queen Christiana of Sweden, Louis Philippe, Joseph of Orleans, and Napoleon. Many more great names

might have been added, including the Duke of Saxe Weimar, who was the patron of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and Wieland. The editor might also have told us that more than a dozen of the Persian kings have written histories and biographies of greater or less extent, and that not one of those who did so has the reputation of a tyrant, but the contrary. The best of the Moorish kings of Cordova have distinguished themselves in a similar manner, and their works are still extant.

But there was scarcely one of all these who was not a liberal patron of literary and scientific men. Perhaps this is the reason why the editor has given so few royal and imperial authors who have distinguished themselves by their liberality, bearing in mind that, whatever may be the virtues of Napoleon III., friendly encouragement to the thinkers of his reign is not among them. Yet, if this was his motive in mentioning so few, he ought also to have omitted the name of Louis XIV., for it is suggestive of a striking contrast. We do not learn that the patron and friend of Corneille, Racine, and Molière banished any of the authors of his time, or shut them up in prison, for expressing their opinions, even when they were most severe on himself. In the time of Le Grand Monarque there were no journals to suppress; but there were coteries quite as dangerous that issued their daily bulletins from their salons or their hotels. Instead of fettering genius himself, or issuing decrees warning it against turning its satire against him or the state, he was the first to take its part when it was accused by others. The same is true of the great Condé, so far as he was able to give any encouragement to the votaries of literature and the sciences; and it is but partially true of Napoleon I. The latter was, indeed, the friend of Goethe and Sir Humphrey Davy; he made Laplace the astronomer a cabinet minister, and contributed millions to the improvement of the Jardin des Plantes and the Museum; but he banished Madame de Staël, and many others, because they ventured to find fault with himself or his government. We think it would have been just as well, therefore, if the editor had kept his "note" to himself. Napoleon III. is certainly no ordinary sovereign; of all the rulers of France since the time of Charlemagne probably none have surpassed him, save Louis XIV., and the uncle of whom he is so justly, though sometimes rather indiscreetly, proud. But further than that he has written these two volumes he has hitherto given little

encouragement to literature, science, or the arts; more than one of the petty princes of Germany have contributed more within their own comparatively narrow sphere to the development of the human mind.

This will show that, if we are willing to do full justice to the merits of the *Histoire de Jules Cæsar*, it does not follow that we are disposed to bestow undue praise on its author, or to conceal his errors. But there will be still clearer evidence of these facts before we close; and yet, when we feel it our duty to find most fault we shall not be the less willing to recommend the book for the multifarious information which it contains. Having now spoken in general terms of the merits of the work, intending to illustrate our views as we proceed, we would note one or two of its faults, but without any wish to be harsh or hypercritical.

The most prominent of these is its egotism. The greatest men are egotistical, it is true; it is a weakness from which men of genius are by no means exempt; although it is not a characteristic of the highest class. There is no egotism in Homer, or Virgil, or Shakespeare, or Thucydides, or Livy; but there is much of it in Cornelius Nepos, Marcellinus, and others, who may be ranked rather among men of talent than men of genius. Kings and emperors are in general more egotistic than other men, because they are used to praise and unused to censure and criticism. But even among conquerors, those of the highest order prefer to allow others to glorify them rather than do so themselves.

This was the case with both Alexander and Cyrus as well as with Napoleon I.; but it is decidedly not the case with Napoleon III., for it is to glorify himself and his family that he writes the present work. Nothing is clearer than this; it is apparent in the discussion of every proposition introduced in each volume. Cæsar is made a hero of everywhere, but only in proportion as his conduct is supposed to resemble that of Napoleon I., and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions as to the resemblance between the uncle and the nephew. Even in the preface of the first volume this vanity is but too apparent; indeed, this was one of the principal reasons why we did not review it when it first appeared, somewhat more than a year ago. We concluded to wait for the second volume, doubting much whether the first could be regarded as affording a fair specimen of the author's taste and judgment. We now find that we were not altogether mistaken in this.

There is, indeed, sufficient vanity and egotism in the second volume ; it is abundantly Napoleonistic throughout, but not so openly so as the first. A slight veil is used in the second, as if the author had overheard an occasional sneer at the vainglorious boasts of the first, which would have Napoleon I. recognized as one of the very few whose mission it was to ameliorate the condition of the human race. It might seem incredible that a man of the mature age of Napoleon III. would speak as he does—one who, far from being born with a crown on his head, or even with a silver spoon in his mouth, spent the best part of his life in adversity's school ; the exile, now wandering in England and then in America, sometimes wanting even the necessities of life, and exchanging his wandering life only for solitary confinement in the fortress of Ham—might be supposed to have learned enough of the ways of the world to guard him against exposing himself to ridicule even on so popular a subject as the character and destiny of his uncle. But he speaks as unguardedly as if he had never gone beyond the precincts of the Tuileries, and had never heard more ungentle language than the praises of courtiers.

Thus for example, in telling us what was his object in writing the present work, he says that it "is to prove that when Providence raises up such men as Charlemagne, Cæsar, and Napoleon, it is to indicate to the people the way they should follow, to mark with the seal of their genius a new era, and to accomplish in a few years the labor of several centuries. Happy the people who comprehend and follow them! misfortune to those who misunderstand and combat them! They are like the Jews who crucified their Messiah. They are blind and culpable," &c.* This, it will be admitted, is speaking in a pretty high strain. The comparison between Jesus Christ and Napoleon is not very obvious, since the former shed no blood, plundered no churches, robbed no art galleries, murdered no Duke d'Enghien in violation of all law, &c. But let us hear our author a little further in this strain, only premising that, for fear of breaking the *entente cordiale* with England, he casts the blame of Napoleon's captivity not on "la perfide Angle-

* "Ce but est de prouver que, lorsque la Providence suscite des hommes tels que César, Charlemagne, Napoléon, c'est pour tracer aux peuples la voie qu'ils doivent suivre, marquer du sceau de leur génie une ère nouvelle, et accomplir en quelques années le travail de plusieurs siècles. Heureux les peuples qui les comprennent et les suivent ! malheur à ceux qui les méconnaissent et les combattent ! Ils sont comme les Juifs, ils crucifient leur Messie. Ils sont aveugles et coupables."—*Histoire de Jules César, Préface*, p. 10.

terre," but on all Europe. "In effect," says his Imperial Majesty, "neither the murder of Cæsar nor the captivity of St. Helena has been able to destroy beyond return two popular causes overthrown by a league covering itself with the mask of liberty. Brutus, in killing Cæsar, plunged Rome into the horrors of civil war; he did not prevent the reign of Augustus, but he rendered possible those of Nero and Caligula. The ostracism of Napoleon by combined Europe has not any more *prevented the empire from being resuscitated*." &c.*

The meaning of this is sufficiently plain. Cæsar was the true friend of liberty, Brutus only its pretended friend. Napoleon was the true friend of liberty; those who sent him to St. Helena were its enemies, if for no other reason than that they terminated the career of so great a benefactor of the human race. As Julius Cæsar was the prototype of Napoleon I., so was Augustus the prototype of Napoleon III. At least this is what our imperial author would have us to believe; although we confess we cannot see the resemblance. Our author also reminds his readers what incalculable evils may result from the killing of a great ruler; how it may not only plunge the country into the horrors of civil war, but produce tyrants like Nero and Caligula. This is but to say in other words: "Woe to those that raise their impious hands against the Lord's anointed!"

We are certainly not in favor of assassinating even tyrants; we have never sympathized with those who counselled violence to Napoleon III., but the contrary. We have never regarded him as a tyrant, but rather thought him, upon the whole, the best ruler France could have at the present day. At the same time we cannot approve of his addressing the public as if it were a baby ready to believe anything however absurd; and in what other light can we consider his comparing his uncle to the Messiah and himself to Augustus, the illustrious patron of Virgil and Horace, to whose generosity we owe the *Æneid*, one of the noblest poems ever written, as well as the finest odes of the latter poet? We are not aware that Napoleon III. has inspired any poem

* "En effet, ni le meurtre de Cæsar, ni la captivité de Sainte-Hélène, n'ont pu détruire sans retour deux causes populaire renversées par une ligue se couvrant du masque de la liberté. Brutus, en tuant Cæsar, a plongé Rome dans les horreurs de la guerre civile; il n'a pas empêché le règne d'Auguste, mais il a rendu possibles ceux de Néron et de Caligula. L'ostracisme de Napoleon par l'Europe conjurée n'a pas non plus empêché l'empire de ressusciter, et, cependant, que nous sommes loin des grandes questions résolues, des passions apaisées, des satisfactions légitimes données aux peuples par le premier empire!"—*Préface*, p. 11.

worthy of the name, except a satire of which he is himself the subject—such, for example, as the well-known effusion of Victor Hugo, which has condemned the poet to perpetual exile.

Even Napoleon I. has inspired nothing worthy of the Augustan age, or, indeed, of a much more vulgar one. His achievements, great as they undoubtedly were, have yet been recorded in no epic strains. Even the prose writers who have devoted themselves to the subject are only those of the third rank; no such historians as Sismondi, Thierry, or Guizot; yet we are gravely informed that Napoleon I. was a prophet, a character never claimed by either Cæsar or Alexander. "Thus has been daily verified, since 1815," says our author, "that prophecy of the captive of St. Helena: 'How many struggles, how many years, how much blood will still be necessary to realize the good which I wished to do for humanity!'"*

The preface concludes with this prophecy; and its truthfulness is still further attested in a note at the bottom of the page, although we do not think the facts will strike many others in the same light.

We have been thus careful in glancing at the preface, because, so far as the motives and mode of reasoning of the author are concerned, it gives a pretty accurate idea of the character of the whole work. A reference or two to the matter in the body of the first volume will serve to illustrate this. Thus, in speaking of the elements of dissolution, our author attributes to electoral corruption the chief agency in bringing about that catastrophe. This, indeed is an opinion which any statesman would be fully justified in entertaining; but what we object to is the view which our author takes of electoral corruption. "Fraud was introduced," he says, "into the elections, so that the number of electors *was increased*, and obliged those seeking public offices to obtain a larger number of votes."† That is, what Napoleon III. considers one of the greatest evils that caused the downfall of Rome, was the extension of the franchise; what the people of England have been seeking for several years, and the

* "Aussi se vérifie-t-elle tous les jours, depuis 1815, cette prophétie du captif de Sainte-Hélène: 'Combien de luttes, de sang, d'années ne faudra-t-il pas encore pour que le bien que je voulais faire à l'humanité puisse se réaliser!'"

† "La fraude s'introduisit dans les élections dès que le nombre des électeurs s'accrut et obligea à recueillir plus de suffrages pour obtenir des charges publiques."—p. 48.

withholding of which has recently caused the overthrow of the Russell ministry.

It is natural enough that the Emperor of the French should warn his people against seeking any such extension, lest they, too, might insist on reforms, if only because their neighbors are doing so. The elective franchise was a very good thing so far as it contributed to re-establish the empire in France; but now that his Majesty is in no need of large majorities, the whole aspect of the case is altered, and it is best to keep the franchise under wholesome restrictions, lest the fate of Rome might become that of France!

With a similar view to home and self, our author tells us what royalty did for Rome. According to him, it was the chief source of greatness, even while the government was nominally a republic. "Its conquering spirit," he says, "refused to be confined within narrow limits. The small states of Latium, which surrounded it, had, perhaps, men as enlightened, citizens as courageous; but certainly there did not exist among them to the same degree as at Rome, the genius of war, the love of country, the faith in high destinies, the conviction of an incontestable superiority, *powerful inducements inculcated with perseverance by great men during two hundred and forty years.*"*

Wherever there seems to be any danger that the parallels and suggestions of our author may not be understood in the proper way, he takes occasion to introduce the name of his uncle, side by side with that of his prototype, Cæsar. After showing how absurd and unjust are those historians, ancient and modern, who allege that Cæsar was actuated more by personal ambition than by patriotism, he exclaims triumphantly, but with a feeling of mingled pity for poor feeble human nature: "What a strange inconsistency it is to be equally ready to give superior men and fickle mountebanks credit for superhuman foreknowledge!"†

This is followed by some queries in regard to Cæsar, Pompey, and Cicero, and their relations with each other.

* "Son esprit conquérant débordait au delà de ses étroites limites. Des petits états du Latium qui l'entouraient avaient peut-être des hommes aussi éclairés, des citoyens aussi courageux, mais il n'existait certainement pas chez eux, au même degré qu'à Rome, le génie de la guerre, l'amour de la patrie, la foi dans de hautes destinées, la conviction d'une supériorité incontestable, mobiles puissants inculqués avec persévérance par de grands hommes pendant deux cent quarante ans."—vol. i., pp. 29, 30.

† "Etrange inconséquence, que de supposer à la fois aux hommes supérieurs et des mobile mesquins, et des prévoyances surhumaines!"—p. 390.

Then, becoming more pointed as he proceeds, he asks : " Is it more true to say that Cæsar, become proconsul, aspired to the sovereign power ? No. In setting out for Gaul he could no more think of reigning at Rome than *General Bonaparte, in setting out for Italy, could dream of the empire.*"*

According to the same reasoning, we are to believe that in becoming a candidate for the presidency of the French Republic, Louis Napoleon had no idea of making himself emperor as soon as he could ; in short, what we are to understand is that great men of his type are never so vulgar as to prefer their own interests to those of the people over whom they wish to reign. No matter how much blood they may shed in securing the sceptre ; no matter what amount of outrage they may perpetrate on all in their power who may be supposed to differ from them, it is all done for the public good and the benefit of civilization ! This, of course, was the motive of the *coup d'état* by which the existing *regime* was established in France ; it was the motive that caused so many of the best citizens of Paris to be dragged out of their beds at midnight, to be immured in dungeons ; it was, in a word, the motive that caused the Parisians to be mowed down with grape shot for three days, as long as they made any resistance to the will of their new Messiah.

Another serious error of our author is that he has attempted far too much. Did he carry out his plan as foreshadowed by the first volume, we should have, not merely a portraiture of Cæsar, but a history of Rome from the most remote times to the death of the great chieftain, if, indeed, it would close with that event. If we misrepresent him in this, let his own pages vindicate him. In his first book, which extends to two hundred and forty-one pages octavo, he gives us literally nothing about Cæsar. The subjects which he discusses in his stead are : Rome under the kings (from the formation of Rome to 244) ; the social and political organization of the state ; the results obtained by royalty ; establishment of the consular republic ; the conquest of Italy ; treatment of the vanquished ; submission of Latium after the first Samnite war ; second Samnite war ; fourth Samnite war ; second coalition of the Samnites, Etruscans, Gauls, Lucanians, &c. We think that any of the historians

* " Est-il plus vrai de dire que Cæsar, devenu proconsul, aspirait à la souveraine puissance ? Non. En partant pour la Gaule, il ne pouvait penser à régner sur Rome, pas plus que le général Bonaparte, en partant pour l'Italie, en 1796, ne pouvait rêver l'empire."—vol. i., p. 391.

we have mentioned would have told us that these various subjects would have been quite enough by themselves for one work. Thucydides thought he assumed a pretty extensive task when he undertook to write the history of the Peloponnesian war. Sallust took a similar view of the duties of a historian when he undertook to give an account of the conspiracy of Catiline and of the Jugurthian war. But in addition to the topics already mentioned, Napoleon III. undertakes to describe "the prosperity of the basin of the Mediterranean before the Punic wars;" he gives us accounts in detail of the commerce of the Mediterranean, the condition of Northern Africa, of Spain, of Epirus, of Greece, of Macedonia, of Asia Minor, of Bythnia, of Cappadocia, of Egypt, of Sardinia, of Sicily, &c., &c.

It may well seem incredible that all this would be attempted, even by an imperial author, in a work purporting to be a life of Cæsar; but his Majesty has attempted much more, for he has also undertaken to describe the Punic wars of Macedonia and of Asia, &c. Since our author disposed of so many topics in his first volume, it can hardly be regarded as strange that his second volume is rather meagre, consisting mainly of commentaries on the Commentaries of Cæsar on the Gallic war; but whether the former be better or more interesting than the latter is one of those questions which need hardly be answered. Perhaps, upon the whole, it would be nearer the strict truth to say that the second volume consists chiefly of free translations of the original by different hands, with some additions in the way of commentaries. We cheerfully admit that some of the latter are very good, but in general they embrace nothing new. At the opening of the second volume we find some graphic and just observations on the adventurous character of the Gauls. Passing over the introductory paragraph, we translate as follows:

"The records of their ancient expeditions show an organization already powerful, and an adventurous ardor. Without speaking of migrations which go back, perhaps, nine or ten centuries before our era, at the moment when Rome commenced to increase in importance, we see the Celts extend their frontiers. In the time of Tarquin the Ancient (from 188 to 176, Roman calendar), two expeditions went out from Celtic Gaul; one crossed the Rhine and Southern Germany to fall upon Illyria and Pannonia (now Western Hungary); the other, crossing the Alps, established itself in Italy, in the country situated between those mountains and the Po.* Soon the invaders transported themselves to the right bank of that river,

* Justin, xxiv., iv.; Titæ-Livæ, v., xlviii.

and nearly all the territory included between the Alps and the Apennines took the name of Cisalpine Gaul. More than two centuries after the descendants of these Gauls marched upon Rome and burned it entirely, with the exception of the capitol.* Another century later (475), we see new bands go out from Gaul, reaching Thrace by the valley of the Danube,† ravaging Northern Greece, and carrying back to Toulouse the gold stolen from the temple of Delphi.‡ Others, arrived at Byzantium,§ pass into Asia, establish their dominion over all the region on this side of Mount Taurus, since named Gallic Greece or Galatia, and maintain there a sort of military feudality up to the time of the war of Antiochus. || —Vol. II., liv. iii., ch. i., pp. 1, 2.

The author fully sustains himself in these views and gives many more to the same purport. He is equally correct in noting the fear inspired among the Romans by the Gauls :

"It appears from this collection of facts that the constant thought of the Romans during several centuries was to resist the Celtic people established on both sides the Alps. The ancient authors loudly signalize the fear which held Rome unceasingly on the watch. 'The Romans,' says Sallust, 'had then, as in our day, the opinion that all other people must yield to their courage, but that with the Gauls it was no longer for glory, it was for safety, that it was necessary to contend.'* Cicero, on his part, expresses himself thus: 'Since the commencement of our republic, all our sages have regarded Gaul as the most formidable enemy of Rome. But the power and number of these people have prevented us, to the present time, from fighting them all.'** In 694, it may be remembered, the report of an invasion of Helvetians reached Rome. All political preoccupation immediately ceased, and recourse was had to the exceptional measures adopted in similar circumstances.†† In fact, when agitated concerning a war with the Gauls, the people proceeded from principle immediately to the nomination of a dictator and to levies in mass. Henceforth no one was exempt from military service, and, in anticipation of an attack by these barbarians, a special treasure, which was not allowed to be touched save in this eventuality, was deposited at the capitol.‡‡ Thus, when, in 705, Cæsar seized it, he replied to the remonstrances of the tribunes that, Gaul being subdued, this treasure was become useless.§§

"The war against the people beyond the Alps was then, for Rome, the consequence of a secular antagonism, which would lead to a supreme power and the ruin of one of the two adversaries. It is this which explains at once the ardor of Cæsar and the enthusiasm excited by his successes. Only those wars undertaken in accordance with the traditional sentiment of a country have the privilege of deeply moving the popular feeling, and the importance of a victory is measured by the

* Polybe, II., xvii. — xix. ; Tito-Live, v., xxxv.

† Pausanias, X. xix. — xxiii. ; Diodore de Sicile, Edog., xxii., xiii.

‡ Strabon, IV., p. 156, § 1. Dubner et Muller ; Justin, xxxii., iii.

§ Polybe, IV., xlv.

|| Justin, xxv., ii. ; Tito-Live, xxxviii., xvi. ; Pausanias, vii., vi., § 5.

• Jugurtha, cxiv.

** Discours sur les Provinces Consulaires, xlii.

†† Cicéron, Lettres à Atticus, I., xix.

‡‡ Plutarque, Cæsar, xli. ; Appien, Guerres Civiles, II., xli.

§§ Appien, Guerres Civiles, II., xli.

greatness of the disaster which a defeat would have brought. Since the fall of Carthage, the conquests in Spain, in Africa, in Syria, in Asia, in Greece, increased the extent of the republic, but did not consolidate it, and a check in these different parts of the world would have diminished the power of Rome without compromising it. With the people of the North, on the contrary, its existence was at stake, and upon its reverses or upon its successes depended the triumph of barbarism or of civilization. If Cæsar had been conquered by the Helvetians or by the Germans, who can say what Rome would have become, assailed by the innumerable bands of the North falling emulously upon Italy?

"Thus, no other war excited more strongly public opinion than that of the Gauls. Pompey had in vain borne the Roman eagles to the shores of the Caspian sea, and, by tribute imposed on the conquered, doubled the revenue of the state, his triumphs having obtained only ten days of thanksgiving. The senate decreed fifteen,* and even twenty,† for the victories of Cæsar, and, in their honor, the people made sacrifices for sixty days.‡"—Vol. ii., liv. iii., ch. 1., pp. 7-9.

Napoleon III. gives also a pretty faithful description of the general appearance, habits, customs, arts, &c., of the ancient Gauls. We quote a passage or two:

"The Gauls were of high stature; they had white skin, blue eyes, hair light or chestnut, which they dyed in such a manner as to render the color more brilliant. They let the beard grow; the nobles alone shaved, and preserved only long moustaches. Pantaloons or breeches, very large among the Belgians, tighter among the southern Gauls, a loose shirt descending to the middle of the thighs, composed their principal clothing.§ They were clad with a great coat or sack,|| magnificently embroidered with gold and silver, among the rich,¶ and fastened at the neck by a metallic clasp. The lower classes of people substituted for it the skin of an animal. The Aquitaines probably clothed themselves after the Iberian custom, with heavy, shaggy, woollen cloth.** The Gauls wore necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, circlets for the arms, of gold or of copper, according to their rank, necklaces of amber, and rings, which they wore on the third finger of the hand.†† * * * *

"They were acquainted with certain arts. In some countries they manufactured serges that became famous, and stuffs of cloth or of felt;‡‡ in others they worked mines with ability, and devoted themselves to the fabrication of metals. The Biturgians worked in iron, and understood the art of tinning.§§ The workmen of Alesia inlaid copper with leaves of silver, to ornament the bits and harnesses of horses.|| The Gauls lived principally on pork, and their ordinary drinks were milk, beer, and

© *Guerres des Gaules*, ii., xxxv.

† *Guerres des Gaules*, ii., xxxviii.; vii., xc.

‡ Cicéron, *Discours sur les Provinces Consulaires*, xi.: Dion-Cassius, xl., l.

§ Strabon, iv., p. 163, id. Didot.

|| Isidore de Séville, *Origines*, i., 19, 21.

¶ Diodore de Sicile, v., xxx.

** Diodore de Sicile, v., xxxiii.

†† Pline, xxxiii., xxiv.

‡‡ Pline, *Histoire Naturelle*, viii., xlviii., lxxvii., p. 128, é. l. Sillig.

§§ *Guerres des Gaules*, vii., xxii.: Pline, xxxiv., xvii., 162, é. l. Sillig.

|| Pline, xxxiv., xvii., 162; Florus, iii., ii.

mead;* they are reproached with being inclined to drunkenness.† They were of a frank and open character, hospitable towards strangers,‡ but vain and quarrelsome;§ uncertain in their feelings, lovers of novelty, they took sudden resolutions, regretting one day what they had scornfully rejected the day before;|| carried to the war, seeking new adventures, they were found to be furious in attack, but quickly discouraged in reverses.¶ Their language was very concise and figurative; in writing they employed Greek letters."—vol. ii., liv. iii., chap. ii., pp. 29-31.

We think this extract will show, in connection with our introductory remarks, that we have no disposition to deny our author any credit that is justly due to him. We now repeat that his volumes exhibit much research, and embrace a large amount of valuable historical and biographical information; more, indeed, than is to be found in any similar work of equal extent. But speaking of it as a life of Cæsar our estimate of it must be entirely different. Making all due allowance for the fact that it is yet incomplete, and that several volumes may be added, we cannot anticipate much satisfaction from it as a portraiture of the great founder of the Roman Empire, for the reason that with the plan pursued thus far, no historian, however laborious or persevering, could complete the picture in a lifetime. Supposing Boswell, instead of confining himself to what Johnson said and did, attempted to give us full accounts of the characteristics of the ancient Britons, the Saxons, Angles, Danes, Normans, Irish, Scotch, &c., not to mention the Parthians, Numidians, Egyptians, Carthaginians, besides copying a large portion of his writings and commenting thereon, who will believe that he could have portrayed the great lexicographer as he has? A similar remark will apply to Xenophon, who could never have given us so faithful a portrait of his great master, Socrates, as he has, had he felt himself called upon to describe, more or less fully, all the states of ancient Greece, and all the other states throughout the world with which they had any relations. As it is utterly impossible to do any such thing, even in a lifetime, Napoleon III. may be blamed not for failing to succeed, but for having devoted as much space and time to irrelevant matter as would have been sufficient for a complete portraiture of Cæsar, so far as it is possible to produce such at the present day.

* Strabon, iv., p. 163.

† Discours pour Fontéius.

‡ Diodore de Sicile, v., xxviii.

§ Strabon, iv., pp. 162-165.

|| Guerres des Gaules, iii., viii.

¶ Diodore de Sicile, v., xxxi.

But as our author has not furnished us the materials for a life of Cæsar we must gather them from other sources; otherwise we should regard ourselves as having disappointed many of our readers; besides, we rather like the character of Cæsar upon the whole, since he was not merely a great captain, but was also a statesman, an orator, an author, a philosopher. We do not undertake to consider him now, however, in these various points of view; the volumes before us, and scores of others on the same subject, might well admonish us had we entertained any such rash intentions. It would take at least a series of articles to do justice to Cæsar, without introducing a single word of irrelevant matter. All we propose, therefore, on the present occasion, is to give our views briefly on the more prominent features of his character, bearing in mind the age in which he lived, the adversaries with whom he had to contend at home and abroad, and the difference between what was public opinion then and that which receives the same name at the present day.

Caius Julius Cæsar was born at Rome on the 12th of July, 651, A. U. C. (99 B. C.) Hitherto the month had been called Quintilis, but in honor of his birth it received the name of Julius. As was then the habit with most ancient families, that of Cæsar pretended to trace its ancestry to the gods; at least the future warrior claimed descent from Anchises and Venus. Among the celebrated men of his time to whom he was closely allied was Marius, who had married his aunt Julia, and on whom he pronounced a funeral oration, in which he took occasion to give his own genealogy. "My aunt Julia," he says, "is the issue of kings by the maternal side. By the paternal side, she descends from the immortal gods, for her mother was a Marcia, and the Marcian kings are the issues of Ancus Marcius. The Julian family, to which I belong, descends from Venus herself. Thus our family unites to the sacred character of kings, who are the most powerful among men, the revered holiness of the gods, who hold the kings themselves in their power."*

His father, who had borne the same name as himself, died when he was but sixteen years.† But his mother, Aurelia, was one of the best women of her time, combining, as she did, the advantages of high culture with a strict regard

* Suetonius' *Cæsar*, vi.

† Sueton., i.; Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, vii., l. iii.

for virtue and an excellent understanding. Almost all historians agree in giving Aurelia the credit of having given Cæsar the best part of his early education ; and there is similar unanimity as to the fact that he was grateful to her accordingly to the last day of his life. Plutarch tells us that when the day of election came—the office contended for being that of chief pontiff—Cæsar's mother attending him to the door with her eyes bathed in tears, he embraced her and said : “ My dear mother, you will see me this day either chief pontiff or in exile.”* The same historian, in giving us an account of Cæsar's divorce from Pompeia, and of the supposed willingness of the latter to have interviews with Publius Clodius, her reputed lover, says : “ But the women's apartment was so narrowly observed, and all the steps of Pompeia so much attended to by Aurelia, Cæsar's mother, who was a woman of great virtue and prudence, that it was difficult and hazardous for them to have an interview.”†

Aurelia not only superintended his education so far as she was capable of doing so herself, always taking care to impress on his mind every useful precept with which she was acquainted, but, when she could no longer instruct him herself, she secured for him the best instructors of his time. Thus it was that, at an early age, he was placed under the tuition of M. Antonius Gniphon, a philosopher of note and an orator of no mean order. It is worthy of remark that the first tutor of the conqueror of the Gauls was a Gaul, who was equally familiar with the resources of the Greek and the Latin, having studied both at Alexandria, where they were then more carefully taught than anywhere else. We are told, on the best authority, that it was to the instructions of Gniphon that Cæsar owed that familiar acquaintance with the Greek which prompted him to use it on all important occasions ; for, even when he fell beneath the daggers of the conspirators, the last words he uttered were Greek.‡

On account of the divorce of Pompeia some have thought that the lessons of his mother were unfavorable to her own sex ; and that her chief object in complaining to him of his wife was to maintain her own ascendancy over him. But the facts showed that nothing could be more unjust. There is some ground for the charge, however, in the minds of those who have not paid sufficient attention to the circum-

* Plutarch in Cæsar.

† *Ibid.*

‡ “*Kai ou tiskov*,” not “*Et tu, Brute*,” as is generally reported.

stances, because, when called to give evidence on the trial, after he had put away Pompeia, he declared he knew nothing of what was alleged against Clodius. This reply appearing strange, the public prosecutor demanded why he divorced his wife. "Because," said he, "I would have the chastity of my wife clear even of suspicion." If it was his mother who caused him to pursue this course, she was actuated not by jealousy or any hatred to her sex, but by a very different motive. It is evident from the account of Plutarch that she was fully aware of Pompeia's guilt; the only fair inference, then, is that she wished to cause as little scandal to the lady's friends as possible.*

But assuming that both himself and his mother did injustice to Pompeia, there would still be sufficient evidence that Cæsar was not too ready to divorce his wives; that, on the contrary, no one was more opposed to an unjust or undeserved divorce even when his opposition might have caused the utter ruin of his prospects, if not his death. On this point, too, we have the honest testimony of Plutarch: "When Sylla," he says, "had made himself master of Rome, he endeavored to bring Cæsar to repudiate Cornelia, daughter of Cinna, one of the late tyrants; and finding he could not effect it either by hopes or fears he confiscated her dowry." Cæsar himself was deprived of the priestly office as well as of his own patrimony for the same offence. At the present day, indeed, this course would be thought nothing more than any man of spirit or principle should feel bound to pursue; but it was different in the time of Cæsar, when even the greatest men did not always disdain to court the good will of those in power by the basest conduct. At this very period Piso divorced his wife Annia because he knew that his doing so would please Sylla; even Pompey put away his wife Antistia for no better or more manly reason.

Thus far—that is, until he got power—there seemed no reason why Cæsar should not be regarded as a model by any one who chose to do so. Sylla thought otherwise, however, and, whatever may have been the faults of the dictator, those who hated him most admitted that he was a keen judge of character; and when some of those about him remarked that there was no reason why he should desire to put to death a boy like Cæsar, he answered that they had but little sagacity if they did not in that boy see many Mariuses. But little

* *Vide* Plutarch's narrative in full.

attention was paid to this at the time, except as the remark of a tyrant whose guilty conscience caused him to fear all youths who had the advantage of noble and distinguished birth. Even Cicero participated in the general sympathy for Cæsar at this time, all believing him to be as harmless and well disposed as he affected to be. But in due time the orator had good reason to change his mind on this subject; he looked with suspicion on Cæsar accordingly, and declined all proffers of alliance with him. Hence the justice of his remark, after the dictator had crushed the liberties of his country: "I discovered in all his enterprises and in his whole conduct a plan continually pursued for raising himself to the tyranny. But when I saw him so soft in his dress and manner of living, with effeminate gestures, and his hair in such nice order, I could not believe that such a man was capable of forming and executing the design of subverting the Roman commonwealth."

Napoleon III. is very fond of quoting Cicero in favor of Cæsar, but he takes good care that the remarks quoted were those made before Cicero began to suspect the real designs of Cæsar. Be it remembered that the latter did all in his power to secure the confidence of the former. Even while making war on the Gauls in their own territories, the conqueror never forgot the orator; he chose as his lieutenants several of his friends, including his brother, Q. Tullius Cicero. It was natural enough that a man of the kind, frank disposition of Cicero, who valued nothing more than personal compliments and a recognition of his great influence with the people, should speak and write well of one who was always so anxious to please him. But Napoleon III. forgets to tell us that, as soon as Cicero was undeceived, he not only avoided Cæsar himself, but did his best to induce his friends to do the same; for he did not believe, like Napoleon III., that it was for the public good, not for his own aggrandisement, he turned his arms against his country and usurped the supreme power. But Cicero was wrong, according to our author, in everything he did and said which was not favorable to Cæsar. Thus, for example, the former was wrong in wishing to punish the Catilinian conspirators with death, whereas the latter was entirely right in trying to save them. This was wise and statesmanlike, although we are not told that, according to the most reliable authorities, the reason of it was that Cæsar himself was more than suspected of complicity with the conspirators.

Lest we might seem to do our imperial author injustice, we will quote his own words. He informs his readers that the conspiracy of Catiline was by no means so bad a thing as it is generally represented—nay, that, in fact, the greatest objection to it was the bad conduct and character of its author, because a durable good can never proceed from impure hands (“Un bien durable ne peut jamais sortir de mains impures.”)* Thus, according to Napoleon III., had the hands of Catiline been hitherto pure, his conspiracy might have brought some good results had it only succeeded. The hands of the late President of the French Republic were pure, as a matter of course; consequently he was only acting Messiah-like when he planned and executed his famous *coup d'état*. But although the conspirators were bad men for the reason assigned, it was illegal to put them to death if only because Cæsar was opposed to the death penalty in their case. “La mort illégale des conjurés,” says our author, “réhabilita leur mémoire, et on trouva un jour le tombeau de Catiline couvert de fleurs.”† As usual in such cases, our author quotes his uncle in support of his own views in order to set aside all doubt. “The Emperor Napoleon,” he says, “also treats as a fable, in his Memorial de Sainte-Hélène, that opinion of the historians, which pretends that Catiline wished to burn Rome and subject it to pillage in order that he might govern on its ruins.” “L'Empereur pensait, dit M. de Las-Casas, que c'était plutôt quelque nouvelle faction, à la façon de Marius et de Sylla, qui, ayant échoué, avait vu accumuler sur son chef toutes les accusations formales qu'on élève en pareil cas.”‡ Such is the style in which Napoleon III. makes a hero, who may be regarded as a prototype for his uncle; but the matter is not so easy as he seems to think. In our opinion, could Napoleon I. have examined this history, he would have pronounced it a foolish thing, and thrown it into the fire; at least he would have expurgated three-fourths of what may be said by courtesy to be the author's own. But let us proceed to consider in what light can Cæsar be regarded as a model worthy of imitation by any class of princes or political adventurers, except by those who derive their precepts from Machiavelli and his model ruler, Cæsar Borgia.

When Cæsar learned that Sylla understood him, he retired

* Hist. de Jules César, liv. ii., ch. iii., p. 325.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*, note.

from Rome and concealed himself among the Sabines. Believing that he was not quite safe in his retreat, he hastened to sea and sailed to Bythnia, where he sought the protection of Nicomedes, the king. It does not appear that his wishes were complied with, for he soon re-embarked, and was captured by pirates near the island of Pharmacusa. His conduct towards the pirates is highly characteristic, such, indeed, as might well have shown at the time what his real disposition was. They asked him only twenty talents for his ransom; he replied that if they knew how important their prisoner was they would ask much more, adding that he would cheerfully give them fifty talents. He sent his friends to the neighboring cities to procure the money, retaining only one friend and two servants. He lived among them thirty days and joined daily in their diversions. He wrote poems and delivered orations for their entertainment, and when they failed to express admiration he called them dunces and barbarians. They were delighted with all this, for they regarded it only as an illustration of his frankness and facetious disposition. But as soon as the money was paid and he found himself again at liberty, he soon proved to them that his jokes were serious ones. He hired some vessels in the port of Miletus and immediately put to sea to attack the corsairs. As they anticipated no vengeance from one whom they had treated so kindly and who had mingled so freely in their sports, they were in no hurry leaving, and were, therefore, easily surrounded and captured. They still had the ransom money; he took it from them and imprisoned them in Pergamus. Not satisfied with this, he crucified every one that remained in his power. What could any of the pirates themselves have done worse than this? Even they thought he merely jested when he threatened them with this fate; seeing that they never did him the least personal injury, but, on the contrary, did all in their power to render his stay among them as agreeable to himself as possible. No wonder that many, who had no pretension to the gift of prophecy, foretold that the crucifier of the pirates, under such circumstances, would one day shed other blood without much provocation, if he found himself powerful enough to do so.

The love of distinction always formed a prominent feature in his conduct; whatever was best calculated to dazzle the multitude, or convince them that he was their friend, was what he sought most anxiously to do. It was with this view

that he induced Thermus, the prætor, through the influence of his friends, to award him a civic crown at the siege of Mitylene; and it was the same motive that prompted him to accuse Dolabella of extortion, in his twenty-third year. The charge proved a failure so far as the accused was concerned, but it was quite successful in its intended effect on the people. All said what an excellent tribune he would make; how fearlessly he would defend them from those whose only care while in office was to take as much as they could from them.

Cæsar knew at the same time that too much familiarity breeds contempt; nor was he unmindful of the value of knowledge and the persuasive faculty. Accordingly he retired to Rhodes in his twenty-fourth year, and occupied his time in studying eloquence under Appolloneus Molo, who was then one of the most eminent of the Greek rhetoricians. He returned to Rome after an absence of not more than one year, and, just as he had expected, the people elected him a military tribune. He was now on the direct road to preferment; but it was always his habit to affect indifference to all official appointments. If he allowed himself to be prevailed upon by his friends to accept at the eleventh hour, it was only because the interests of the people were so dear to him that he would rather do injury to his own feelings than to allow those interests to be compromised by selfish pretenders like his opponents. By proceeding thus adroitly, he became in turn quæstor, ædile, high-priest, prætor, and consul. Yet, according to Napoleon III., it is absurd to think that he had any notion of assuming the supreme power at Rome until circumstances over which he had no control forced him; circumstances similar to those which induced the First Consul of France to disperse the national assembly at the point of the bayonet, or which induced the President of the French Republic to permit himself to be styled, "S. M. l'Empereur."

While Cæsar was ædile he had an opportunity of gratifying the popular taste for magnificent display, and he availed himself of it far more than any of his predecessors had done. But he did not merely dazzle the people with great shows; he used the public money to bribe them to be his friends. Was this like the conduct of one who, as Napoleon III. tells us, had no personal ambition?—no worse ambition than that he was always anxious to elevate his country and increase its power and greatness. This, doubtless, was also

his object when he leagued with the traitors of Catiline as charged against him before the quæstor and the senate. It is not likely, indeed, that he wished Catiline, to succeed; those who knew his motives best were of opinion that his real motive was to encourage them to destroy the liberties of their country, so that he might have the less trouble himself in becoming the absolute sovereign of Rome.

All historians agree that the senate of Rome entertained a very different opinion of the motives of Cæsar from that of Napoleon III. and his uncle. Nor was the feeling of the senate a mere matter of opinion, which received no expression. Because that august body suspected his designs, they decreed but provinces of little importance to the consuls the year he was first elected. This he fully understood, and it excited his resentment at once. At this time Pompey and Crassus were opposed to each other, and their mutual opposition gave the senate more power than it could otherwise have had. In order to change this state of things, Cæsar exercised both his personal and official influence to reconcile the two chiefs to each other; nor did he fail to do so, although it cost him considerable effort.

In order to influence Pompey as he wished, he caused the Manlian law to be passed in his favor. The extraordinary powers conferred on him by this enactment were very flattering to the characteristic vanity of that chieftain; and whoever gratified his vanity had but little trouble in securing his confidence. With Crassus, however, Cæsar had much less trouble, because the prodigious wealth of the latter had rendered him agreeable to the dictator; and Crassus, upon the other hand, though fond of his money, was always willing to share it with one by whom he thought he might gain glory or increase his wealth. Through the efforts of Cæsar the three were now combined; and we are told that at this time, of all Roman citizens, Pompey had the greatest power, Crassus the greatest riches, and Cæsar the greatest abilities. The manner in which Napoleon III. speaks of this coalition is really amusing. Pompey and Crassus may indeed, have been influenced, he thinks, by their personal interests or their self-love, but the immaculate Cæsar, the prototype of Napoleon I., had a nobler object. But we must quote his own words. "*Certes Pompée et Crassus,*" he says, "*n'étaient pas insensibles à une combinaison favorisant leur amour pour le pouvoir et les richesses, mais on doit prêter à*

César un mobile plus élevé, et lui supposer l'inspiration du vrai patriotisme."*

Although Napoleon III. will thus have it that, as usual, Cæsar was actuated only by patriotism, all the historians who are regarded as authorities have denounced this very coalition as a conspiracy against the liberties of Rome; and as conspirators the three persons who formed it solemnly swore, not to the nation, or to the senate, but to each other, that nothing was to be done in Rome but by their common consent. Cæsar, in forming this first *triumvirate*, knew very well, from the character of his colleagues, that he would really have the whole power in his own hands. He was aware that all Pompey cared for was to have his acts in Asia ratified, which service he was ready to render him, as its effect would be little more than to flatter his vanity; he knew, also, that, as long as Crassus was in a position to make money, he did not care much for the exercise of power.

The events soon showed that Cæsar was entirely right in his calculations. He was complete master of the state in all save the name; but each member participated in the just odium and abhorrence excited by the acts of Cæsar among all classes of the community. It now appeared that Cicero had also been invited to join the coalition, because Cæsar knew from experience, as we have already intimated, how easily he could be imposed upon by so wily an adept in deception as himself. But the orator found him out at last, and rejected his proposals with scorn, although well aware that in doing so he was exposing himself to the greatest danger. He did not avow the fact, however, until his friend Pompey came to him and confessed that he had been duped by Cæsar. Cicero did not hesitate to incur still greater risk, for he strongly advised Pompey to break off all connection at once with that unprincipled politician. But it was now too late for this; however superior the eloquence of Cicero was in the rostrum, the conversation of Cæsar was far more insinuating and persuasive than that of the professional orator. This had, no doubt, its due effect on Pompey, but, lest it might not be sufficient for the purpose arrived at, the dictator gave him his daughter Julia in marriage; a lady who, whatever were the faults of her father, was acknowledged by all to be of an exceedingly amiable disposition, and of most engaging manners. So great was her influence both with

* Hist. de Jules Cæsar, liv. ii., ch. iv., p. 253.

her father and husband that, in spite of the jealousy and aversion which were afterwards manifested between them, she succeeded in preventing them from coming to any rupture as long as she lived; whereas she was scarcely cold in her grave when they were openly at war with each other.

Cæsar did not confine himself to the formation of the triumvirate as a means of securing the supreme power. He left no other project untried. When he saw that Piso was to succeed him in the consulship, he married his daughter Calpurnia, in order to increase his power in the state. It was against these marriages that Cato exclaimed so loudly, calling both gods and men, as we are told by Plutarch, to witness how insupportable it was that the first dignities of the state should be prostituted by marriages, and that this *traffic* of women should gain them whatever governments and forces they pleased.*

Cæsar now felt so near the goal of his ambition that he thought he could do as he liked; and it must be admitted that even in this there is some reason in regarding him as the prototype of Napoleon I., who, it will be remembered, parcelled out Europe to his brothers, brothers-in-law, and favorite generals. When Cæsar found himself thus powerful, none expressed their sentiments any longer, except at the peril of losing liberty or life. Even the venerable Cato was reminded that, if he had disagreeable thoughts, he must now keep them to himself. "As Cato spoke against these regulations" (the traffic in women, &c.), says the historian, "Cæsar ordered him to be taken in custody, imagining he would appeal to the tribunes. But when he saw him going to prison without speaking one word, and observed that it not only gave the nobility great uneasiness, but that

* None of the historians of Rome hesitate to place Cato far above Cæsar in the scale of integrity and patriotism. Even Sallust, the most friendly of all to Cæsar, in comparing the two with each other, yields the palm to Cato for the best qualities of a citizen and a man:

"His (Cæsari et Catoni) genus, ætas, eloquentia prope æqualia fuere: magnitudo animi par, item gloria, sed alia alii. Cæsar beneficiis, ac munificentia magnus habebatur; integritate vitæ Cato. Ille mansuetudine, et misericordia clarus factus: huic severitas dignitatem addiderat. Cæsar, dando, sublevando, ignoscendo; Cato, nihil largiendo, gloriam adeptus est. In altero miseris per-fugium; in altero malis perniciēs. Illius facilitas, hujus constantia laudabatur. Postremo Cæsar in animum induxerat, laborare, vigilare; negotiis amicorum intentus, sua negligere; nihil denegare, quod dono, dignum esset; sibi magnum imperium exercitum bellum novum exoptabat, ubi virtus enitescere posset. At Catoni studium modestiæ, decoris, sed maxime severitatis erat. Non divitiis cum divite, neque factione cum factioso; sed cum strenuo virtute, cum modesto pudore, cum innocente abstinentia certabat; esse, quam videri, bonus malebat; ita, quo minus gloriam petebat, eo magis adsequabatur."—*Sallustius, de Bello Catilin.*

the people, out of reverence for Cato's virtue, followed him in melancholy silence, he whispered one of the tribunes to take him out of the lictor's hands."* This conduct was viewed by all classes as it deserved. We are told that very few of the senators followed Cæsar to his house on this occasion, as had previously been their habit; the reason assigned being that "the greatest part were offended at such acts of tyranny." Plutarch adds that Considius, one of the oldest senators that attended, taking occasion to observe that "it was the soldiers and naked swords that kept the rest from assembling," Cæsar said, "Why does not fear keep you at home, too?" Considius replied: "Old age is my defense; the small remains of my life deserve not much care or precaution." Even his colleague in the consulship, Bibulus, was so much disgusted with his tyrannical conduct that he shut himself up in his own house for the greater part of the year; he did this partly because he was afraid of being assassinated by Cæsar's lictors, and partly because he would not even seem to give his sanction to acts which he abhorred. Napoleon III. speaks frequently of the high principle of honor by which Cæsar was always actuated. According to him the founder of the Roman Empire could not be induced to be guilty of a mean or unworthy action under any circumstances; in this, he tells us, he was as immaculate as Napoleon I.; nor can we say that he was not, since the latter personage also was guilty of many acts that would have disgraced a brigand chief. At all events Plutarch concludes some just remarks on the tyrannical conduct of Cæsar, as follows: "The most disgraceful step, however, that Cæsar took in his whole consulship was getting Clodius elected tribune of the people; the same who had attempted to dishonor his bed, and had profaned the mysterious rites of the Good Goddess. He pitched upon him to ruin Cicero; nor would he set out for his government before he had embroiled them and procured Cicero's banishment."† Thus we see what Cicero brought on himself by refusing to join in the conspiracy against the liberties of his country and advising Pompey to withdraw from it. And it was the implacable hatred thus excited which subsequently led to the assassination of the orator, although it occurred after the death of Cæsar, by order of Antony, Cæsar's avenger.

* Plutarch in Cæsar.

† *Ibid.*

But all this is explained away by Napoleon III. in his own peculiar way. "Nous avons montré César," he says, "n'obéissant qu'à ses convictions politiques, soit comme promoteur ardent de toutes les mesures populaires, soit comme partisan déclaré de Pompée; nous l'avons montré aspirant par une noble ambition, au pouvoir et aux honneurs; mais nous n'ignorons pas que *les historiens* en général donnent d'autres motifs de sa conduite."^{*} Thus our author shows that he is aware that the historians in general thought very differently of Cæsar from what he does; but they lacked the grasp of mind of a Bonaparte, and hence the difference. Our author proceeds to show what absurd views those historians have entertained and expressed in regard to the acts of Cæsar and to his whole conduct; they misunderstood all, but all is clear as noonday to Napoleon III. His Majesty concludes his "explication" by a very characteristic piece of egotism. "Let us not," he says, "be incessantly seeking little passions in great minds. The success of superior men, and it is a consoling thought, depends more on the elevation of their sentiments than on the speculations of egotism and intrigue."[†] The concluding sentence of the first volume is: "Certes César avait foi dans sa destinée et confiance dans son génie; mais la foi est un instinct, non un calcul, et le génie pressent l'avenir sans en diviner la marche mystérieuse." The meaning of all this is very plain. Whatever great men like the ancient and modern Cæsars do should be regarded as patriotic and good, not selfish or bad. If it sometimes seems otherwise to the rest of mankind, it is because it is not given to them to comprehend the mysterious and grand. The ancient as well as the modern Cæsar had faith in his destiny and confidence in his genius; but with such great people such feelings are divine instincts, not the results of calculation or egotism. In short, to us the wonder is that so sensible a man as Napoleon III. is in all other matters could be induced, even by the most wily of his flatterers, to address so enlightened and witty a nation as France in such terms as the above, and hope not to be laughed at; even did he know that the rest of the world would not trouble itself much to see what he has said or thought about Cæsar and his uncle, or his uncle and Cæsar. We confess that among all similar performances which we have ever made it our business to examine, there is nothing of which it so

^{*} Hist. de Jules César, liv. ii. ch. vii., p. 389.

[†] *Ibid.*

forcibly reminds us as the famous address of the Delai-lama of Thibet to his privy council, as reported by Father Navarette, in one of his letters to Don John of Austria :

"My venerable brothers, you and I know very well that I am not immortal, *but it is proper that the people should think so.* The Tartars of Great and Little Thibet are people with stiff necks and little information, who require a *heavy yoke and gross inventions.* Convince them of my immortality, and the glory will reflect on you, and you will procure honor and riches. When the time shall come in which the Tartars will be more enlightened, *we may then confess that the grand lamas are not now immortal, but that their predecessors were so, and that what is necessary for the erection of a grand edifice, is no longer so, when it is established on an immovable foundation.*

"When the time of correct reasoning shall arrive, *for it will arrive some day or other, you will then take a totally opposite course, and say directly the contrary of what your predecessors have said,* for you ought to change the nature of your curb in proportion *as the horses become more difficult to govern.* Your exterior must be *more grave ; your intrigues more mysterious ; your secrets better guarded ; your sophistry more dazzling, and your policy more refined.* You will then be the pilot of a vessel *which is leaky on all sides.* Have under you subalterns continually employed at the pumps, and as caulkers to stop all the holes. You will navigate with difficulty, but you will still proceed, and be enabled to cast into the fire or the water, as may be most convenient, *all those who would examine whether you have properly refitted the vessel."*

It is many centuries since this speech is said to have been delivered by the Delai-lama, but there is much more philosophy in it than in the pretensions of Napoleon III., in relation to Cæsar, his uncle, and himself. The Delai-lama knew how to adapt his language as well as his claims to the progress of enlightenment and civilization ; but Napoleon III. ignores the necessity, and would have his readers believe that what Cæsar said and did nearly two thousand years ago would be as proper now as he tells us they were then, because Cæsar was one of those Messiahs that come into the world about once in a thousand years to remedy the evils perpetrated by long lines of petty kings, emperors, presidents, &c.

But the character of the original Cæsar is yet incomplete, although we think we have already shown that he is not the exemplary ruler Napoleon III. would have the world believe. When the dictator saw that a strong and respectable party, actuated by their love for their country, were operating against him, although only so far as to protest against his tyrannical acts, anxious to intimidate them, he bribed Vettius, who had formerly preferred an accusation against himself, to declare that he had been urged by them to assassinate Pompey ; but his plan was soon found out, and

even the lower order, whom it was intended to please, treated him with so much contempt that he was glad to abandon it. But even this he could not do without committing a crime; in order to prevent discovery he had his tool, Vettius, put to death in prison. These atrocious acts were well known, yet he continued to retain a very powerful party in his interest. Most of his adherents of the better class remained attached to him at this time, not because they liked him or approved his acts, but because they had before their eyes the examples of those whom he had utterly ruined or put to death for no other reason than that they were unwilling to have anything further to do with him. It was, however, to the worst classes of the community that he owed his power at all times; it was the people, so-called, that conferred every honor on him, and elected him to every office from the first to the last; and it was they who, in spite of the shameful acts just alluded to, obtained for him the provinces of Gallia Cisalpina, and Illyricum, with three legions for five years, through his agent Valerius, the tribune. The senate, seeing the people had done so much, did not think it safe to refuse Caesar when he asked them to add Gallia Transalpina and another legion. He had now six legions under his command, and the number was gradually increased to fifteen.

It was now he set out for Gaul for the first time, with the intention of reducing that country. The period is differently recorded by different historians, but the most probable date is the end of March, 58, before Christ. What he accomplished in Gaul is so well known that it would be superfluous to give any particulars of it here, even if we had space and time to do so. His own admirable Commentaries leave nothing to be desired in that way, although no one who has examined his character fully, and carefully studied this work, believes that he has by any means told us the worst of what happened in Gaul during his wars. He has, however, told quite enough to prove beyond a doubt that, whatever were his faults as a man or a citizen, he was one of the world's greatest warriors. Bayle, the philosopher and savant, whom we must consider at least as good authority as Napoleon III., remarks that "when we think, in general, of the wars which he terminated so gloriously, we cannot but admire him; but when we make a reflection on the prodigious number of people to whom he caused death, poverty, or servitude, it is difficult to

avoid regarding him with horror."* Another observation, equally just, by the same author, follows that just quoted. "The greatest crime," he says, "he has committed in all this is that, in order to avenge private quarrels which he had drawn on himself by his too ambitious conduct, he employed *for the oppression of his country* the same arms which its sovereigns had placed in his hands for the subjugation of their enemies."† Plutarch, in speaking of this same event, tells us that in less than ten years' war in Gaul he took eight hundred cities by assault, conquered three hundred nations, and fought pitched battles at different times with three millions of men, one million of whom he cut in pieces, and made another million prisoners. If all this was praiseworthy, great, and worthy of imitation, no doubt Cæsar was a great and good man. But let us now consider for a moment the use he made of the prestige and power thus gained.

It is not necessary to speak here of the passing of the Rubicon, or any other act done by Cæsar, on his way to Rome to destroy with fire and sword all who opposed his ambitious desires. Suffice it to say, that when he saw that the citizens were not half so much frightened as he had supposed he would find them, he addressed the senators in a mild and gracious manner, telling them to send deputies to Pompey offering honorable terms of peace, &c. But not one of them would bear his message. His first care at the same time was to seize upon the treasury. As Metellus, the tribune, opposed his taking the money, reminding him that there were strict laws against it, Cæsar said: "Arms and laws do not flourish together. If you are not pleased with what I am about, you have nothing to do but to withdraw; indeed, war will not bear much liberty of speech. When I say this, I am departing from my own right; for you and all whom I have found exciting a spirit of faction against me are at my disposal. Saying this, he approached the doors of the treasury, and as the keys were not produced he sent for workmen to break them open. Metellus opposed him again and some applauded his firmness; but Cæsar, raising his voice, threatened to put him to death if he gave him any further trouble. "Young man," said he, "you are not ignorant that this is harder for me to say than to do." Metellus, terrified with his menaces, retired, and afterwards, Cæsar was

* Dict. Phil., Art. *Cæsar*.

† Voltaire also calls him "the robber of the public treasury, who employed the money of the Romans to reduce the Romans to subjection."—*Voltaire's Phil. Dict., Art. Cæsar*.

easily and readily supplied with everything necessary for the war."²*

Soon after, the battle of Pharsalia was fought, in which Pompey was completely defeated and his camp taken, that defeated general made all the haste he could, with only thirty horsemen, to the shores of the Archipelago and thence to Egypt. Cæsar, fearing that as long as Pompey lived he would enjoy no tranquillity, pursued him to Egypt; and on arriving at Alexandria he found him assassinated. None acquainted with the circumstances doubted that nothing could have pleased him more than this; but in order to make a show of magnanimity he affected to weep on seeing the head of his rival, as Elizabeth did when signing the death-warrant of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. Lest this might not be deemed sufficient, he had the two assassins put to death, the same as he had put Vettius and others to death on former occasions, so that it might not be known who hired them to do the bloody work. Pompey was scarcely cold in his grave before the conqueror entered into an intrigue with Cleopatra, and placed the crown of Egypt on her head in consideration of her favors to himself. After fighting some more battles, he returned to Rome, and Cato committed suicide at Utica on hearing of his success. Laden with the plunder of so many countries, the conqueror of the world was able to glut his soldiers with presents and the citizens with largesses; he also tried to dazzle the eyes of the multitude, and to make the citizens forget the extinction of their liberties by getting up shows of unparalleled magnificence and feasts of unbounded profusion.

He had, however, one war to suppress yet. Cneius and Sextus, the sons of Pompey, raised a powerful army in Spain, aided by Labienus one of their father's lieutenants; and Cæsar was obliged to leave Rome in order to attack them. After some manœuvring, which lasted for months, the rival armies came to a decisive battle at Munda. The sons of Pompey displayed so much heroism and generalship that the veterans of Cæsar, always used to victory as they had been were forced to flee; and it required all his skill and intrepidity to bring them back to the charge. He had recourse to his usual expedient in such circumstances, took a buckler from one of the subaltern officers, and, calling on his favorite legions to follow, rushed into the thick of the fight. This fired his

whole army with enthusiasm, and he was soon rewarded by a complete victory. This was his last battle, for it left him in undisputed possession of the Roman Empire.

None were so blind now as not to see what his object had been from the beginning. Even those on whom he had lavished bribes with more than oriental profusion felt remorse at having made themselves the instruments of his ambition. He claimed and got his triumph, however, as usual; and it surpassed in splendor and magnificence everything of the kind that had ever before been seen in Rome; but the people, who on former occasions used to give expression to the most frantic delight, looked on in mournful silence, without taking any part in the procession one way or other. The citizens understood him at last; they saw that it was not over the Spaniards or any other foreign people he was triumphing, but over the sons of Pompey and all that had been left of their ancient laws and liberties. They felt that Cæsar was now their master, and that their lives as well as their properties were at his disposal.

On reflection, some were so credulous as to hope that the senate would hold his ambitious designs in check at the eleventh hour, and that even he would shrink from attacking them. Of course no such restraint was attempted; on the contrary, the senate were more lavish of their honors to him than ever. They not only complied with all his demands, but did everything besides which seemed likely to gratify his ambition or his vanity. Not content with electing him dictator for life, and conferring on him the title of *Imperator*, they appointed him superintendent of public morals, and decreed him an elevated seat in the theatre, a golden seat in the senate-house, and another in the forum. Even all this was not deemed sufficient; the destroyer of the constitution and the enslaver of his fellow-citizens was voted temples, altars, and priests, so that he might be duly worshipped as a divinity. The senators have, of course, been blamed for all this; but they merely granted, with a good grace, what they had not the power to withhold. They knew very well how easily he could have them expelled from the senate-house by his legions, and that he would not hesitate to give the order if he thought it in the least necessary for his purposes. We may remark, in passing, that in this, at least, there is good reason to regard Cæsar as the prototype of Napoleon I., for whenever the senators of the latter did not vote or act as he directed them he made no scruple of making them feel that

he was more powerful than they. Cæsar did not care for the formality of the consent of the senate as to his having complete control of the army and of the public treasury, as well as the appointment of all magistrates; these little privileges he regarded himself as entitled to by the success of his arms; and who will deny that Napoleon followed his example in this too?

But this life of Cæsar affords an excellent lesson even for despots. If Napoleon III. will explain the fact, we will excuse him for many things he has said in the volumes before us which do no credit to his judgment, but, on the contrary, are, indeed, unworthy of one who has guided the destinies of France so ably and successfully for the last ten years. Let him tell his royal and imperial readers that, although no sovereign that ever lived possessed more power than Cæsar after he defeated the sons of Pompey, or had a larger army attached to his person and to his interests, yet he was only permitted to enjoy the peaceful possession of the sceptre he had spent his life in seeking, for five months. During this brief reign he had made himself so odious that some sixty of the principal senators, including his most intimate friend, Brutus, conspired against his life, and proved that, with all his honors and armies, and with his priests to offer him incense as a deity, he was still but a man, as vulnerable to the dagger's point as the lowest of his slaves.

Far be it from us to deny that Cæsar had many great and noble qualities; our readers will bear us testimony that we have often expressed our admiration for those qualities in this journal. Cicero, the most competent judge of his time, ranks him among the first of orators. Still higher, if possible, is the estimate of Quintilian, who says that he spoke with the same spirit with which he fought; and that, had not ambition diverted him from the arts of peace, he would have rivalled the eloquence of Cicero. As a general he has never been surpassed; while in possession of the supreme power at Rome, he not only did many acts of clemency, but enacted some salutary laws. But all this is perfectly consistent with his being the usurper and tyrant which he has been represented by the best of his own countrymen. The only question is, then, Is it judicious, wise, or statesmanlike, on the part of Napoleon III., to present him to the world as a model ruler—a Messiah—and to labor as he has done in these volumes to prove him the prototype of Napoleon I.?

ART. II.—1. *Recherches Philosophiques sur la Vie et la Mort.*
PAR ZAV. BICHAT. Paris.

2. *The Essays of* MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE. Boston, 1862.

"It is foolish," says Seneca, "to fear what cannot be avoided." Who can deny this? But there is nothing more unavoidable than death; yet nothing is more feared. No one can reflect on this fear without being convinced of its absurdity, and what good will our reason do us if we make ourselves unhappy to no purpose? In the observations which we are about to make on the subject, however, we disclaim all intention of impugning the doctrines of Christianity relative to the rewards and punishments of a future world. Nor do we want to show that we should not be afraid to do evil in the present life lest we should be punished for it in the future, for this would be immoral as well as irreligious, and we trust we shall never encourage any one to do wrong. At the same time, there is nothing theological in the views which we are about to offer; now, as heretofore, we leave the dogmas of religion to those who have made them their study, and without presuming to utter any sneer against them. In a word, it is the fear of death, and not the fear of punishment, that we have chosen as the subject of this article, for we hold that none should fear punishment except those who are conscious of having deserved it.

There are a thousand notions that give us a horror of death, not one of which is founded in reason. When our friends die, we mourn for them as if their lot was peculiar, as if a calamity had befallen them, to which only a few are subject. We are too apt to forget that what has happened to them to-day may happen to us to-morrow, nay, within one hour, and must happen to us sooner or later. The self-love common to mankind makes us feel still more acutely in our own case. We picture to ourselves how frightful it is to be deprived of life. While we think ourselves in danger of death, the vigor and gaiety of others only grieve us; we envy even the lower animals the exuberance of life which they exhibit, while we languish on the bed of sickness; nay, the whole smiling face of nature, the groves, rich with foliage, and the green fields—all contribute to embitter the pang caused by the fear, real or imaginary, of approaching death.

There is no stronger proof of thoughtlessness than this;

it shows that we have paid least attention to what concerns us most. We annoy ourselves with a thousand things, the very existence of which we know to be doubtful ; but what is certain to all, we make no preparation for, but get frightened at its approach like children. Hence it is that the dying man grieves as we have said ; had it been otherwise, he would not envy the strongest or gayest about him, knowing that they, too, will have their day. He would rather say to himself: Those birds that sing so sweetly and rejoice in doing so, while I gasp for breath, innocent and harmless as they are, will die too ; many of them, perhaps, yet before me. If the earth looks fresh and young to-day, it will look withered and sad in a month or two. Vigorous and spirited as is the horse that takes me to my grave, careless of my fate, how soon will he be as helpless as myself!

It is the same with all that is earthly. We should remember that not only individuals and generations pass away, but the cities and empires which they founded and made famous for thousands of years. How many such have there been of which there is not a vestige left? What has become of the great and good of all ages and nations anterior to our own? Are they not all dead? How few of us reach beyond the ordinary meridian of life without losing those that are most dear to us, not only our parents, but most of the companions of our youth! Count up the men of genius of all countries—poets, orators, philosophers, and the votaries of science—those whom all recognise as benefactors of mankind, and it will be seen that there is scarcely one left. How childish it is, then, that we should grieve, fret, and embitter every moment of our lives at the bare idea of sharing the fate of the illustrious, the good, and the beautiful!

Some make themselves wretched by the fear of a particular disease which is known to be of a malignant character, as if that were the only means of depriving them of life. In this they show still less wisdom than the ostrich, which regards its body as safe from its pursuers when it sticks its head into the sand. They forget how many destroyers of life there are, and how those who have escaped unhurt from a hundred battles, and have resisted the influence of the most contagious and malignant diseases, often die without any apparent danger surrounding them or within their reach. How many drop off apparently in the midst of robust health, while conversing with their friends and in the best spirits. How many have met their death by a fall

from a favorite horse, or merely from tripping in an easy walk without riding at all ; * not to mention the many organic diseases that are constantly destroying myriads, killing more in one year than all contagious diseases put together including even the plague, do in twenty years.

One reason why so many have a horror of death is that they think the pain of dying is greater than any other ; it must, they think, be a frightful pang that separates the soul from the body ; but the experience of all who have had extended opportunities of witnessing the death struggle leads to a very different conclusion. There is no opinion in which eminent physicians in all parts of the world are more unanimous than that the majority of those who die after a lingering illness, suffer far less at the extreme moment than they had on many former occasions ; nay, a large proportion die in a state of agreeable repose. Nature has so kindly ordered it that as life ebbs sensibility declines ; let our enemies do their worst, she will inflict on us only a certain degree of pain. This degree being attained, if the disease or the morbid tendency, no matter how created, is increased, we either die or cease to feel ; of this we have thousands of illustrations, and we will note a few in passing ; for such facts are not merely curious or interesting, they are instructive and useful. This was the opinion of Addison when he said :

* "To omit fevers and pleurisies," says Montaigne, "who would ever have imagined that a duke of Brittany should be pressed to death in a crowd, as that duke was at the entry of Pope Clement, my neighbor, into Lyons? Have we not seen one of our kings killed at a tilting? and did not one of his ancestors die by the jostle of a hog? *Æschylus*, being threatened with the fall of a house, got nothing by going into the fields to avoid that danger, for there he was knocked on the head by a tortoise falling out of an eagle's talons (*Val. Max.*, ix., 12). Another was choked with a grape-stone (*Anacreon*; see *Val. Max.* ix., 12). An emperor was killed with the scratch of a comb in combing his own head ; *Æmilius Lupidus*, with a stumble at his own threshold (*Pliny*, *Nat. H.*, vii., 33). *Aufidius*, with a jostle against the door as he entered the council-chamber ; and, in the very embrace of women, *Cornelius Gallus*, the prætor ; *Tigillinus*, captain of the watch at Rome ; *Ludovico*, son of *Guido de Gonzago*, marquis of Mantua ; and a still worse example, *Speusippus*, a Platonic philosopher (*Tertullian* mentions this in his *Apologetics*, c. 46) ; and one of our popes. The poor Judge *Bibius*, in the eight days' reprieve he had given a criminal, was himself caught hold of, his own reprieve of life having expired, (*Pliny*, vii., 53.) And *Caius Julius*, the physician, while anointing the eyes of a patient, had death close his own (id., ib.) ; and if I may bring in an example of my own blood, a brother of mine, Captain *St. Martin*, a young man of three and twenty years old, who had already given sufficient testimony of his valor, playing a match at tennis, received a blow of a ball a little above his right ear, which, though it was without any manner or sign of wound, or depression of the skull, and though he took no great notice of it, nor so much as sat down to repose himself, he nevertheless died within five or six hours after of an apoplexy occasioned by that blow."—*Montaigne's Essays*, vol. i., pp. 127, 128.

"If I were a maker of books, I would compile a register, with comments of various deaths; for *he who should teach men to die would teach them to live.*"

During a long illness, Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, took a turn which caused his friends to think that, if he was not dead, he was at least dying. They gave him some cordial, however, which gave him unexpected relief; once more he opened his eyes, but his first words were those of astonishment at the sad countenances of all around him, because, as he told them, his own mind was in such a state from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feeling than by saying he was in rapture. The case of the son of Edmund Burke, the celebrated orator, is familiar to most of our readers. Hearing his parents sobbing, in another room, at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable, as he was in the last stage of consumption, he rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke was so much grieved that he was unable to utter a word; once more his son made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir; talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed: "Does it rain! No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." This brought to his mind Milton's majestic lines, and he repeated them with much feeling and effect:

"His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines:
With every plant, in sign of worship wave!"

Repeating the same sublime strain, and waving his hand in unison with it, that he, too, might pray, he sank into his father's arms a corpse. It was evident to all that he felt no pain while all this was passing. If there was any change in his feelings, it was for the better. He had suffered vastly more an hour previously, if, indeed, he experienced any suffering now, further than that caused by the grief of his parents.

Some regard the icy perspiration that generally precedes death as a sign of acute suffering, but there are abundant facts to prove the contrary. Thus, for example, we are told that La Boëtie, the friend of Montaigne, had a mortal perspiration run down his body, which caused his

relatives to weep. This roused the dying man, and he exclaimed: "Who is it that torments me thus? Why was I snatched from my deep and pleasant repose? Oh! of what rest do you deprive me."

The poet Boileau, who had long suffered from a dropsy, died in a manner equally tranquil and painless. A friend entered the room where he was sitting, and the poet asked how he was, and bid him adieu in the same breath. His last words were: "It will be a very long adieu." Sometimes the intellect of the dying is supposed to be gone, while they exhibit no evidence of physical suffering. Thus it was in the case of Dr. Wollaston. A bystander remarked that his mind was no more. The expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up.

This was a great effort, but an instructive one. It proved the truth of a favorite theory of his own, that the mind partakes of the weakness of the body, the former becoming feeble and averse to exertion in proportion as the latter does; and that if some speak, while others seem incapable of doing so, the difference lies in the characteristic resolution of the patient.

There are those who admit that, in those instances in which the intellect is the first attacked and the first that yields to the destroyer, the pain of dying must be comparatively little; but they insist that when the contrary is the case—that is, when the mind retains its faculties to the last—the suffering of the dying must be great. This, too, is openly refuted by experience. "I thought," said Louis XIV., with a serene smile on his lip, "that dying had been more difficult," and the words were scarcely uttered before he died, without moving a muscle. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said Dr. William Hunter about half an hour before his death, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die."

In numerous instances persons die under the impression that they are engaged at those occupations which afforded them most pleasure in their best days. This was the case with Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment-seat to his death-bed, and, fancying himself still presiding at the trial, he expired while giving utterance to the words, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." When Napoleon was dying, he fancied himself fighting one of his great battles over again, and the last words which he muttered were, "*Tête d'armée.*" Dr. Arm-

strong, the eminent English physician, died delivering medical precepts to his students, as if they had been seated around him. Still more remarkable is the case of Dr. Adams, the author of "Roman Antiquities," who imagined himself in school distributing praise and censure among his pupils. After indulging in this fancy for a few minutes, he remarked, as if a sudden thought occurred to him: "But it grows dark; the boys may dismiss, but be in time to-morrow." In any of these cases—to which hundreds might be added—there is no evidence of any severe pain; on the contrary, the clear inference in all is that there was no unpleasant feeling, but rather one of satisfaction.

The case of Dr. Langley serves to confirm this. When remarks were made to him on his death-bed on subjects to which he felt indifferent, he made no reply; and took no notice of them more than if he had been dead, although he had every disposition to render himself agreeable to those around him. But the moment he was asked a question bearing on his favorite science, "What is the square of twelve?" while he was unable to recognise one of his friends, he answered without hesitation, "One hundred and forty-four," and these were his last words.

In an interesting description in the North British Review, of the closing scenes of the life of Campbell, the poet, we are told that when he was dying conversation was carried on in whispers in the room; he uttered a few sentences which were so unconnected that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of Hohenlinden, and, pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw what was intended, was amused, and said playfully, but in a clear and distinct tone, "No; it was one Tom Campbell." This convinced all not only that he was perfectly conscious, but that if he suffered any pain it was far less than he had suffered on any previous occasion.

Speaking of the last days of Campbell naturally reminds us of those of Byron, especially as they teach the same sad but consoling lesson. "I begin to think I am going to die pretty soon, Fletcher," said the poet to his faithful valet, whom he had called to his bedside for that purpose, "and I shall give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular to execute, if you love me." Fletcher *did* love his master, and he assured him that he would do everything faithfully.

"Yes, you will," said Byron; "it is nearly all over now. I must tell you without losing a moment. I see my time has come to die." Fletcher went to get a portfolio to write down his master's words. Byron called him back, exclaiming: "O my God, don't waste time by writing, for I have none to waste." Here followed in rapid succession expressions of fond solicitude for all that were dear to him, not forgetting even the wife, who had treated him so unworthily; while requesting that Fletcher would tell her everything, the tears rolled down his emaciated cheek, and his voice failed him so that only now and then a word was audible. For some time he muttered something very seriously, and finally, raising his voice, said: "Now, Fletcher, if you do not execute every order I have given you, I will trouble you if possible hereafter." The poor valet wept bitter tears over his master, and told him he could not understand a word of what he had been saying. "O my God," said Byron, "then all is lost, for it is now too late. Can it be possible you have not understood me?" Fletcher replied: "No; but do tell me more clearly, my lord." "How can I?" said Byron, "it is too late, and all is over." Fletcher replied: "Not our will, but God's, be done." "Yes," said he, "not mine be done; but I will try once more." He made several efforts to speak, but only a few broken accents could be distinguished, and then sank into a gentle slumber, the last words he ever spoke being, "I must sleep now." The only pain he suffered from, for the last four hours of his life, was that of parting with those who were dear to him; so that of nothing are we reminded more forcibly by his last moments than of that part of Childe Harold's Adieu to England, in which he so affectionately addresses his "little page," and is told in reply:

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet, marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind."

Again, there are others who say that, while it may be true that those who have suffered much from a lingering disease die without much pain, because their energies are wasted, and there is little left of them to feel, the reverse holds true in cases of violent death which is not instantaneous. This has been the opinion of many scientific men of eminence; indeed, we have known experienced and distinguished physicians who would not agree to anything different. But this is because they have neglected to observe the condition of

the dying, however attentive, skillful, and successful they have been in their treatment of the sick. Be this as it may, it is certain that many die a violent death without much pain, although they may linger for hours, or even for days, after they have received the fatal wound. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who happened to have a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank freely, returned his hearty thanks, and mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated; but, having proceeded a dozen yards on his way to the rear, fell heavily, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs expired. "Yet his voice" says the trooper, "gave scarcely the least sign of weakness or pain."

But there are few who do not regard the convulsive movements of the dying as conclusive evidence of pain; it is but rarely, however, that they are evidences at all. In a large proportion of instances in which they occur they are merely mechanical; even when the hands or feet are violently moved with an apparent object, as if to allay pain, the patient is entirely unconscious. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and would have known nothing about what he had done had he not been informed of it by his attendants. His only pain, he said, was that which he felt in recovering.

Captain Basil Hall, in his account of the battle of Corunna, at which he was present, relates that an old officer who was shot in the head arrived, pale and faint, at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced mortal. "Indeed, I feared so," he said, with impeded utterance, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible." "He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned into glass, and immediately sunk dead upon the turf." A storm arose on the day Admiral Collingwood died. The captain expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing. "No, Thomas," he replied, "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and to all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

Even in public executions not one-tenth of the pain is experienced which most persons think. Surgeons who have devoted most attention to the subject tell us that none

suffer less than those who are shot dead. There are few modes of execution regarded with more horror than hanging; but numbers of those who have recovered from the insensibility which it occasions, have recorded their sensations, and agree in the report that an easier end could not be desired. A friend of Lord Bacon undertook to hang himself, partially in order that he might be able to form an opinion of the pain which preceded death. His curiosity nearly cost him his life; but he declared that he suffered no pain; the only sensation he felt was that of a beautiful fire before his eyes, which changed first into black and then into sky-blue. Viscount Turenne, who had a similar experience, goes still further, declaring that if he felt any pain it can only have been for an instant, and that the sensation which followed it was one of indescribable delight.

So much, then, for the pain of dying; in nine cases out of ten the pain of living, especially to those whose health is at all impaired, is much greater. We do not mean, however, that all should be careless of life and health. This would be wrong. We should all take reasonable care of both; it is the excessive love of life and the excessive fear of death that we speak against; and we do so because one as well as the other is absurd. It is equally foreign to our purpose to maintain that we should not mourn for our departed friends. Those who do not do so have no feeling; even the lower animals grieve for each other. It is only immoderate grief we would discourage. Many say, in justification of their own intemperate sorrow, that it is only the heathen who are thus indifferent to the fate of their friends, and who are as ready to die as they are to live. But such is not the fact.

There are none of the precepts of Christianity nobler than those which teach us to bear the worst calamities with resignation. It is for the heathen to be intemperate in their grief at what is inevitable; many of them, it is true, have not been so—that is, the best of them; and shall we imitate the thoughtless and ignorant rather than the wise and good? Let us remember that among the ancients as well as among the moderns, it is women that have evinced the strongest fear of death, and that have been most intemperate in their grief for the loss of their friends. Next to the women, effeminate men have been most distinguished in this way. Sometimes, indeed, the bravest have been inconsolable for the death of those dear to them, but on investigation such prove to be men whose courage is merely physical, like that of the ani-

mal. As an example of this class we need only mention Achilles, whose grief for the death of Patroclus was unworthy of a reflecting mind; and this intemperate wailing has been held by all competent critics to be the great defect in his character as a hero.

David, indeed shows much anguish for the death of his son Absalom. There is great tenderness in the exclamation, "Would to God, O my son Absalom! my son, my son, would to God that I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!" But we hear no more of the circumstance after that day; he gave expression to the natural emotion of a father, but this done, anything further was vain, and the king abstained accordingly. On another occasion, David acted in a manner still more philosophical: "While the child was yet alive," he says, "I fasted and wept, but being now dead, why should I fast? can I bring him back again? *I shall go to him, but he cannot return to me.*"* Nor have Christ and his apostles taught a different doctrine in reference to our own death or that of others. "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace," says Simeon; while Paul says, "I *desire* to be *dissolved*, and to be with Christ."

If we examine the sages of antiquity who were most like the founders of Christianity, we shall find that in nothing did they more resemble them than in their contempt of death, and their resignation under the bereavements caused by it. Even the divine Socrates uttered nothing more sublime than his reply to the messenger who told him, "The Thirty Tyrants have sentenced thee to death." "And Nature, them," said he.† If all would remember this, there would be far less fear and grief in the world; that is, if they would remember that the earthly judge and jury who pass sentence on the criminal brought before them are themselves sentenced to the same destiny, and may, in fact, perish before him, no matter how early an hour they may appoint for his execution, the only difference being that he dies one way and they another. Nor does even this difference always present itself; for many have suffered themselves on the same gibbet to which they had condemned others.

The early Christians whose bodies filled the catacombs at Rome, as well as the early Fathers of the Church, have given sufficient proof how little they feared death. What they knew to be right they did fearlessly, even when sure that they would be crucified, burned, or impaled for it.

* 2 Sam., xxii.

† Diog. Laert. in Vita; Cicero Quaes.

Had they feared death, all they had to do to avoid it at the hands of even Nero was to eschew their faith; but they knew that they should die at all events, and they preferred to die an early and painful death, when such was necessary in vindication of their faith, than to deny their faith for the chance of living longer and dying easier. This, need we say, has been the guiding principle of all the early fathers; nor has it been set aside to the present day. Distinguished prelates have recorded on their monuments substantially the same precept; such, for example, as the epitaph which Cardinal Brundisius caused to be inscribed on his tomb at Rome:

"Excessi é vite arumois facilisque habenaque
Ne pejora ipsa morte deline videam." *

Let it not be pretended, then, that religion gives any encouragement to our pusillanimity in regard to death, on account of any pain which we may suffer in this world or in the next. It is it that teaches us, on the contrary, that cowards die many times, while the brave never taste of death but once. We have already remarked that only malefactors need have any fear of punishment in a future life; and we believe none others have any such fear, except weak-minded silly persons. Thus far, then, the true Christian and the true philosopher agree, whether the latter belong to the ancient or the modern world. Cicero has no finer thoughts in his admirable Tusculan Disputations than those which he brings to bear on this subject. It will be remembered that the object of his very first disputation is to refute the notion that death is an evil. He begins by proving, to the satisfaction of every intelligent person, that, even considered as utter annihilation, it is not an evil, either to the dead or the living. In the next place, he shows that, if the soul be immortal, as we believe it is, death, far from being an evil, is a good. Having proved the immortality of the soul from historical evidence and the opinions of the most illustrious philosophers of all antiquity, he proceeds to show that there is no reason to fear death under any circumstances. "Were death an evil to the dead," he justly remarks, "we should be subject to infinite and eternal evil."†

* "I left this irksome life with all mine heart,

Lest worse than death should happen to my part."

† "Quia si mors etiam mortuis miserum esset, infinitum quoddam et sempiternum malum haberemus."

Plutarch also has expressed a similar opinion, remarking:

"Of all evils, death is the only one whose presence has never distressed any one, and which annoys only by its absence."—*Plutarch de Consulatu ad Apollonium*, p. 110.

When those who entertain those absurd fears in regard to death have no other reason to assign for them that can be regarded as an argument, they ask who can endure the idea of being reduced to a mass of corruption without horror? But this only shows what little attention they have paid to themselves. Had they studied their own nature, this corruption would have seemed as natural to them, and caused them as little anxiety, as any other process whatever that takes place in the body from youth to age, in health or in sickness. There are but few who remember that everything that surrounds even our living bodies tends to destroy them. We speak of the health-inspiring breeze, of the benefit we derive from the sea, from mineral springs, and from a thousand other sources; nor do we always do so erroneously. Yet it is not the less true that we should soon have to yield even to the best of those influences, were it not that we possess a permanent principle of reaction that resists them—that is, the principle of life, which, with all our boasted knowledge, we know only by its phenomena. In order to be convinced of this destructive influence, it is only necessary to bear in mind that whenever a human body is exposed to the atmosphere after death, in a temperature capable of sustaining animal life, it will rapidly decompose within a short time, if some chemical process is not had recourse to to enable it to resist putrefaction. This, daily experience proves to any one who has a thought to bestow upon it; and it is also the testimony of science. "Putrefaction," says one of the most illustrious of physiologists, "when considered philosophically, is the method employed by nature to bring back our organs, when deprived of life, to a more simple state of existence, that their elements may be employed in forming new combinations. Nothing, therefore, can be more clearly proved than the metempsychosis of matter; and we may reasonably conclude that this tenet, like most of the religious rites and fabulous conceptions of antiquity, is only a mysterious veil, dextrously interposed between the people and the knowledge of nature by the hand of philosophy."* Away, then, with the excuse that putrefaction ought to excite horror or any other painful feeling.

But physiology teaches us much more than this. No other science more fully confirms the opinion of Plato that the best use of philosophy is to teach us how to die. No one

* Richerand, *Elements de Physiologie*, tom. ii., p. 491.

who studies it carefully will permit himself to be rendered miserable by every idle report of approaching or existing contagion, since it shows how many hundred ways there are in which we may die at any moment, did no epidemic or contagious disease ever make its appearance. It convinces the most skeptical as well as the most timid of the truth of the precept of Seneca: "We are born by a single method; we die by many."

All physiologists are now of opinion that the blood is the moving material of life. It is needless to describe here how it carries nutriment and stimulus to every part of the body, or how it replenishes the waste going on in the frame, while it takes up and throws off much of the effete and worn-out matter which would otherwise clog and encumber the machinery. Suffice it to say, on this point, that the moment the blood is reduced below a certain standard, by any cause, the functions of life languish; whereas the moment it is restored, they revive. In general bleeding, the brain is the first to feel the loss, and it is so affected that a mere change in its position in reference to the rest of the body often makes the only difference between consciousness and unconsciousness. Thus, when unconscious, by the loss of blood when sitting up, sensibility is restored by lying on the back, which sends a current of blood to the heart. We might mention every organ of the body, and claim that not one can subsist when deprived of a due and healthy circulation.

Now, let anything whatever occur that brings the blood thus coursing to a stand-still, whether it be the result of disease or of sudden violence, and death is inevitable; then let us reflect on the many different means by which this is done, and see how easily life may terminate at any moment. Few are ignorant any longer of the important functions of the heart; we need only speak of it as the great pump which, without our aid, without our bestowing a thought on the subject, plays at the rate of four thousand strokes an hour. It is in every respect a wonderful instrument; but, like everything else that is mortal, it is subject to a thousand injuries. This one organ is subject to numerous diseases, each of which tends more or less to destroy its power of contraction and expansion, and when this is once done all is over. Nor is it acted upon by disease or physical violence alone; perhaps it is the most delightful sensation of all we have ever felt that will render it powerless. Any intense feeling, joy, as well as grief or fear, may

paralyze it at once, or even cause it to burst by the agitation which it creates. Numerous instances might be given of death caused by sudden intelligence, good and bad. Indeed, whatever excites us violently has a tendency to destroy that organ.

We have a remarkable instance of this in the case of John Hunter, the eminent physician. On leaving home, one morning, as usual, he remarked to his wife that if a discussion which awaited him at the hospital took an angry turn it would prove his death. What he apprehended occurred; a colleague gave him the lie, and he expired almost immediately in an adjoining room. Some have classed this with cases like those of enthusiasts and fanatics like Swedenborg, and others who pretended to predict their own death through supernatural agency, but Hunter had explained such predictions himself long before he died, when he said to one of his colleagues: "We sometimes feel within that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain." He was aware that he had long been laboring under disease of the heart, and his knowledge of physiology was sufficient to inform him that whatever would violently agitate that organ at this stage of the malady would end his life.

The lungs are as essential to life as the heart, and they are still more easily injured than that organ; there are more diseases that attack them. Their free action is impeded by a thousand means; if it is entirely stopped, we cannot breathe, and without the breath the blood cannot move; if it did move without undergoing the purifying process which it is the chief office of the lungs to perform, it would carry corruption in its round instead of sustenance and health. Whether the mechanical or chemical phenomena of the lungs be interrupted, the result is the same, the only difference being that the functions cease in a different series. Thus, when the mechanical phenomena are interrupted, the next step is the cessation of the chemical phenomena, for want of the air which sustains them; then follows the destruction of the brain's action, for want of the excitement furnished by the blood; next, animal life ceases for a similar reason; the cessation of the general circulation follows next; then the capillary circulation, secretion, absorption, &c., and finally digestion. If the chemical phenomena are the first interrupted, then the next step is the suspension of the brain's action; then follows the cessation of the power of locomotion.

tion, of the voice, and of the mechanical phenomena of respiration; next, stoppage of the action of the heart and of the general circulation, &c.

But in order to understand this series it is necessary to bear in mind that in a certain sense we may be said to have two lives, the animal and the organic, which are entirely different from each other. In almost all instances of sudden death, organic life survives animal life; it sometimes survives it for a whole week. The digestive juices still act on the contents of the stomach, which even retains in some degree the power of propelling the food. Absorption goes on at the same time; all are aware that nutrition is manifested in the hair and nails, even after decomposition has commenced in all other parts. It is altogether different, however, if the organic functions are the first attacked. If any essential function is paralyzed, the other functions immediately sympathize with it; but the animal life ends at the same moment; that is, the latter never survives the former.

If we further bear in mind the many diseases to which the brain is subject, and the innumerable injuries to which it is liable at all hours, while we are asleep as well as while we are awake, we shall be convinced, if anything can convince us, how utterly unworthy it is for a reasoning being to fret and grieve lest he may die of a particular disease because others have done so. At the same time, the facts which we have just stated are no cause of discouragement to us in life, showing as they do how wonderfully we are made. No other facts are better calculated to impress us with the beneficence as well as the infinite wisdom and skill of the Creator, or to render us more grateful for the care that he takes of us. In order to lead ourselves into this frame of mind, it ought to be sufficient for us to reflect that, although, as we have said, the heart has to play at the rate of four thousand strokes an hour, yet it often continues in operation for upwards of a century, in spite of all the dangers which constantly surround it, even when we lie peaceably in our beds and dream of happiness which in our waking hours we can never enjoy.

We now proceed to see more particularly how the subject has been considered by various philosophers, ancient and modern, but omitting those whose views are sufficiently familiar to our readers: "Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara," writes Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, "I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before, Piræus on the right

hand, Corinth on the left—what flourishing towns heretofore, now prostrate and overwhelmed before mine eyes? I began to think with myself: Alas! why are we men so much disquieted with the departure of a friend, whose life is much shorter? I thought when I saw so many goodly cities lie buried before us, we ought to remember what we are."

Still more striking, sad, and sublime, but equally truthful, are the thoughts of a modern philosopher. Communing with himself on the fate of one of the great cities of the ancients, Volney remarks: "Within those walls, where a mournful silence reigns, the noise of the arts and the shouts of joy and festivity continually resounded. These heaps of marble formed regular palaces; these prostrate pillars were the majestic ornaments of temples; these ruined galleries present the outline of public squares. There a numerous people assembled for the respective duties of its worship or the anxious cares of its subsistence; there industry, the fruitful inventor of sources of enjoyment, collected together the riches of every climate; and the purple of Tyre was exchanged for the precious thread of Serica; the soft tissures of Cashmere for the sumptuous carpets of Lydia; the amber of the Baltic for the pearls and perfumes of Arabia; the gold of Ophir for the pewter of Thule. And now a mournful skeleton is all that subsists of this opulent city, and nothing remains of its powerful government but a vain and obscure remembrance! To the tumultuous throng which crowded under these porticoes, the solitude of death has succeeded. The silence of the tomb is substituted for the hum of public places. The opulence of a commercial city is changed into hideous poverty. The palaces of kings are become the receptacle of deer, and unclean reptiles inhabit the sanctuary of the gods. What glory is here eclipsed, and how many labors are annihilated! Thus perish the works of men, and thus do nations and empires vanish away! The history of past times strongly presented itself to my thoughts. I called to mind those distant ages when twenty celebrated nations inhabited the country around me. I pictured to myself the Assyrian on the banks of the Tigris, the Chaldean on those of the Euphrates, the Persian, whose power extended from the Indus to the Mediterranean. I enumerated the kingdoms of Damascus and Idumea; of Jerusalem and Samaria; and the warlike states of the Philistines; and the commercial republics of Phœnicia. This Syria, said I to myself, now almost

depopulated, then contained a hundred flourishing cities, and abounded with towns, villages, and hamlets. Everywhere one might have seen cultivated fields, frequented roads, and crowded habitations. Ah! what are become of those ages of abundance and of life? What are become of so many productions of the hand of man? Where are those ramparts of Nineveh, those walls of Babylon, those palaces of Persepolis, those temples of Balbec and of Jerusalem? Where are those fleets of Tyre, those dock-yards of Arad, those work-shops of Sidon, and that multitude of mariners, pilots, merchants, and soldiers? Where those husbandmen, those harvests, that picture of animated nature of which the earth seemed proud? Alas! I have traversed this desolate country, I have visited the places that were the theatre of so much splendor, and I have beheld nothing but solitude and desertion! I looked for those ancient people and their works, and all I could find was a faint trace, like to what the foot of a passenger leaves on the sand. The temples are thrown down, the palaces demolished, the ports filled up, the towns destroyed, and the earth, stript of inhabitants, seems a dreary burying-place."*

In trying to cling to life, even when our heads are grey, as a frightened child does to the apron-strings of its mother, we forget how much longer we have lived already than is the general lot of man. We forget that many of the most illustrious men have died young; that the Saviour of the world terminated his human existence at the age of thirty-three, and that Alexander, the greatest warrior, died at the same age.†

None knew better than Lyncurgus that it was injurious to the living to reside near the sepulchres of the dead; still he encouraged intramural burial at Sparta; but caused the corpses to be burned instead of being interred in the ordinary

* Les Ruins, par Volney.

† Alexander made his own epitaph, which shows that he had no fear of death. It consists of two Greek verses, which signify that he died with good-will, because he would cease to witness things of which the sight was more insupportable than death.

"Καθάρων ἄκ' ἄκων, ὅτι πάσσομαι ὧν ἐπιούρην
Πολλῶν, ὥσπερ ἰδεῖν ἀλγίων ἢ θανάτῳ."

Bayle, in commenting on this, remarks, that all would have the same feeling if they only reflected on the subject in a similar manner:

"Voilà quelle seroit la disposition de tous les hommes, si la réflexion, si la raison, si le bon sens, étoient capables de surmonter les impressions machinales qui nous font aimer la vie."—Dict. Phil., vol. i., p. 152.

way. This having removed the danger arising from the effluvia of putrefaction, he caused the dormitories of the dead to be built as near as possible to those of the living; hence it was that there was scarcely a public edifice of any kind in Sparta, whether theatre or church, which had not tombs built about it, the object being to familiarize the common people, women and children, with the idea of death, in order that they should not be frightened at the sight of a corpse. but that the frequent sight of funeral obsequies, monuments, graves, and bones, should keep them constantly in mind of their frail condition.* It was with a similar view that the ancient Egyptians used to bring a dried skeleton of a man into their banqueting halls, and place it where their guests could not fail to see it,† while on other occasions they used to wait until the feast was over, then present the company with an image of death, the person who carried it about crying out, "Drink and be merry, for such shalt thou be when thou art dead." Montaigne has some very good thoughts on the subject of death, which we will here note briefly, making omissions and alterations according as our space and other considerations seem to require, for there are some points on which the French philosopher is much more pagan than Christian. It is proper to add, however, that he has taken most of his pagan notions from Lucretius. "In the company of ladies," he says, "and in the height of mirth, some have perhaps thought me possessed with some jealousy, or meditating on the uncertainty of some imagined hope, while I was only entertaining myself with the remembrance of some one surprised, a few days before, with a burning fever, of which he died, returning from an entertainment like this, with his head full of idle fancies of love and jollity as mine was then, and that for aught I knew the same destiny was attending me."‡ The philosopher strongly censures those who, while more afraid of death than any others are afraid to speak of it. "From what brutish stupidity can they derive so gross a blindness?"§ "Fool that thou art," he says, further on, "who has assured thee the term of thy life? Thou dependest on physicians and their old wives' tales, but rather consult facts and experience and the fragility of human nature."||

Again he remarks: "Should a man fall on a sudden into

* Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus.

† Montaigne's Essays, chap. xix.

‡ Herod. ii., 78.

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Ibid.*

the aches and impotencies of age from a sprightly and a vigorous youth, I do not think humanity capable of enduring such a change. But nature, leading us by the hand an easy and, as it were, an insensible pace, little by little, step by step, conducts us gently to that miserable condition, and by that means makes it familiar to us, so that we perceive not, nor are sensible of, the stroke then, when our youth dies in us, though it be really a harder death than the final dissolution of a languishing body, which is only the death of old age; forasmuch as the fall is not so great from a weary being to none at all, as it is from a sprightly and florid being to one that is unwieldy and painful."* Montaigne is by no means peculiar in the opinion that dangers exercise little or no influence on the duration of life. Most of the ancient philosophers taught that the day of our death, and all the circumstances which apparently determine it, are as much governed by immutable laws as the revolution of the planets in their orbits. And does not Christianity teach us that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without the will of the Creator? We cannot, then, think Montaigne very wrong when he affirms that "hazards and dangers do, in truth, little or nothing hasten our end; and if we consider how many more remain and hang over our heads besides the misfortune that immediately threatens us, we shall find that the sound and the sick, those that are abroad at sea and those that sit by the fire, those that are in the wars and those that sit idle at home, are the one as near it as the other."† The philosopher would not have any one forget his business, however. "I would always," he says, "have a man be doing, and as much as in him lies, to extend and spend out the offices of life; and then let death take me planting cabbages, but without any careful thought of him, and much less of my garden's not being finished."‡ This is the true philosophy of life and death; it is that which all who reason should adopt; as for those who do not reason, they will always have their own, and it is not to them we address ourselves.

Of all philosophers, ancient and modern, Lucretius uses the strongest arguments against the fear of death, altogether independently of his atheistical views, and his denial of the immortality of the soul. Most of what he has said in his truly sublime poem on the subject under consideration, might be adopted by the most pious Christian; and it has

* *Ibid.*† *Ibid.*‡ *Ibid.*

been adopted, in fact, by the most learned and pious of the early Fathers of the Church. It is he who asks in such noble poetry: "Is there anything that does not grow old as well as you? * A thousand men, a thousand animals, and a thousand other creatures die at the same moment that you do."

"Nam nox nulla diem, neque noctem aurora, sequuta
Quæ non audient mistos vagitibus regis
Ploratus mortis comites et funeris atri."†

The philosopher poet considers the subject under every point of view, recurring to it again and again throughout the poem; but it is towards the close of the third book that it becomes most eloquent, most sublime, and most convincing. No metrical translation can give any adequate idea of the grandeur to which he rises at this point; indeed, no translation does him justice, for of all the ancient poets he is the most difficult to be rendered into any modern language, especially into the English. The following prose translation makes a nearer approach to the spirit of the original than anything else within our reach, and we transcribe the original at the bottom of the page for the benefit of those who understand it:

"Furthermore, if Universal Nature should suddenly utter a voice, and thus herself upbraid any one of us: 'What mighty cause have you, O mortal, thus excessively to indulge in grief? Why do you groan and weep at the thought of death? For, if your past and former life has been an object of gratification to you, and all your blessings have not, as if poured into a leaky vessel, flowed away and been lost without pleasure, why do you not, unreasonable man, retire, like a guest satisfied with life, and take your undisturbed rest with resignation? But if those things of which you have had the use have been wasted and lost, and life is offensive to you, why do you seek to incur further trouble, which may all

* Throughout the poems of Ossian there are noble thoughts on the same subject. After duly mourning the death of Moira, in Carthon, the poet consoles the living as follows: "They have but fallen before us; for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hull, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day: yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield." In his address to the Sun the Celtic bard is equally philosophical and grand, and evinces equal contempt for death: "The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more: whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy crowds, careless of the voice of the morning."—*Ossian's Carthon*.

† Lucretius, *il.*, 579.

again pass away and end in dissatisfaction? Why do you not rather put an end to life and anxiety? For there is nothing further which I can contrive and discover to please you—everything is always the same. If your body is not yet withered with years, and your limbs are not worn out and grown feeble, yet all things remain the same, even if you should go on to outlast all ages in living, and still more would you see them the same if you should never come to die.' What do we answer to this but that Nature brings a just charge against us, and sets forth in her words a true allegation?

"But would she not more justly reproach and upbraid, in severe accents, him who, being miserable unreasonably, deplores death? 'Away with thy tears, wretch,' she might well say, 'and forbear thy complaints.' But if he who is older and more advanced in years complain, she may retort thus: 'After having been possessed of all the most valuable things of life, thou pinest and wastest away with age. But because thou always desirest what is absent and despisest present advantages, life has passed from thee imperfect and unsatisfactory, and death has stood by thy head unaware, and before thou canst depart content and satisfied with thy circumstances. Now, however, resign all things unsuitable to thy age, and yield at once, with submissive feelings, to that which is stronger than thou, for it is necessary.'"

To this nothing need be added. Who can deny that Nature may well reproach those that are frightened like

"Denique si vocem rerum natura repente
Mittat et hoc alicui nostrum sic increpet ipsa
'Quid tibi tanto operest, mortalis, quod nimis ægris
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congenis ac fles?
Nam gratis antea fuit tibi vita priorque
Et non omnia pertusum congesta quasi in vas
Commoda perfluxere atque ingrata interiore:
Cur non ut plenus vitæ conviva recedis
Æquo animoque capis securam, stulte, quietem?
Sic ea quæ fructus cumque es periere profusa
Vitæque in offensust, cur amplius addere queris,
Rursum quod pereat male et ingratum occidat omne,
Non potius vitæ finem facis atque laboris?
Nam tibi præterea quod machiner inveniamque,
Quod placeat, nil est: eadem sunt omnia semper.
Si tibi non annis corpus iam marcet et artus
Confecti languent, eadem tamen omnia restant,
Omnia si pergas vivendo vincere sæcla,
Atque etiam potius, si numquam sis moriturus.'
Quid respondemus, nisi justam intendere litem
Naturam et veram verbis exponere causam;
Grandior hic vero si jam seniorque queratur
Atque obitum lamentetur miser amplius æquo,
Non merito inclamet magis et voce increpet acri?
'Aufer abhinc lacrimas, balatro, et compesce querellas.
Omnia perfunctus vitæ præmia marces.
Sed quia semper aves quod abest, præsentia temnis,
Imperfecta tibi elapsast ingrataque vita
Et nec opinanti mors ad caput adstitit ante
Quam satur ac plenus possis discedere rerum.
Nunc aliena tua tamen ætate omnia mitte
Æquo animoque ægedum humanis concede: necessest.'"

—*Lucret.*, iii., 930-962.

children at their destiny? There are instances, indeed, in which it is justifiable to feel the keenest anguish at the approach of death; a mother surrounded by helpless children, who would fain drag her back from the grasp of death, deserves sympathy rather than reproach when overwhelmed with grief. But even in her case it is vain. She should rather remember how many women as weak as she have met death, even on the scaffold, with a resignation that would have done credit to a conqueror. It is well known that the unfortunate Queen of Scots had been longing for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks, for that death which would relieve her from her sufferings; and Burns has no tenderer lines than those in which he embodies her wailings, and which conclude with the following stanza:

“ Oh, soon to me may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair to me the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house of death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flowers that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave.”

When brought to the block with only a few hours' notice, she acted in strict accordance with these longings, and her only emotions were, while preparing her neck for the axe, for her faithful attendants, and for the son who deserved so little from her. A thousand similar instances might be cited. Why, then, will men grieve and whine at what they cannot avoid, and think it so hard a thing to mingle with the earth whence they came? They would contribute much more to their happiness in this life, and prolong it, too, were they to regard it like the great Cyrus, who never spoke more calmly or more philosophically than in his admirable address to his sons, announcing to them that his end had come, advising them how they should behave through life, and begging that they should not enclose his body in gold or silver, but to return it to the earth; for what, he said, could be better than to be mixed with the earth, which produces and nourishes all things that are great and good?*

* “Τὸ δὲ ἐμὸν σῶμα, ὦ παῖδες, ὅταν τελευτήσω, μὴτε ἐν χρυσῷ θήτε, μὴτε ἐν ἀργύρῳ, μὴδὲ ἐν ἄλλῳ μηδενί· ἀλλὰ τῇ γῇ ὡς τάχιστα ἀπόδοτε. Τί γὰρ τοῦτον μακαριώτερον, τοῦ γῇ μιχθῆναι, ἢ πάντα μὲν τὰ καλὰ, πάντα δὲ τὰνασθαι οὕτε τὸ καὶ τοῦφθι.”—ΞΕΝΟΦΩΝΤΟΣ ΚΥΡΟΥ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ Η'. p. 508.

- ART. III.—1.—*History of Arabia, Ancient and Modern.* By ANDREW CRICHTON. Edinburgh, 1860.
2. *Chrestomathie Arabe, ou Extraits de divers Ecrivains Arabes, tant en prose qu'en vers ; avec une Traduction et des Notes, à l'usage des élèves de l'Ecole Royal et spéciale des Langues Orientales vivantes.* Nouvelle édition. Par M. le Baron SYLVESTRE DE SACY. 3 tom., 8vo. Paris, 1858.
3. *The Modlakât, or Seven Arabian Poems, which were suspended on the Temple of Mecca ; with Translation and Arguments.* By Sir WILLIAM JONES. 4to. 1782.
4. *Etudes Géographiques et Historiques sur l'Arabie.* Par M. JOMARD. 8vo. Paris.
5. *Contes Arabes du CHEIKH AL MOHDY.* Traduits par J. J. MARCEL. Paris.
6. *Historia Anteislamica.* By ABOULFEDA. Edited by M. FLEISHER. Leipsic.
7. *Institutiones Arabicæ Linguae.* Jena.
8. *Grammatica Arabigo-Española, Vulgar y Litera.* Madrid, 1858.

THERE are no people of whom we know less than the Arabs, although, with the sole exception of the Greeks, there are none to whom we owe more. Were the simple facts of our indebtedness stated, as belonging to the European race, they would seem the grossest exaggerations. For this ignorance and incredulity there are several reasons ; but for the present it will be sufficient to mention one or two. What the Arabs gave us we received from them as from enemies, and, instead of giving them due credit for it, we took all possible pains to destroy every record which could show whence it came.

Had they come to Europe at any other time, it might have been different ; but coming as the followers of Mahomet, and with the supposed, if not the avowed, purpose of establishing his religion to the exclusion of Christianity, just while the latter was taking root after having suffered for ages from persecution, it was natural enough that the intellectual treasures they brought, however valuable in themselves, were not appreciated as they doubtless would have been, even in an age of so much ignorance, under more favorable circumstances.

For a similar reason Mahometanism itself was regarded

as a much worse religion than it really was. Mahomet was considered in no other light than as an impostor and false prophet. That he really was one and the other far be it from us to deny; but he was also a philosopher and a statesman. The Koran is no more a revelation from God than any other book that exhibits similar talent; more than this, it inculcates many precepts whose tendency is decidedly pernicious. Upon the whole, however, it is by no means the wicked, bad book which nearly all Christians supposed it to be about a thousand years ago, and which most Christians still suppose it to be. That it is not like our Bible or worthy of comparison with it is no reason why we should not do justice to whatever merit it possesses. Honesty and candor require this in all circumstances; but it is essential in forming an opinion of Arabian literature or Arabian civilization. Those prejudiced against the one must be prejudiced against the other, and prejudice is always an enemy to truth. In order to understand this, it is necessary to bear in mind that no book that has ever been printed has exerted so powerful an influence on human passion as the Koran. A large proportion of Christians reverence the Bible and have implicit faith in its teachings; but it does not lay so strong a hold on their feelings as the Koran does on those of the Mahometans. The cause is obvious enough to any unprejudiced person who is acquainted with both—the one addresses itself chiefly to the reason, while the other addresses itself chiefly to the imagination; the one is consulted as a guide in religion and morals, the other as a guide in all things, in literature, government, and jurisprudence, as well as in religion.

But before we make any attempt to discover its influence on literature, let us see whether the people who believe in it are worthy of a fair and patient hearing. It will be admitted that, if they have been our teachers in many arts and sciences, we ought to make allowance, even for the gravest of their faults; for there are none to whom we should feel more grateful than to our instructors. As a utilitarian people, we Americans value the sciences and the arts more than any mere accomplishment; but, if we judge the Arabs by this test, we shall be surprised on due examination at all they have taught us.

No other country has produced so many able naturalists as Arabia; and it may be regarded as the native home of botany and chemistry. Certainly the Arabs knew both, especially the latter, better than either the Greeks or the

Romans. So far as history gives us any account on the subject they were the first who applied chemistry to the purposes of agriculture. The medical schools which they established throughout their extensive dominions are still celebrated throughout the world; and they were attended for nearly three centuries by the most learned men in all parts of Christendom, as superior to all others.*

It is to them we owe not only the numerals which bear their name, but also the decimal system and logarithms. It was Adelard, an English monk, who first translated the Elements of Euclid from the Arabic into Latin, with the commentaries of Abou'l Wefa. We owe to the Arabs the first accurate calculation of the obliquity of the ecliptic and the circumference of the globe; it was they who taught us the eccentricity of the sun and the precession of the equinoxes, as well as the difference between the solar and the sidereal year. Many of the most useful things for which we give the credit to others or claim it for ourselves have been taught us by the Arabians. This is true even of paper, although it had been known in China for more than a thousand years before the Saracens conquered Spain. But it was the Arabs who brought it into Europe, and they had been using it themselves for centuries previously. They had paper-mills in Samarcand as early as 649 A. D., but the first paper-mill in Christian Europe was established at the end of the thirteenth century. Even then there was not one outside the boundaries of Spain. The Italians and French have in turn claimed the honor of having invented the compass, but nothing is more clearly proved than that it had been known to the Arabians centuries previously.

In a similar manner, it has been sought to rob them of the honor of numerous other discoveries, including that of gunpowder, the discovery of which is generally attributed to a German chemist. We might mention the names of the Arabians who are known to have made these and many others, but they have been so carefully kept out of sight by self-interest, egotism, and prejudice, that they are no longer familiar save to the student of the Oriental languages. But we have Arabic words enough even in English to show what an influence the Arabs have exercised on our sciences and arts; such, for

* "Leurs écoles, leurs académies," says M. Sylvestre de Sacy, "à Bagdad, à Bassorah, à Samarcande, à Damas, à Caïroun, à Fez, à Grenade, à Cordove, devinrent les sources où l'Orient et l'Occident venaient puiser les eaux de la science et de la philosophie."—*Mémoires de l'Académie*, &c.

example, as 'zenith, nadir, azimuth, calibre, algebra, alkali, elixir, cipher, tariff, carat, alcohol, almanac, decade, demon, sheriff, juleps, magazine, lute, &c., &c.

Still more important, if possible, is the influence which the Arabs have exercised on European literature. It is their fairy mythology, introduced in the eleventh century by the troubadours, which constituted the chief machinery not only of the romantic epics of Boccacio and Tasso, but also of the most charming creations of Shakespeare and Spenser. What we admire most in De Vega, Calderon, and even in Cervantes, is undoubtedly Arabic. But before we proceed any farther we will take a brief glance at the intellectual character of this people before the Koran or its author was in existence; we shall then be the better prepared to form an intelligent opinion of the influence of Islamism on Arabian literature and civilization.

No people claim a higher antiquity than the Arabians; nor are there any whose claim to that distinction seems better founded. Never to this moment have they been subjugated; even Alexander failed to subdue them; so did the Romans. In the name of the latter Lucullus vanquished a few tribes. So did Pompey, Crassus, Ælius Gallus; but no sooner were they vanquished than they were again in arms, ready to fight the strongest armies which sought to deprive them of their liberties. Several of the emperors caused their principal cities to be besieged. We need only mention Trajan, who, having besieged the capital of the Hagarenes, had to withdraw his troops in disgrace after repeated efforts to capture the stronghold of only one tribe. But the Arabs are not only distinguished for having thus maintained their independence from the very dawn of history to the present; while they have thus bravely and effectually defended themselves, they have subjugated not fewer than a hundred nations, from the Indus to the Garonne; finally, when they lost their conquests, after having enjoyed them for periods varying from three to five centuries, unlike any other people of ancient or modern times, they positively refused to mix with any other race, and returned, tribe by tribe, at different periods, to their own country. Now, who that takes the least concern in the vicissitudes of human society, can fail to take an interest in the destinies of such a people? They have long enough been considered as enemies by every European nation; indeed, they have been in the habit of regarding themselves in this light; but it is now

high time that they should be treated in a manner somewhat commensurate with the powerful influence they have exercised on the history of mankind. If those authors who still retain prejudices against them on account of their conquests, and the narrow escape which Christianity had from them in Europe, they should remember the circumstances in which they were placed, and the views and feelings naturally resulting from such circumstances. "In the study of nations and men," says Gibbon, "we may observe the causes which render them hostile or friendly to each other, that tend to narrow or enlarge, to mollify or exasperate the human character. The separation of the Arabs from the rest of mankind has accustomed them to confound the ideas of stranger and enemy; and the poverty of their land has introduced a maxim of jurisprudence which they believe and practise to the present hour. They pretend that in the division of the earth the rich and fertile climates were assigned to the other branches of the human family, and that the posterity of the outlaw Ishmael might recover by fraud or force the portion of inheritance of which he had been unjustly deprived."*

Like all other intellectual nations, the first literary efforts of the Arabs were poetical, and at a very early period their poetry was amply tinged with philosophy. And this is one of the strongest arguments adduced by those who regard the book of Job as the production of an Arab, maintaining, at the same time, that it is one of the most ancient ever written, if, indeed, there be any work, sacred or profane, now extant, which can claim so high an antiquity. As to its divine inspiration, there is no reason why an Arab should not have been inspired as well as a Jew; it does not, therefore, impugn the character of the Book in any manner to attribute its composition to the former. At all events, we speak of it only as a literary performance; and, as such, it contains passages which have never been surpassed in sublimity. Taking it as a whole, there are few poems superior to it in an intellectual point of view. It is now almost universally believed by oriental scholars that it was not written originally either in the Hebrew or the Syriac, but in the Arabic. Among the reasons assigned for this belief is that it contains upwards of a hundred Arabic words; these, it is thought, the Hebrew translator did not understand. Another reason is that, when Job speaks, in the forty-second

* Gibbon's *Rome*, vol. v., p. 87.

chapter, of having been restored to his former circumstances, he says that he divided his possessions equally among his sons and daughters, which he could not have done had he been a Hebrew, as the law of primogeniture would have prevented him. But there are much stronger proofs than this. The term *Satan*, introduced in the very first chapter of Job, is not a Hebrew, but an Arabic word. The Hebrews themselves do not pretend to have been acquainted with astronomy at this early period; it is admitted that they had not even a term in their language to express it. But that the writer of Job had a knowledge of astronomy and natural philosophy is very clear. Thus, for example, mention is made of the constellations which we call Arcturus, Orion, the Pleiades, &c.*

But the Arabians need take no particular pains to claim Job, undoubtedly sublime and highly poetical as it is; for they have abundance besides it to show that they possessed poetical genius of a high order at a very early period. Before the time of Mahomet they had a poetical academy that used to assemble at Ocadh, where the candidates for fame produced their compositions; and those declared the best were transcribed in characters of gold on Egyptian paper and exhibited to public view. Seven of the poems thus distinguished have been preserved in Europe; they were printed in 1782, in Roman characters, by Sir William Jones, with a prose version. They consist of dramatic eclogues, in regular metres, embracing all the circumstances of an Arab's life. Perhaps their most remarkable feature, as compared to the productions of modern Arabs, is the prominent part that woman plays in them, which shows that she was then his companion, without as well as within, and not his slave, or little better, as she has since become.

The author of the first of the seven poems alluded to was Amriolkais, who is represented as of royal blood. The poem opens while he is on a journey, accompanied by a retinue of friends; on their way they pass the place where his mistress had formerly dwelt, but where there is nothing now, but desolation. He stops and calls his companions:

"Stay! Let us weep, while memory tries to trace
The long-lost fair one's sand-girt dwelling-place;
Though the rude winds have swept the sandy plain,
Still some faint traces of that spot remain.

* Chap. ix., v. 9

My comrades reined their coursers by my side,
 And, yield not, yield not to despair, they cried ;
 (Tears were my sole reply ; yet what avail
 Tears shed on sands or sighs upon the gale ?)
 The same thy fortune and thy tears the same,
 When bright Howaira and Rebaba came
 To say farewell on Mósél's swelling brow,
 And left thee mourning, as thou mournest now !
 Think ye ! ah, think ye, I forget the day,
 That tore those damsels from my soul away,
 Who breathed a farewell, as they left these bowers,
 Sweet as an eastern gale on fields of flowers ? "

The fate of this lady reminds him of several other amours which he has had. His courtship with Fathima is finely related, with some characteristic incidents ; but the most interesting part of the poem is that which describes an amour he had with a girl of a tribe at war with his own. His description of the lady is in the genuine oriental style ; but at the present day it would be an abomination to any true Musulman, from the freedom with which it speaks of female charms. It will be seen that this, too, shows that the author was not entirely ignorant of astronomical phenomena :—

" Once through the ranks, at midnight's gloomy hour,
 Of hostile tribes, I sought the maiden's bower,
 When shone the pleiads in the starry globe
 Like golden spangles on an azure robe.
 Soon as I came, I saw her figure bent
 In eager gazing from the opening tent,
 ' By heaven ! ' she whispered, as her hand she gave,
 ' Secure, I'll trust me to a heart so brave.'
 We rose, and gliding o'er the silent plain,
 She swept our footsteps with her flowing train ;
 A plain we reached beneath the cloud of night,
 Whose sandy hillocks hid our onward flight
 Safe from the foe-man. By her waving hair
 To my fond heart I drew the trembling fair ;
 Raptured, I gazed upon her polished breast,
 Smooth as a mirror set within her nest,
 Or like an ostrich-egg of pearly white,
 Left in the sands and half-exposed to sight.
 The timid maiden turned away her face,
 With eyes averted shunned my rude embrace,
 Raised her arched neck in conscious virtue's pride,
 Then, like the wild fawn, gazed from side to side ;
 Her jet-black tresses down her shoulders strayed,
 Like clustering dates amidst the palm-trees' shade."

This is the kind of poetry which gave the Spaniards that taste for chivalry whose influence was salutary until carried to excess : it was the same sort which inspired that respect for woman, for which it is so much the habit to give the credit

to the Goths and Vandals. We should like very much to give several other extracts from the poems of Amriolkais, for the narrative of his adventures is at once sprightly, elegant, and poetical.

The poem of Tarafa, which is the next in order, is inferior to that of Amriolkais both in spirit and vigor, although it contains passages which many of our modern poets might not be ashamed to own. But the author was a mere youth. It seems he was but twenty-one years old when he fell a victim to his love of satire, having satirized the king of his tribe. Probably his sad fate had some influence on the distinction conferred on him by having the poem under consideration transcribed in golden letters. There is, however, a good moral in it. We learn from it that he and his brother possessed jointly a herd of camels, which they agreed to watch alternately, lest they might be carried off by a tribe at war with their own. But the poet was so much more attentive to his verses than to the camels that the enemy had little trouble in carrying off the latter. His brother asks him sarcastically whether his poetry would support them as well as the camels. Without making any answer, he goes to solicit the aid of a relative; instead of complying, the latter rebukes him sharply for his remissness, and for his general libertinism and spirit of contention. Tarafa was highly incensed at this; and it was in order to vindicate himself that he wrote the poem which has been thus honored. We must give one extract, if only to show how different are the sentiments which it expresses from those inculcated by the Koran; but the comparison is undoubtedly in favor of the latter. In Tarafa's time there was no objection to wine or a much stronger drink, and the poet was rather partial to it, as may be seen from the following lines, which also show that the prospect of an early grave had no terrors for him:—

“If death be near me, let me quaff the bowl,
That none to-morrow mourn a thirsty soul.
The same dark mansions, by an equal fate,
The noble spirit and the mean await;
Their mother earth, impartial, seals their doom,
And one broad stone protects their common tomb.
Death, the all-conquering, seizes on the bold,
His proudest prey—then claims the miser's gold.
Though short my life, I've seen the age of man
Dwindling, still dwindling, in its narrow span;
The camel-riders, when they lose the rein,
With firmer grasp the loosened cord retain;

So, though he spare them for a little space,
 Death holds dominion over all our race.
 Let me, then, quaff the goblets while I live,
 Nor die unconscious of the joys they give."

From Tarafa we pass on to Zohair, whose poem is a panegyric on two Arab chiefs, who by a singular act of generosity healed a deadly feud between theirs and a rival clan. This shows that the Arabians were not quite as fond of war even twelve hundred years ago as they are generally supposed to be. Still more plainly is the fact shown by the poet, whose best verses are those in favor of peace. His personification of war and his description of its horrors possess high merit, but we can only make room for a few couplets :

"War is a monster of the foulest mien;
 All know her hideous form, for all have seen.
 Though for awhile you drive her from the plain,
 Still will you rouse her, and she'll rage again.
 War, at one birth, who ne'er had borne before,
 Famine and twin-born desolation bore;
 Their cruel mother wean'd them from their birth,
 And sent to feed upon the ravaged earth."

Of the remaining four we can only notice one—the poem of Lebeid, which is, perhaps, the most beautiful in the whole collection. We are told that, being once asked whom among his countrymen he considered the greatest poets he named Amriolkais and Tarafa, the two whose poems we have quoted above, and that on being pressed to name the third, he designated himself, but in an enigmatical way. The poet is said to have lived to the age of one hundred and forty-five years; this is doubtless an exaggeration, even if allowance is made for the difference between lunar and solar years, the former being those used by the Arabians at this period; but that he lived to an uncommon age is beyond doubt. The lines which he wrote on completing his one hundred and fortieth year show that his intellectual faculties if not still in their pristine vigor, remained at least unclouded up to that time, and he lived five years afterwards :

"Time, in his lengthened chain of years, has bound
 Our mortal race, nor e'er his conqueror found;
 I've seen him pass by day, I've seen by night,
 And still, unchanged, return with morning's light.
 Time, like Lebeid, grows older every day,
 But waxes stronger while I waste away."

The honored poem of Lebeid is purely pastoral, but it seems to have been composed on an occasion much more important and exalted than the departure of a mistress,

which is what the opening would lead us to expect. The poet engages in a warm controversy with the chief of the Absites on the comparative excellence of their tribes; and he tells us that he has triumphantly succeeded in vindicating his countrymen. It was in order to render his victory the more brilliant that he produced the poem under consideration at the annual assembly of his tribe; and the result was that he was allowed to suspend it from the temple. We have before us but a fragment of it, by Professor Carlyle, of Cambridge University, and published in his "Specimens of Arabian Poetry." It is a fine love-elegy, the groundwork of which is the return of a person of a sensitive and thoughtful mind to the place where he had spent the happy days of youth and early manhood, and where he now finds all changed. We can only make room for the introductory stanzas, but even these will show it is no wonder that men of taste and judgment have designated the poem as an Arabian "Deserted Village:"

" Those dear abodes which once contained the fair,
Amidst Mitáta's wilds, I seek in vain;
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there,
But scattered ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals, that once Rayána graced,
Their course neglected and their waters gone,
Among the levell'd sands are dimly traced,
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

Rayána, say, how many a tedious year
Its hallowed circle o'er our heads hath roll'd
Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear.
And fondly listened to the tale I told?

How oft, since then, the star of spring, that pours
A never-failing stream, hath drenched thy head?
How oft the summer cloud, in copious show'rs,
Or gentle drops, its genial influence shed?

How oft, since then, the hovering mist of morn
Hath caused thy locks with glittering gems to glow?
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne,
To fall responsive to the breeze below?

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
Now clothe those meadows, once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lovely vale
The teeming antelope and ostrich stray:

The large-eyed mother of the herd, that flies
Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat;
Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies
Strength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet."

We think it will be admitted that these specimens would

do no discredit to any country in the era in which they were written, namely, that anterior to the seventh century A. D. They show, at least, that the Arabians possessed a poetical taste before the time of Mahomet; and this is our chief object in introducing them here. Now the question is, Did the religion of Mahomet tend to develop that taste, and with it a taste for general literature and the acquisition of knowledge? or was its tendency of the opposite character?

Justice requires that the former question be answered in the affirmative. It is indeed true that the first work of the followers of Mahomet was not to encourage literature or the diffusion of knowledge; some of them are accused, and with apparent justice, of having done otherwise. Thus, for example, they are charged with having burned the Alexandrian library; although the proof against them is by no means clear. But assuming the contrary, the barbarous act could only be regarded as that of an individual fanatic; and there is no religion so divine but that it numbers among its believers fanatics who sometimes commit excesses that make their brethren grieve.

It is sufficient for the friend of truth and justice to know that no sooner was the triumph of Islamism complete than the caliphs turned their earnest attention to the development of the mind; a fact which would go far to prove without further evidence that they were not the thoughtless, ignorant persons which it has been so much the habit to represent them. Those brought up in ignorance and barbarism are not likely to take a very warm interest in the cultivation of letters, the arts, or the sciences. The experience of the world proves this. If it sometimes happens that one who is ignorant himself is in favor of having others instructed, and does his best to have them instructed accordingly, it must be held that he is a person of a superior mind; that if man has not taught him, nature has. This applies to a Mahometan caliph quite as much as it does to a Christian king. Then, if the former took pains to instruct his people without having had the advantage of any instruction himself, why should we not give him credit for it even though our doing so might seem to attribute good qualities to Islamism?

All accounts worthy of attention agree that the era of Arabian cultivation commenced under the dynasty of the Abassides, that is, about the middle of the eighth century; and it is pleasant to know, that, just in proportion as letters were cultivated and knowledge diffused, were the moral vir-

tues respected and practised. Many anecdotes are related by oriental travellers and investigators in illustration of this; as a specimen we will note one of the best authenticated, only premising that our friend was considered dishonored if he refused his assistance to another in the hour of his need. In a poem called "Tograid" it is related that one day three Arabs were disputing in the temple of Mecca, on friendship and generosity, and could not agree as to which among those who then set the greatest examples of these virtues deserved the preference. Some were for Abdallah, son of Giafar, uncle to Mahomet; others for Kais, son of Saad, and others for Arabad, of the tribe of As. After a long dispute they agree to send a friend of Abdallah to him, a friend of Kais to Kais, and a friend of Arabad to Arabad, to prove them all three, and come back and make their report to the assembly. The friend of Abdallah went and said to him: "Son of the uncle of Mahomet, I am on a journey and am destitute of everything." Abdallah was mounted on his camel, loaded with gold and silk; he dismounted with all speed, gave him his camel, and returned home on foot. The second went to make application to his friend Kais, son of Saad. Kais was still asleep, and one of his domestics asked the traveller what he wanted. He answered that he was the friend of Kais, and needed his assistance. The domestic said to him: "I will not wake my master, but here are seven thousand pieces of gold, which are all we at present have in the house. Take also a camel from the stable and a slave; these, I think, will be sufficient for you until you reach your own house." When Kais awoke, he chided the domestic for not having given more. The third repaired to his friend Arabad, of the tribe of As. Arabad was blind, and coming out of his house, leaning on two slaves, to pray to God in the temple of Mecca. As soon as he heard his friend's voice, he said to him: "I possess nothing but my two slaves; I beg that you will take and sell them; I will go to the temple as well as I can with my stick." The three disputants, having returned to the assembly, faithfully related what had happened. Many praises were bestowed on Abdallah, son of Giafar; on Kais, son of Saad; and on Arabad, of the tribe of As; but the preference was given to Arabad. If these incidents have not really occurred as stated, they are undoubtedly characteristic of the true Arabian Mussulman, and this is sufficient for our purpose.

Now, we return for a moment to the Koran, and see what are the grounds upon which it is so generally condemned

among Christians as the worst book ever written, our only object in doing so being to remove erroneous impressions, which are incompatible with any correct idea of Arabian civilization; for with the religion of Mahomet we have as little to do as with the religion of Homer or Virgil. Yet there is a great difference. Certainly no other religion makes a nearer approach to Christianity than that of Mahomet. The fundamental principles of the latter are simple and easily understood; they are very different, indeed, from what they are generally understood to be. Mahomet did not pretend to be either saint or angel, but simply a prophet—one to whom God had condescended to make known his will for the benefit of mankind. His precepts are frequently the very opposite of what they are supposed to be by Christians.

Thus, for example, the Koran is said to be the most intolerant of codes; but when we come to examine it we are rather surprised at its liberality and moderation. "If the Lord had pleased," says Mahomet, "all who are in the earth would have believed together, and wilt thou *force* men to be believers? No man can believe but by the permission of God, and *He* will pour out his indignation on those who will not understand."^o Nor does he condemn the unbelievers in Islamism merely as such. "Those who are Moslems," he says, "and those who are *Jews, and the Christians, and the Sabceans, who believe in God, and the last day, and work righteousness, for them is their reward with the Lord, and there is no fear for them, and they shall not be put to sorrow.*"[†] Alluding to the oppression of those of a different religion from our own, Mahomet says: "As to those [of the unbelievers] who have not fought with you on account of religion, nor driven you from your habitations, God forbiddeth you not to deal kindly with, and to behave justly towards them, for God loveth those who act justly."[‡] Mahomet does not even prevent his followers from intermarrying with those belonging to other religions, but, on the contrary, makes express provisions for the honorable marriage of both Jewish and Christian women to Mahometans; he only prohibits them as concubines;[§] and his object in this is evidently a humane one, knowing how much more easily the concubine could be wronged with impunity than the lawful wife.

If we speak disrespectfully of the founder of Islamism, he does not speak disrespectfully of the founder of Christianity,

^o Sale's Koran, ii., 257.

[†] Koran, ix., 8.

[‡] Koran, ii., 191, *et seq.*

[§] Koran, v., 6.

but the contrary. In several parts of the Koran he bears testimony to the divine mission of Christ, calling him "the Messiah Jesus, the son of Mary, the sent of God and his word, which he conveyed into Mary, and a breath (emanation) from him."* No Christian divine, however pious or orthodox, could object to Mahomet's definition of religion as distinguished from hypocrisy or fanaticism. "Religion," he says, "is not turning our faces to the east or to the west; but the religious are they who believe in God, and the last day, and the angels, and the book, and the prophets, and give their wealth for his love to their kindred, and to orphans, and to the poor, and to the wayfaring man, and to those who ask charity, and for the redeeming of captives; and who perform their prayers, and give alms, and who keep their engagements when they have made them; and the patient under misfortunes and afflictions, and in the time of adversity. These are they who are in possession of the truth; and these, they are the pious."† It can hardly be said that we ought to have any very strong prejudices against one who writes in this spirit, merely because he is not a true prophet, or because his Koran is not like the Bible. Might we not as well entertain prejudices against Homer, because the religion that he teaches is different from our own? It is, indeed, vastly more different from it than that of Mahomet, and vastly more degrading to humanity; yet none but the most thoughtless fanatics hate the prince of poets on this account. But because the Arabians are no longer what they were; because, having met with the fate of so many other great nations, they can hardly be said to possess a civilization any longer, the blame is thrown upon Mahomet; he is accused of having been an enemy to learning and culture; and thus it is that the downfall of Arabian civilization is accounted for by persons who forget that the civilization of the Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians, none of whom had either a Mahomet or a Koran, have also passed away.

But the truth is that there is as little foundation for the charge that Mahomet was an enemy to learning as there is for that which makes him deny souls to women, and exclude them from Paradise. Not one of the Mussulman commentators on the Koran, not a single Mussulman biographer of the prophet, has given any such interpretation of what he has either said or written. On the contrary, all regard him as

* Koran, iv., 163.

† Koran, ii., 178.

the zealous friend of learning and the diffusion of knowledge; the best authenticated of the sayings which they preserve from him by tradition is that "*The ink of the learned is as good as the blood of the martyrs.*"

The best proof that he was regarded by the most zealous of the caliphs as thus friendly to literature and intelligence is to be found in their extraordinary efforts to encourage both. Ali, the fourth caliph after Mahomet, was the first to distinguish himself as a patron of letters. Moawyah, his successor, assembled at his court (A. D. 662) all who had become most celebrated by their scientific or literary attainments; he made no distinction as to creed or country, but made the Greeks and Romans as welcome as the Arabians or Persians.

The new dynasty, of which the famous Haroun al Raschid was the founder, distinguished itself still more than its predecessor as the patron and friend of learned men. All his biographers, both Mussulman and Christian, aver that he never went on a journey without carrying with him at least a hundred men of science; it is equally attested that he never built a mosque; or permitted one to be built, throughout his extensive dominions, without attaching a school to it. There is no precept he inculcated on his son, Al Mamoun, at any period of his life, more than that of Mahomet in regard to "the ink of the learned;" nor did he act on any other precept with greater ardor. He invited learned men to his court from all parts of the world, writing autograph letters to all whose names he could learn; and those who came he retained as long as possible by rewards, honors, and distinctions. He always told the governors of the conquered provinces that they could collect no tribute which would be more acceptable to him than important books and literary and scientific relics. Accordingly, hundreds of camels might be seen entering Bagdad, loaded with nothing but manuscripts and papers. No matter whence these came, there were scholars enough at hand to pass judgment upon them. They were carefully examined by a "council" appointed for that purpose, and any that were pronounced important were carefully translated into Arabic.

In short, the barest narrative of what this monarch did in the interest of learning and civilization seems like the language of romance. But no facts are better attested than the efforts we are alluding to. There is a copy still extant the Imperial Library at Paris of the treaty of this caliph with the Emperor Michael III. as a conqueror, the chief

condition of which was that he should be furnished with copies of all the Greek authors. Nor did Al Mamoun merely aid and encourage others to cultivate the sciences, literature, and the arts. He studied mathematics himself with ardor and success. He conceived a design no less grand than that of measuring the earth; and he accomplished it with the aid of his mathematics at his own personal expense.

In short, there was not a town of any note in the whole empire of Arabia which had not the advantage of colleges and academies at the middle of the eighth century. Bassora, Cufa, Balk, Ispahan, and Samarcand vied with Bagdad in the high reputation of their literary and scientific institutions. Cairo alone contained five colleges and three academies, and the towns of Fez and Morocco enjoyed as good literary institutions as we can boast of ourselves at the present day. So much, then, for the influence of Mahomet and his teachings on Arabian civilization. And had their tendency been otherwise, it would have been an exceptional case, for there never was a priesthood worthy of the name which did not give important aid in the development of the human mind. The Egyptian priests did so; the Hindoo Brahmins did the same; the Chaldean and Persian magi the same; the Druids the same, &c., &c. Even mythology gives the mind an enquiring turn, and consequently those who are expected to answer enquiries see the necessity of learning themselves in order that they may be capable of doing so. But when they have no longer the means to become learned themselves, when the government under various pretexts deprives them of it, then civilization is sure to decline; hence it is that neither the Egyptians, the Hindoos, the Persians, nor the Arabians of the present day can understand the learned works of their ancestors.

Now let us consider briefly whether the doctrines of the Koran are favorable to mental development. We are decidedly of opinion that they are, and we will give our reasons for it. There is no more complicated system than that of the Koran; no other system is more full of mystery. These characteristics by themselves present strong inducements to its study, especially to the Arabian mind; and in proof of the fact it has produced a whole library of commentaries on the Koran—more commentaries than have been written during the same period on all other works, sacred and profane, put together.

In order that due allowance may be made, in justice to

the author, for the complex character of the Koran, it is necessary to bear in mind that Mahomet had no pretensions to be the founder of a new religion; all he professed to undertake was the restoration of the primitive and only true faith, such as it had been in the days of the patriarchs, and of which the fundamental idea was the unity of God. Before his time the Arabians had degenerated into idolaters, although they had still continued to regard Abraham and Ishmael as their progenitors. Before the prophet was born Mecca had been venerated as the place where Ishmael was providentially saved, and where his mother Hagar was buried. It was believed that Abraham had built a temple there, by command of God, in commemoration of these events. This temple is still extant; it is that known as the Caaba; and even the grave of Mahomet is not an object of more veneration.

In short, Mahomet made the revelations of the Old and New Testaments the basis of his system. As already observed, he admitted the divine mission of Christ. He also maintained the authority of the books of Moses. Indeed, none of his dogmas were substantially new, except we regard his laws and observances, which were undoubtedly very good in the main, as such. Thus, for example, knowing how often the Arabians were attacked by the plague and other destructive pestilences, he enjoined the necessity of daily ablutions as a religious duty. With the same view he enjoined abstinence from different kinds of food, which experience had proved to predispose those who used them to some of the terrible maladies to which the nature of their climate and soil had rendered them more liable than any other people.

Mahomet made important innovations, however. These, indeed, were seldom favorable to religion; they were often the reverse. But for the reason already mentioned, their influence on literature, considered purely as such, was good. That is, if they did not tend to make the people truly religious, they at least tended to make them think, study, and investigate. The manner in which the Koran treats of death, resurrection, judgment, paradise, and hell is powerfully calculated to affect the imagination. Mahomet's description of paradise far surpasses that of Milton, at least in the estimation of those for whom the former was written. The prophet makes it very difficult even for the faithful to reach the blissful abode. The Bridge of Judgment (*Al Sirat*), over which they have to pass on their way to it, is described "as

slender as the thread of a famished spider, and as sharp as the edge of a sword." But once over this, the believer is welcomed into the happy gardens by beautiful black-eyed houris, who are not of clay, but of pure essence, free from all blemish, and subject to no decay either in beauty or virtue. The soil is of no crude material, but consists of celestial musk and saffron, sprinkled with pearls and hyacinths. The mansions of Mahomet's paradise are built of gold and silver; and it is richly supplied with fruits of a flavor and delicacy superior to anything ever tasted by mortals. In short, there is nothing which even the oriental imagination could conceive as in any manner likely to contribute to happiness and delight, but the Mahometan paradise is said to possess.

But Mahomet's hell is as terrific as his paradise is delightful. The torments described in Dante's *Inferno* are mild and tolerable compared to those described in the Koran. Those who fall from Al Sirat into the gulf below will suffer alternately from cold and heat. When they are thirsty, they will get boiling water to drink; nor will they be allowed to refuse it. They will be shod, but with shoes of fire. The only privilege the nominal Mussulman has to expect in this abode is to occupy a place near the surface; below him are the mansions reserved for the Christians, Jews, Sabceans, Magians, and idolaters; from which it will be seen that the Christians are allowed to rank next the Mussulmans even in hell.

It is not pleasant to proceed with so gloomy a picture, even when we know it, as in the present case, to be merely one of fancy. But there is enough that is agreeable in the Koran; it has its demons, it is true, in profusion; but it has sufficient angels to protect the faithful from their machinations. Every man has two guardian angels to attend him everywhere, and record all his actions, whether good or evil. There is another class of intermediate beings called genii; these are partly earthly and partly spiritual; some are good and may in time expect the joys of paradise; but then others are bad and devoted to eternal torture. Then, again, there are the *Peris* or fairies. These are beautiful female spirits who seek to do good on earth, but they are constantly opposed by the *Deer*, or giants, who make war on them, take them captive, and shut them up in iron cases. The bad as well as the good among those different kinds of spirits have the power of rendering themselves invisible at pleasure. All resort more or less to a mountain called Kaf; but they dwell in all kinds of strange lonely places, in woods, in deserted houses, among the rocks

and sand-hills of the desert, and even at the bottoms of wells and pools of water. The genii delight in mischief, and they are constantly doing it; it is they who mislead travellers, dry up springs, raise whirlwinds, &c.

Now we think that none will need any further proof that the Koran has doctrines and theories enough that are favorable to literature. We have already spoken of their influence on the best writers of Europe, including Shakespeare and Ariosto. The *Peris* alone have inspired many a beautiful European poem; as an example, suffice it to mention Moore's "*Paradise and the Peri*;" nay, in all fairy tales we may see more or less of the traces of what we owe to the Arabians in this department. The Arabian genii, too, have done much more for us than is generally supposed; for it is not alone in the "*Arabian Nights' Entertainment*" that they have been made to take a prominent part as the willing and ready servants of those who are so fortunate as to gain control. We might also show the parts which demons and angels of the Koran have been wont to take in European as well as oriental literature. But suffice it to say that there is no feeling or aspiration of the Arabian, whether in regard to heaven or earth, which is not influenced to a greater or less extent by some passage in the Koran or some commentary upon it.

But the best proof is to be found in the fruit. All who have investigated the subject have agreed that no nation has ever produced so many poets during any equal period as Arabia did in about five centuries. The heroic poems written by the Arabians for the purpose of celebrating the deeds of their great men would form large libraries by themselves; although it is in love poems, elegies, lyrics, odes, &c., they have excelled. The catalogue alone of their poems, as still preserved in the library of the Escorial at Madrid, extends to twenty large volumes.

But the facts which we have already stated show that it was not poetry alone the Arabians cultivated with ardor and success; there are no intellectual pursuits in which they have not taken a creditable part. No people have bestowed more attention on grammar and rhetoric; none have written better dictionaries or better treatises on botany and chemistry. So far as is known, they were the first to compile encyclopædias, chronological dictionaries, alphabetical indexes, pointing out matters in different works relating to the same subject, and other works whose design is to abbreviate labor and facilitate the acquisition of knowledge.

Nor can it be said that the Arabian mind was incapable of grappling with the subtleties of philosophy. First, they translated all the Greek philosophers. Even the Greeks themselves did not admire the metaphysics and logic of Aristotle more than they. They did not depend, however, on the works of the Stagirite, highly as they valued them, but resolved to think and form systems for themselves. Of those who did so successfully we may mention Al Farabi, Tophail, Al Kindi, Al Gazel, whose works are still to be found in several of the libraries of Europe. Like another Pythagoras, Al Kindi kept an academy, in which he taught logic, geometry, arithmetic, astronomy, and chemistry. It is related of him that a dervis, whose hatred he had excited, accused him of heresy and impiety, and even made an attempt on his life. The caliph being his friend as a learned man, he could easily have had his accuser punished, but instead of doing so he said to him: "Thy religion commands thee to take my life; mine directs me to improve your condition, if possible; come, then, that I may instruct you, and you may kill me afterwards." The dervis, struck with so generous a return for his unmerited enmity, accepted his invitation, studied philosophy, and became a wiser and a better man.

Avicena, who lived towards the close of the tenth century, wrote ten volumes on philosophy, three of which are devoted to the nature of the soul: the first to what he calls the vegetative soul, the second to the sensitive soul, and the third to the reasonable soul. He does not mean, however, that the soul is composed of three substances, but that it has three different modes of action. "The vegetative soul," he says, "has three faculties: the instinctive, the augmentative, and the generative. The sensitive has two faculties: the motive faculty and the faculty of apprehension. The motive faculty commands a movement or produces it; the first consists in the appetites; the second aids the latter and acts upon the muscles by a force diffused through the nerves."* The nature of all the other faculties is examined in a similar manner; but who could form a just opinion of Aristotle, Plato, or any other philosopher by a glance at one or two of its topics. Avicena must be read, at least in part, in order to be appreciated, although a very satisfactory opinion may be formed of his labors from the work of De Gerando on the comparative Systems of Philoso-

* Gerando, *Histoire Comparée des Systèmes de Philosophie*, vol. ii., p. 152.

phy, European and Oriental. And we may make the same remark in reference to the philosophy of Al Gazel, who was at once a theologian, jurisconsult, and poet. Among his leading philosophical principles are the following: "The understanding perceives itself; it even perceives its perception; it perceives what it produces; it passes from the strong to the feeble, from what is obscure to what is luminous, without undergoing any change; it frequently grows stronger with time instead of growing weaker. The weakness of the corporeal organs may, it is true, react in two ways on the intellectual faculties: first, by causing a distraction of the mind, if it be accompanied with pain, and, secondly, by depriving the mind of the aid which it could borrow from the organs for the investigation of external things."* We can only notice one more of the many Arabian philosophers whose works are still extant, and whose speculations have produced a much greater influence on the modern philosophy of Europe than many would be willing to believe.

Tophail, who was a contemporary of Al Gazel, has written a work, "The Philosopher instructed by Himself," which Dr. Pococke, the learned English Orientalist, thought worthy of being translated into Latin, in which language it is known by the title *Philosophus Autodidactus*; and among the modern philosophers who acknowledge their indebtedness to it for important hints are Descartes, Kant, and Locke. The author supposes an infant (whom he calls Yokdhan), cast at the moment of his birth into the desert, where he has been fed by a goat. At the age of two years he follows her everywhere; he also follows the other goats, and imitates their cries. In a short time he forms some ideas on certain subjects; and these ideas are so engraven in his memory and in his imagination that, even in the absence of the objects to which they refer, he desires some and has an aversion to others; such was his condition at his seventh year. The goat that has nursed him dies; he nearly dies himself of grief at losing her. He calls her, but in vain; he finds no movement in her; he examines her eyes and her ears, but finds no wound more than in any other part of her body. He is anxious to know the cause. He remembers several observations which he had made on her eyes, ears, &c., while she was able to go about with the rest, but now finds they are no longer applicable.

* *Ibid.*

They are very ingenious and remarkable, but to mention all would lead us too far. Not finding any external mark of injury, it occurs to him that she may have been hurt internally. He resolves to try, hoping that he could remove the obstacle if he found one, and that then she would be as well as ever. Just as he was going to make the search, he had a misgiving as to whether he might not do more harm than good, and, while discussing this point with himself, he remembered that he had never seen any one recover from a state like that in which she was. This grieves and discourages him; still the hope of restoring his foster-mother overcomes every other consideration, and he proceeds to open the body with such instruments as the desert supplied. On opening the body, he observed the heart, with its two cavities. Seeing that one cavity was filled with coagulated blood, while the other was empty, it occurred to him that he must have been mistaken after all, especially as he remembered that, in fighting with other animals, he had often lost blood himself, but without losing the use of the other parts of his body. Finally he gave up the search, but not without learning an important lesson from it; namely, that the body is perishable and vile compared to what he has been searching for. Another conclusion he arrived at was that what he sought for left the body, and that this was the reason why it moved no longer. Now he has a series of questions to ask. What is this substance? Has it left willingly, or been forced to go? Be this as it may, it was of the departed substance the goat consisted, so far as she was of any value. It was it that caused her to have so much affection for him. It was it that gave so much animation to her actions, the body having merely been the instrument by which it acted. Thus it was he succeeded in making himself acquainted with the nature of bodies.

We cannot follow the philosopher in his investigations and experiments; a mere analysis of his work would fill the whole space we can devote to this article. Suffice it to say that he proceeds from step to step by a process that combines the inductive and synthetic systems; from inorganic bodies he passes to the organic, from animals to plants, thence to minerals. Nor does he overlook celestial bodies and their phenomena, air, water, &c.; he compares the properties of one body to those of the others, and discovers the general relations which the whole have to each other. From the nature of matter he passes to that of the mind, all of whose

faculties he examines in turn ; and while doing so he is led to form an idea of the soul. Then the question of mortality or immortality arises ; the arguments on both sides occupy him for years, but finally he is satisfied of the immortality of the soul. In a similar manner his reasoning leads him to recognize a first cause, but it was not until he attained the age of thirty-five that he is able to satisfy himself that there is a God who is the author of all that he has been contemplating from his infancy. We need hardly say that this brief glance at leading topics gives but a faint idea of the true character of Tophail's work, which is really very profound and very suggestive, and at the same time replete with interest ; although, be it remembered, his object in it is not to produce a treatise on philosophy or to construct a new system, but simply to show how capable man is of extending the sphere of his knowledge by the exercise of his reason alone, and without any aid from instructors, until it comprehends the whole universe. It is not the less true, however, that there is more philosophy in it than in many works ostensibly written for the purpose of establishing a new system, and superseding all other systems.

But the nation that has produced the multitudinous works in every department of human knowledge, which we have thus briefly alluded to, cannot be said to exist as such any longer ; its fall has been as sudden and unexpected as its rise was brilliant and wonderful. The intellectual activity and thirst for knowledge which commenced towards the middle of the ninth century had almost ceased to exist at the close of the fourteenth century. Still, indeed, there is a small portion of the intellectual wreck left, but much more of it is to be had in the colleges and libraries of Europe than throughout the immense territory which was once governed by the caliphs and still professes Islamism. As already observed, there are but few Arabians at the present day who are capable of reading the works of their illustrious ancestors. Poverty, ignorance, superstition, and oppression are the features of their condition which arrest the attention of every traveller at the present day. All who treat the subject seem to regard it as encumbent on them to explain the cause of so melancholy a change ; but nineteen out of every twenty throw all the blame on Mahometanism. This might seem plausible enough, had not the greatest intellectual activity the world has ever seen exhibited itself under the influence of some of the most absurd forms of paganism.

The Greeks under Pericles, had a much worse religion than that of Mahomet; the Romans of the Augustan age had a still worse religion; but neither became decrepid in mind on this account. Upon the other hand, the introduction of Christianity failed to prevent the downfall of Rome; nor did it prove any more effectual in averting the fate of the Byzantium empire, established on its ruins. We need hardly say that this is no reflection on Christianity, since it is not the design of religion to prevent nations more than individuals from growing old, and dying even before their time. The most pious Christians expect to die as well as to become decrepit in old age. They do not expect that Christianity will save them from either, and why should a nation expect it more than individuals?

In remarking that there are still some remains of Arabian civilization, we did not allude exclusively to the Arabian works and manuscripts that have been preserved in different parts of the world. Although the descendants of those who were the first to introduce astronomy in Europe are so ignorant as to think that an eclipse of the sun or moon is caused by a huge fish which follows the eclipsed body, it is not the less true that Arabian tales are written which are the delight of millions. What is more remarkable is that the tales of the present day have precisely the same general characteristics as those written five centuries ago, the only perceptible difference being that the new exhibit neither the culture nor the genius of the old. We have several now before us, the oldest of which was written at the beginning of the present century. The most characteristic, if not the most interesting, are those of the Cheikh al Mohdy, translated into French by M. Marcel, under the title of *Contes Arabes*. It is a remarkable fact that the author, although an Arabian, was born of Christian parents, and chiefly educated by Christians, but became a Mahometan at the age of twenty-two. There is good reason for the change, however, independently of the arguments of Mahomet. No Christian could occupy an official position in the East without giving scandal to the faithful, and at the age of twenty-six Al Mohdy became secretary to Ali Bey, the pasha of Egypt. Throughout his tales there is evidence that at heart he was, at least, as much a Christian as a Mahometan, but whatever were his religious views he was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Arabian romance.

Of the several stories translated by Marcel, that entitled "Abd-er-rahman," from the name of its hero, is the most

characteristic, and its interest to Christian readers is not a little enhanced by its showing that, if the Arabs have no longer the genius which they formerly had, their love of story-telling remains undiminished. The plot is not so romantic as that of other stories in the same collection, but it is more ingenious. Abd-er-rahman, being left in possession of a large fortune by his father, a wealthy merchant of Alexandria, devotes himself zealously to study, and makes a proficiency which he flatters himself is unparalleled. Feeling no disposition to put his light under a bushel, he prepares narratives to read to his friends. He presents himself as a story-teller ten times, but on every occasion his auditors go to sleep and some misfortune or other happens to himself for his pains. The tenth evening reduces him to poverty, and consigns him to the *Morestán*, or lunatic asylum of Cairo. His first attempt at story-telling was made to his slaves; before he had concluded his manuscript all had fallen asleep, leaving the doors and gates unfastened. The *naïb*, or chief of police, regarding this as culpable negligence, ordered his men to nail up the doors and inflicted a heavy fine on Abd-er-rahman for having offered such temptation to robbers. He thought he would next assemble a more enlightened audience, and with this mind he got up a magnificent entertainment, to which he invited his friends; but the final result was pretty nearly the same. Only four persons had remained awake when the story was read. These he complimented highly on their taste and love of learning. They in return said that they felt so deeply interested in his narrative it would please them very much to see the historical authorities on which it was founded, if they were at all convenient. This increased the author's delight; he went to his study at once, but as the historical authorities had to be searched for it took him some time to find them. But when he returned his admirers had left, and taken with them the whole of a rich service of plate, with the exception of one salver on which Al Harrami, the notorious robber, had written some lines thanking him for his entertainment.

Thus do the incidents succeed each other rapidly, the results of each reading presenting fresh novelties. Finally the hero is induced to marry, recollecting that the *Keran* directs him to do so. He thinks his wife and children, at least, will be good listeners, and so break the charm of the malignant genius who has hitherto put all his auditors to sleep, with the sole exception of the robbers. But his misfortunes

are only increased by marriage, and it is in vain that he marries one lady after another, until he has the number allowed by law; for she from whom he expects most good, does him most mischief, though without any intention on her part to do so. Necessarily passing over several curious incidents, we come to that stage in which the hero becomes an inmate of the asylum. Here his mild and agreeable demeanor soon gained him the good will of his keepers, who allowed him to walk about in the courts and converse with such of the inmates as attracted his attention. He thus became acquainted with three persons, who had lost their ears and been made lame, and he soon learned from them that, like himself, they retained their senses, although inmates of a lunatic asylum.

These resemblances in their circumstances naturally led them to wish to be informed of each other's calamities; and it was accordingly agreed that each should relate his history. When the narratives commenced, many other supposed lunatics came to listen to them, and among their number Abd-er-rahman recognised his perfidious cousin and his faithless wife Zahara. The number of narrators was thus increased; and each story possesses a peculiar interest. The most characteristic is that of Ratif, the squinting astrologer of Alexandria, but it is so very long that we can only make room for one of the episodes; we select this because it gives such a graphic view of the ignorant and debasing jugglery and charlatanism which in modern times have taken the place of the learning and science which illuminated the whole world for nearly four centuries. And with this we must take leave for the present of Arabian literature, our remarks on the subject having already extended further than we had intended:—

“When evening came, I sat down sorrowfully at the end of the long pier which forms the harbor, reflecting on my sorrowful position; not knowing where I could procure shelter for the night, whose shades were thickening around me, nor food for my empty stomach, which was manifesting its uneasiness by audible grumbings. My glances were mechanically turned to my left over the long promontory, which, extending into the sea, closed the gulf on that side and hid from view the summits of the lofty mountains of Kribrus (Cyprus). All at once I saw near me a tall, stiff, and meagre figure, which seemed to me a real ghost. This being, whose approach I had not observed, and whose presence froze me with horror, had two piercing eyes, a countenance of cadaverous paleness; his bones seemed ready to burst through a skin as dry as parchment; his brows were thick and beetling, and a long white beard hung in wild disorder below his chest; he wore a dark-colored robe, and his motions were as precise and regular as if they had been the result of machinery. His eyes were fixed on the starry heavens, and he directed his view success-

ively to different stars, using instruments of curious construction, the like of which I had never seen.

"I felt assured that this strange being was a magician, practising some of his diabolical arts, and I expected that the evil genii would immediately assemble around him, in obedience to his necromantic spells. Fear kept me motionless; I kept my eyes fixed upon him, attentively watching his movements; they were all new to me, and I expected momentarily to become their victim. My danger appeared to increase when I saw this mysterious and awful being lower his looks to me, and his glance met mine. After some moments of mutual and silent observation, during which drops of cold perspiration streamed from my forehead, he addressed me in a hoarse voice, whose tones, however, were not at all menacing. 'Friend,' said he, 'I see with pleasure that you share my tastes and pursuits; during the last half hour, I perceive that your looks have been directed toward that brilliant sky, which extends its splendid canopy over the summit of Mount Taurus, and now your eyes, directed to the zenith, seem anxious to penetrate through the group of nebulous stars directly over our heads. Tell me, which is the constellation that has thus engaged your attention?'

"Reassured by hearing a human voice from this frightful body, which I had taken for some supernatural being that haunted this solitary place, I was about to reply, but he did not give me time. 'You may,' he continued, 'bless your fate and the constellations that protect you. I am the celebrated Abd-al-nejûm (servant of the stars), whose high acquirements in astronomy have procured him the surname *al Feleky* (the Celestial). * * Perceiving you just now, with your eyes fixed on the starry heaven, I easily divined that you were impelled by some insurmountable impulse to my favorite study. I immediately observed with care the aspect of the heavens; I have found it favorable to you, and it has enjoined me to cultivate your taste for such exalted knowledge. Come, then, with confidence, my son; Abd-al-nejûm will, in your company, penetrate the palace of science; come with me, my house shall be your residence and your academy.' The astronomer took me by the hand. Delighted by such an unexpected invitation I permitted him to lead me in silence, dreading that too speedy an explanation might lead him to change his benevolent purpose. We passed through several narrow streets in the meanest quarter of the town, and after several turnings stopped before a small house, whose appearance was far from sumptuous. Abd-al-nejûm opened the door himself, a circumstance which convinced me that he had neither slaves or servants. Taking me again by the hand he led me in the dark to a confined spot, where he desired me to sit down. Having lighted an old lamp he turned to examine his new guest. He appeared surprised at the poverty of my dress, which the darkness had hitherto prevented him from noticing; his tone immediately changed, his kind proffers gave place to stern and imperious questions. Not being able to avoid a reply I related without disguise the circumstances that had brought me to the place where he had found me; and where my glances were vaguely directed over the surface of the western waters, instead of being elevated, as he supposed, to the brilliant sky of the east. I testified my gratitude for the kind offers he had made, but did not conceal that food was with me a more pressing want than lessons in astronomical science.

* * Abd-al-nejûm sat down on a wretched mat, which was almost the only article of furniture in his room, and, resting his head upon his hands, seemed lost in thought. At length he proposed to take me into his service, on condition that I should ask no wages, but be content with bed and board, promising that if I proved faithful he would make me his heir.

"I lived with him very miserably for twelve years; when I asked

him [for instructions, he said that nature herself had forbidden me to become an astronomer. Every day he repeated that the stars promised him great wealth and length of life; but, nevertheless, I found him one morning dead in his bed, and conformably to his promises I was his sole heir. The inheritance however, was only some few articles of furniture, and his mathematical instruments. The owner of the house soon gave me notice to quit. I made a little money by the sale of the furniture, and carefully preserving the astronomical instruments of my deceased master, I sought another lodging. I obtained it in the house of an old woman who lodged in the suburbs, to whom I had sold some pieces of paper covered with figures, on which my master had written his scientific calculations, which she purchased as talismans, to increase the fertility of her pigeons, and keep them from vermin. I had no difficulty in persuading her that I had inherited the knowledge as well as the instruments of my old master; and her neighbors of both sexes flocked to obtain the aid of my astrological talents. All my master's old papers, on which he had scribbled figures, were successively sold as talismans.

Finding this new trade very successful, I resolved, like Abd-al-nejûm, to draw horoscopes, and predict future events from the stars. I had picked up from his conversation the names of some of the constellations, but I did not know what was their position in the sky; however, I hoped that I would easily acquire this knowledge by making use of the instrument. In vain I tried in every way to imitate what I had so often seen my master do; but somehow or other I never could distinctly see through the telescope the stars that my master saw, or perhaps only pretended to see. I have always thought that he designedly injured the instruments before his death, for fear lest the fame of my science might eclipse his own.

* * * My reputation increased every day, and unfortunately for me it extended too far. My fame reached the governor of the city. He was about to become a father, and summoned me to draw the horoscope of the unborn child. I went boldly, pretended to make some observations, drew some whimsical figures, made some idle calculations, and unhesitatingly declared that he would soon be the father of a boy. I did not know that my new employer had brought, at a great expense, another astronomer from Antakyeh (Antioch). He was posted in another part of the house, and announced that the child would be a girl. They brought us together, that we might compare our different horoscopes. I could make nothing of my adversary's scheme; he easily demonstrated that mine was composed only of figures drawn at random, calculations either absurd or insignificant, and marks that had no connection or relation. For want of good argument, I overwhelmed my adversary with reproaches, and he retorted as well as he could. From words we were about to come to blows, when we received a piece of news which put an end to our quarrel. The woman who had been summoned to attend the lady announced that she was not pregnant, but dropsical." *Contes Arabes du Cheikh al Mohdy.*

- ART. IV.—1. *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of SIR ISAAC NEWTON.* By SIR DAVID BREWSTER. 2 vols. Edinburgh. 1855.
2. *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica.* Auctore ISAACO NEWTONO, *Eq. Aur. Perpetuis Commentariis Illustrata, Communi Studio PP. THOMÆ LE SEUR ET FRANCISCI JACQUIER, ex Gallicana Minimorum Familia, Math. Proff.* Editio Nova Summa Cura recensita. 2 vols. Londini. 1853.
3. *Commercium Epistolicum, J. COLLINS et aliorum, &c.,* Edit. par MM. BIOT et LEFORT. Paris. 1858.

NOTHING is so well calculated to show at once how great and how little is man as the study of the life and character of those who have rendered themselves illustrious by their works. If this does not teach us to set a moderate estimate on our own labors, and to make allowance for the failings and imperfections of our neighbors, nothing will. There is not one who has benefited mankind whose life does not teach lessons of this kind; but no life does so to such an extent as that of Newton. In delaying the consideration of his discoveries in this journal until now, and giving precedence to those of Kepler, Leibnitz, Laplace, and Galileo, we have not, therefore, been influenced by any opinion or feeling unfavorable to the claims of the illustrious demonstrator of the power of gravity on the gratitude of the human race. We have done so partly because we prefer to introduce our readers to those with whom their acquaintance is but slight, rather than to those with whom they are comparatively familiar, and partly because there are some incidents in the life of Newton of so delicate a character that we have no wish to discuss them, although such is their nature that they must not be regarded as casting the slightest stain on the undying lustre of his fame.

The future philosopher was born at the little village of Woolsthorpe, in the county of Lincoln, on Christmas day, 1642, the same year that Galileo died. His father was a respectable farmer of limited means, but without any energy either physical or intellectual. He died three months before the birth of his only son Isaac, who was so weak and small in his infant state that it was generally thought he could not live; and the few who differed from this opinion predicted that at all events he would never possess much vigor, but would be weak and sickly like his father. His mother seems

to have fully adopted this opinion, and this is the reason assigned for her having placed him under the care of his grandmother when he was only four years old. The old lady did her part well; under her charge he learned to read, write, and cipher in one year. In the meantime his mother got married to the Rev. Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, whose character seems very similar to that of his father.

It does not appear that the future discoverer attracted any attention, except by his physical weakness, until he was twelve years old. At this age his mother sent him to the high school of Grantham, and procured lodgings for him at the house of Mr. Clark, an intelligent apothecary, who happened to have some excellent works in his library. The latter circumstance had a much more important influence on young Newton than the instructions he received at the high school. He tells us himself that he paid but little attention to these, and that for most of the time he was one of the last in his class. Nor did he care to associate with his fellow-pupils; instead of doing so he occupied every moment he could spare in the study of mechanics; and to him the transition from mere study to invention and discovery seemed easy and natural. He borrowed a hatchet from one, a hammer from another, and a saw from another; and having thus provided himself with instruments he proceeded to construct models of various kinds of machinery. One of his first works was an hour-glass, acting by the descent of water. While he was engaged at this a windmill of peculiar construction was erected in the town; he studied it carefully until he succeeded in producing a similar one on a small scale; and he placed a mouse inside, which he called the miller. At this stage of his progress he found that some knowledge of drawing was necessary; he had no teacher or means of employing one, but this did not discourage him; he practised himself with so much zeal and perseverance that the next day, when his friend the apothecary went into his room, he found the walls covered with all sorts of designs. It was while he was learning to draw that it occurred to him that the velocity of the wind could be measured; it seems the idea was suggested to him by the force with which a slip of paper containing one of his sketches was driven along in the direction of the wind. The manner in which he tried to test the truth of the lesson thus learned was rather singular: when there was a strong breeze, he repaired to the most exposed place, and leaped with all his might alternately

in the direction of the wind and the opposite, carefully noting the difference. Although at the time his only object in this was what he stated, his experiments, simple as they were, gave him new ideas on the nature of fluids in general; and he was fond of referring to them himself when at the meridian of his fame, as having exercised considerable influence on his theory of the tides.

Although young Newton had no taste for the society of his fellow-students at Grantham, it seems that he evinced a stronger liking for the other sex than he ever did afterwards. Several young ladies boarded at the apothecary's while he did; the most intelligent and most comely was a Miss Storey, who took great delight in examining his models and gave him all the aid she could in his efforts to learn to draw. That young Newton was by no means insensible to these attentions is sufficiently evident from the fact that he addressed her numerous verses, which, although they could hardly be called poetry, abounded with affection. Several of these are still extant in England, and those who possess them value them more highly than any other productions ever written, though only as curious mementoes of so illustrious a man. What is most remarkable, however, in regard to his early love, is that he did not marry the object of his affections; for there seems to be no doubt that she was quite willing to accept him as her husband; and besides her being as well educated as the majority of the ladies of her time, she belonged to a very respectable family—one which certainly ranked as high as that of Newton. The lady married twice; both husbands died young; and Newton had a new chance at the death of each, had he chosen to avail himself of it. That he did not do so is rendered all the more strange, from the fact that he never passed within twenty miles of her residence, on any of his scientific journeys, without visiting her, and that more than once after he became famous he relieved herself and her family from pecuniary embarrassments. To this it is proper to add that the most censorious have never ventured to allege that there was the least impropriety in the relations between Newton and this lady, either during her maiden or widowed life. The almost universal opinion on the subject is that, had he been disposed to marry any woman, he would have taken her in preference to all others, but that from youth to age he had no stronger feeling for the sex than that of pure friendship.

However much credit the labors of young Newton at

Grantham gained him with others, they were regarded by his mother as of little account. She thought nothing of his windmills, hour-glasses, &c., further than that they resulted from the whims of a truant schoolboy; she told her friends that, if they could be regarded as a criterion at all, what they showed was that young Newton might make a skillful farmer if instructed in time. Accordingly, when her second husband died in 1566, she brought home her son and directed him to manage the farm. For a few weeks it seems he did very well. He was sent to the market of Grantham every Saturday with a cart of vegetables, accompanied by an old servant; but while the latter tried to dispose of the goods at as good a price as he could get, young Isaac went behind a hedge in the neighborhood, and quietly devoted himself to study. His uncle went to look for him one day that he absented himself as usual in this way, and found him, after a very diligent search, in a hay-loft, busily occupied on a mathematical problem. When sent to take care of the cattle, he behaved no better, but, betaking himself to the shade of some tree, or ditch, he pored eagerly over the old books which he had borrowed from his friend the apothecary, while horses, cows, and sheep mixed indiscriminately, and did whatever mischief they chose in the corn-fields, which it was his duty to protect from them. After having been several times detected in this sort of work, it was finally agreed among his friends that the amount of mischief he would allow the cattle to do, not to mention his various other errors in farming, would be more than the cost of having him properly instructed in those problems of which he was so fond; and thus it was that, in June, 1661, after three years' preparation, he became a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Newton was now in his eighteenth year, and he entered on his course with all the enthusiasm of true genius. The first works which he studied thoroughly were Sanderson's *Logic* and Kepler's *Optics*. His familiar acquaintance with the most difficult points in the latter soon attracted the attention of the celebrated Dr. Barrow, who was then professor of mathematics at the college, and a friendship immediately sprang up between professor and student which was interrupted only by death.

It is a remarkable fact that it was with the idea of familiarizing himself with astrology that Newton first devoted himself to the study of mathematics. Any person avowing such a motive at the present day would be laughed at, yet

it is one that has influenced, to a greater or less extent, the most illustrious astronomers and discoverers, including both Kepler and Tycho Brahe. But this is not the only science proscribed at the present day as vulgar, which Newton studied at Cambridge; for he also paid a good deal of attention, as other illustrious men had done before him, to the study of alchemy; nor did he abandon the study of either until seized with that sad malady which certainly impaired, if it did not destroy, the original vigor of his great intellect.

The reason assigned by Newton as well as by other illustrious men for their faith in astrology is that, since nothing can happen but in accordance with immutable laws, we are bound to believe that none can live or die but in accordance with those laws, and that consequently there is in reality no such thing as chance or hazard. These views were afterwards disclaimed by Newton as erroneous, but, as already intimated, not until his mind became so much enfeebled that he was not able to understand his own works. Yet this altered opinion of Newton, notwithstanding the melancholy circumstances under which it was altered, is the principal argument adduced by those who now rank astrology with the black art and kindred delusions. We allude to this in passing, because we hold that, whatever contributes to do good, though not entirely correct in itself as a theory or doctrine, ought not to be decried or sneered at. That a belief in an astrology has prompted hundreds to study the sublime laws of the universe, and accordingly led to many discoveries, is a fact which no intelligent person would venture to deny. The same observation would apply to alchemy in its relation to chemistry.

The Elements of Euclid was the first work on geometry studied by Newton. We are told that this did not detain him long; that it presented no difficulty to him; that he saw the truth of each proposition at a glance, and only wondered that it should occupy half so much of the time of students as it did. Of all his biographers, Biot alone dissents from this, and gives his reasons for doing so.*

* "Qu'après avoir étudié les premières propositions d'Euclide," he says, "Newton ait successivement cherché et trouvé la démonstration des autres par lui-même, plutôt que de s'enfoncer dans une lecture si excessivement pénible par les formes dont elle est hérissée, voilà ce qui peut se comprendre; et surtout, s'il avait déjà pris connaissance des mêmes propositions pour ses jeux d'enfant, dans quelque livre vulgaire, on concevra mieux encore qu'il ait jugé inutile de perdre son temps à en chercher de nouvelles preuves dans une aussi fatigante lecture. Cela expliquerait très-naturellement le regret qu'il témoigna plus tard de ne s'être pas assez arrêté à la géométrie des anciens."—*Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires*, par M. Biot, t. i., p. 24.

At all events, the next work taken up by Newton at Cambridge was the Geometry of Descartes, from which he learned the nature and much of the value of geometrical analysis. This he admitted gratefully at the time, but it is alleged that he was rather disposed to forget it afterwards, and to bestow on others the credit justly due to Descartes. Among the instances of this kind noted by Biot, he remarks, that, in his Optics, Newton ascribes the discovery of the true theory of the arc of the meridian to Antoine de Dominis, whereas it is beyond question that the entire credit of it is due to Descartes.

In his twenty-first year he took up the works of Wallis; he read all with much interest, but was particularly delighted with that author's celebrated treatise *Arithmetica Infinitorum*. This he not only read and studied carefully; he copied long extracts from it, and founded calculations upon them. The result was, according to his own admission, that he discovered his method of infinite series from Wallis's treatise; although the fact, like many others of its kind, has since been denied. It may be well to remind the student of mathematics in passing, before he arrives at any hasty conclusion, that Wallis had previously given the quadrature of curves whose ordinates are expressed by any integral and positive power of $1-x^2$; and had observed that, if between the areas so calculated we could interpolate the areas of other curves, the ordinates of which constituted with the former ordinates a geometrical progression, the area of the curve whose ordinate was a mean proportional between 1 and $1-x^2$ would express a circular surface in terms of the square of its radius. A careful study of these formula led Newton to the development of radical quantities, and enabled him to express analytically any powers whatever of polynomials, their quotients, and their roots, by considering and calculating these quantities as the developments of powers corresponding to integral, negative, or fractional exponents. With these facts and principles ascertained, Newton had but little difficulty in discovering his celebrated Binomial Theorem. But even Wallis had been indebted to Descartes, whose notation he used, and Pascal had given a rule for forming directly any term of the development of binomial powers, the exponent being an integer.

We have been somewhat particular in noting these facts, because they seem to explain, in connection with others of a similar character, why it was that there was so much contro-

versy between Newton and several of his contemporaries, who were also discoverers as well as eminent mathematicians. In January, 1665, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts; on the 5th of August, of the same year, he left the university on account of the plague, and did not return until the autumn of the following year. He was far from being idle, however, in the meantime; but he devoted most of his attention to the improvement of telescopes. This, too, he had been led to by the researches of Descartes, who, assuming the commonly received opinion that light was homogeneous, had upon that principle discovered the laws of refraction, and maintained that the perfection of telescopes depended on the discovery of a method of making glasses in elliptical, parabolic, and hyperbolic figures. The faith that Newton had in the views of Descartes, however depreciatingly he spoke of that philosopher on certain occasions, is sufficiently proved by the readiness with which he proceeded to act on his suggestion in regard to the telescope, for he spent the greater part of 1666 in grinding optical glasses of various figures with his own hands.

It was also during this year the fall of the apple took place, which is said to have suggested to him the law of gravitation, but the story of which has not much foundation. None of his earlier biographers make any mention of it; neither Pemberton nor Whiston, to whom Newton himself fully related how he came to discover the power of gravity, makes any allusion to it. In short, the whole history of the apple rests on some recital made to Voltaire by Catharine Barton, the niece of Newton, and, had it been otherwise, it were strange, as we shall see more particularly when we come to consider the general character of his discoveries.

On his return to Cambridge, in 1667, he was elected Fellow; at the same time he took his degree of A.M. This was preparatory to his becoming professor of mathematics in the college, a position which he assumed in 1669, his friend Dr. Barrow having resigned for the purpose of devoting his attention exclusively to theology. It is not generally borne in mind, if known, that Newton continued to discharge the duties of professor for twenty-six years; and no professor before or after his time has evinced more zeal or energy in his efforts to raise the standard of the institution in his particular department. While thus teaching mathematics at Cambridge as they had never been taught there before, even by his celebrated master, Dr. Barrow, he devoted every hour

he could spare to those researches and calculations which resulted in his great discoveries.

Although he did not publish much during this period, but was rather disposed, according to the custom of the time, to conceal the great results he had obtained, still enough transpired to satisfy the scientific world that he was destined to surpass all his contemporaries, if not all his predecessors, in the same field. Thus it was that, in January, 1672, he was elected a member of the Royal Society of London, at the suggestion of the Bishop of Salisbury. Soon after this honor was conferred on him his theory of light was severely criticised, several members of the society, both English and foreign, but especially Hooke and Huygens, taking an active part in the discussion. This offended Newton so much that he wrote to Oldenburgh, Secretary of the Royal Society, in March, 1673, resigning his membership. Although, as we have already intimated, none of his great works had yet been given to the world, his only claim to distinction, so far as the public was aware, being the telescope that still bears his name, the society had the good sense and discernment to take his ebullition of feeling in good part, as that of a man of genius, and, instead of accepting his resignation, it exempted him from the weekly communications required from all other members. This graceful act pleased him so much that, instead of availing himself of the privilege allowed, he attended the meetings of the society, and sent it communications more frequently than he ever had before, writing in turn to Oldenburgh, Collins, Hamstead, and Halley.

An occurrence took place in 1677, which had the effect of engaging Newton to some extent in politics. James II. ordered the Council of the University of Cambridge to confer the degree of Master of Arts on Father Francis, a Benedictine monk, without requiring him to take the oaths of allegiance and of supremacy; but although there were many precedents of similar honors among the archives of the university the demand of the king was summarily refused. James condescended to remonstrate, reminding the university that it had conferred the same degree on Mahometans, mentioning among other instances which could not be disputed that of the Ambassador of Maroc. But it was then the fashion in England to hate the Pope more than Turk or any body else; Father Francis was regarded as a subject of the Pope, and therefore he had no honors to expect from an English

university, even from one that had been founded and richly endowed by cardinals and monks.

Newton was far from being free from the prevailing bigotry; his well-known zeal in favor of what was called Protestant ascendancy, together with the distinction which he had already attained, caused him to be appointed one of the deputies of the university sent to London to plead its cause before the Court of King's Bench. Nor did he fail to give full satisfaction in that capacity. Judge Jeffreys felt so much annoyed at the anti-papery zeal displayed by the learned deputies, that he hastily rose from the bench and left the court without making any decision. This pleased the university so well that it elected Newton as its representative to parliament; and this was the Convention-Parliament which declared the throne of England vacant, so as to prepare the way for William, Prince of Orange. Most of those who knew Newton as a profound reasoner, but were ignorant of his abilities as a speaker, predicted that he would readily distinguish himself in parliament; but it seems that, although he attended every session regularly, from 1688 to 1696, he never spoke in the house but once, and that he rose from his seat then only to tell the crier to close a window which admitted a current of air which could hardly fail to prove injurious to the orator who occupied the floor!

It was not in vain, however, that he attended parliament. He renewed in the House of Commons his former acquaintance with Charles Montague, afterwards better known as Lord of Halifax, who had been one of his pupils in mathematics. In 1694 his lordship became chancellor of the exchequer; and no sooner did he come into office than he gave Newton the appointment of warden of the mint, and in one year afterwards he promoted him to the position of master of the mint, which brought him an annuity of about six thousand dollars, which he retained for the remainder of his life.

He now resigned his professorship at Cambridge recommending Whiston as his successor. In 1699 he was elected a foreign member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and the University of Cambridge sent him to parliament for the second time as its representative; but during this time he remained as silent and inactive as he did during the first although appearing in his place in the house pretty nearly as regularly as any other member. The scientific world did not esteem or admire him anything the less because he did not choose

to engage in discussions about politics ; indeed it seems to have liked him all the better for being so taciturn in parliament.*

Be this as it may, he was chosen President of the Royal Society in 1703, which honorable office he held until his death, having been annually elected by the members for the long period of a quarter of a century. Nor were his honors yet complete ; two years afterwards (1705) Queen Anne did honor to herself by conferring upon him the title of Baronet, from which he has since been known as Sir Isaac.

We now turn back for a moment to show that neither his attendance in parliament, nor his duties at the mint, had the effect of diverting his attention to any considerable extent from his scientific researches. Thus he it remembered that it was in 1686-7 he discovered the grand proposition that, by a centripetal force acting reciprocally as the square of the distance, a planet must revolve in an ellipsis about the centre of force placed in its lowest focus, and by a radius drawn to that centre describe areas proportional to the lines. In 1680 he made those extensive observations on the comet then visible which led to his well-known theory of comets. From the calculations of Picart, in 1679, designed to measure a degree of the earth, Newton arrived at the conclusion that the moon is retained in her orbit solely by the power of gravity, and, consequently, that this power decreases in the duplicate ratio of the distance, as he had formerly conjectured. This led him to the further discovery of the velocity of falling bodies, convincing him that the line they formed in falling was an ellipsis, having one of its foci in the centre of the earth. He admitted himself that up to this time, he had not entirely understood the celebrated laws of Kepler. But now they enabled him to ascertain, with the aid of the discoveries just alluded to, that the primary planets really moved in such

* It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that Sir Isaac merely accepted a position pressed upon him by the University, or that he was never defeated. Even Browster admits that the great discoverer did his best to secure his election, as the following passage will show :

" In order to promote his election, Newton went to Cambridge on the 24th or 25th of July. The Tory election cry on this occasion was ' the Church in danger ; ' and on the polling day, the 17th of May, hundreds of students hollowed like schoolboys and porters, crying ' No Fanatic, no occasional Conformity, ' against two worthy gentlemen that stood for candidates. Newton and Godolphin were defeated, and Annesley and Windsor were elected. The following was the state of the poll : Hon. Arthur Annesley (Magdalen) 182 ; Hon. Dixie Windsor (Trinity), 170 ; Hon. Fra. Godolphin (King's), 162 ; Sir. Isaac Newton (Trinity), 117."

orbits as Kepler had supposed. He tells us, himself, that he had thus the satisfaction of seeing that the enquiry which he had undertaken at first from motives of mere curiosity, was capable of being applied to the most important purposes.

He had now been many years engaged on his "*Principia*," which was finally published, in quarto form, under the care of Dr. Halley, in 1687, under the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*. In a preface dated Cambridge, May 5, 1686, the author briefly explains its objects, informing its readers that, setting aside substantial forms, and the occult qualities of scholasticism, he wished to apply the mathematics to the study of natural phenomena. He proceeds to add that, among these phenomena, motion occupies the first rank. Then he asks: "What is motion? It is the effect of force. But force itself, whether as regards its nature or origin, is entirely unknown to us."

What Newton did not know he would found no theory upon; he tells the scientific world that he prefers to confine himself to the manifestations of force as accessible to human intelligence; and in nothing does he excel other philosophers, ancient and modern, more than in this. The "*Principia*" was but coldly received at first; some criticised it severely; others even ridiculed it. But there was good reason for this: Descartes was then the favorite philosopher of Europe; he was preferred even to the Stagirite. Besides, the *Principia* is extremely obscure in many parts, not because the author was not capable of rendering himself abundantly intelligible, for no one wrote more lucidly when he wished to do so, but in this work many steps in the demonstrations are entirely omitted, so that the most profound mathematicians were obliged to study it more or less closely before they could pretend to understand it. On no scientific work of modern times have so many commentaries been written; at least two hundred volumes have been written on it; still the general admission among the learned is that none but mathematicians of a high order can comprehend the reasonings contained in it.*

* It is a singular commentary on religious prejudice and intolerance that none have contributed more to the fame of Newton than the Jesuits. They are, beyond all comparison, his best commentators. The edition of the "*Principia*," now before us, is that of the Jesuit Fathers Thomas Le Seur and Franciscus Jacquier, and it is dedicated to Cardinal Gastori. It is in two large octavo volumes, in the original Latin, with a perpetual Latin commentary and copious illustrations. It was originally published at Rome, but that before us is a London reprint. Nor is it by any Jesuit or Catholic that we have been favored with

In strict accordance with the plan indicated above, Newton commences his great work with definitions like geometers. "The *quantity of matter*," he says, "is measured by its density, combined with its volume, the same as the *amount of motion* is estimated by the velocity and quantity." Thus we see at the outset that he combines the analytical and synthetical modes of reasoning. In explaining the nature of centripetal force, he proceeds to say that it is that which attracts bodies towards a common centre; its quantity is accelerating and proportional to the effect produced. "As the virtue," he says, "of a lover is greatest at a short distance and less at a greater distance, so, also, is the centripetal force, or weight (*vis gravitans*), greater in the valleys and less at the summits of the highest mountains, and it diminishes more and more in proportion to the distance from the surface of the globe."

Having thus briefly given his ideas of the nature of force, he proceeds to explain what he understands by *inertia*; namely, that all bodies put in motion by a first impulsion, would continue to move indefinitely in a straight line if no new force were presented to change its direction. To these he adds two other axioms; one is, that the change produced in a movement is proportioned to the force which has produced it; the other, that the action is always equal to the reaction. These are followed by corollaries on the centre of gravity, and the diagonal of a parallelogram, which results from several forces acting simultaneously on the same point. All this seems plain enough; but when we come to examine the work of which it may be said to form the basis, we readily believe those who tell us that it requires the highest effort of the human mind to understand it. Nay, we can hardly wonder even at such admiration as that of the Marquis de l'Hospital, one of the greatest mathematicians of the age, who, in the plenitude of his enthusiasm, asks: "Does Mr. Newton eat, or drink, or sleep like other men? I represent him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter."

But we must now come to the consideration of facts which

it, but by the polite and accommodating librarian of the New York Society Library, whose property it is. The best English editions are those which have drawn most largely from this. Even Father Francia, the very Benedictine monk whom Newton went to London to oppose, lest the University of Cambridge might be forced to recognise his scientific and scholastic attainments, as other celebrated universities had done before it, spoke of his genius in the highest terms, in his correspondence with learned men of Italy. In one of his letters, he says; "*Ingenio vere profundus et grandis est, sed religione fanaticus et inolerans.*"

are not so agreeable ; and yet they should not be disagreeable to any sensible person, since they merely show that, truly great and worthy of all honor as Newton was as a discoverer and philosopher, he had his weaknesses as a man. Some of these we have alluded to already, so that those who are in the habit of regarding Newton as a model of all the Christian virtues, one equally conversant with the sacred and profane, might be prepared to hear some things relating to him, which, without any detriment to his fame or any serious injury to his character, show that, with all his greatness, he was but human. Of his controversy with Leibnitz we see but one side in most English biographies of him ; indeed, in no English biography have we found an impartial account of it. But there is good reason for this. Any statement, however true, that would conflict with the popular opinion of the almost divine character of Sir Isaac would be badly received in England by all classes. Nor would we speak with any harshness of this feeling. We think, on the contrary, that it is highly creditable to any people to have an affectionate solicitude for the reputation of their great men. It is surely much better to exaggerate their merits than their faults ; better to regard them as divinities to be honored than as demons to be persecuted or put to death. But the truth is always the best in the end. One fact is more instructive, especially in the life of a great man, than a thousand fictions.

It is because this is our faith, and not because we yield to any one in our admiration of the discoveries of Newton, that we now proceed to show the real nature of the controversy between himself and Leibnitz ; a controversy which has been carried on for a century and a half after the death of the illustrious principals. It is not until within the last twenty years that the scientific world began to take a more rational view of the dispute ; since, however, a great change has taken place. Different causes have contributed to this, in addition to the influence of time in the removal of prejudices, and that love of free discussion, which is happily one of the characteristics of the present age. Numerous manuscripts have been exhumed in different parts of Europe which have shed a light on the whole subject sufficient to remove all doubt.

Those who have paid any attention to this controversy will remember how much importance has been attached by the overzealous partisans of Newton to his own account of

a letter which he once addressed to Leibnitz: "In a correspondence," he says, "which I had ten years ago, through the medium of Mr. Oldenburgh, with Mr. Leibnitz, a very able geometer, when I made known to him that I had a method of determining the greatest and smallest quantities, to form tangents, and to effect other similar things in surd as well as in rational terms; and I concealed it under transposed letters which meant this: *An equation given, which contains fluent quantities to find the fluxions, and vice versâ.* This celebrated personage responded that he had discovered a method which led to the same result, and he communicated it to me: it differed but little from mine, except in the terms and characters."* It will be seen that there is nothing in this which can be regarded as setting aside the claim of Leibnitz to the discovery of the differential calculus, but rather the reverse. The only point in it against that philosopher is that Newton had sent him his theory, but in a concealed form. It seems that the *original* of this letter is in the Royal Library of Hanover, where it was found in 1854 by Messrs. Biot and Lefort, while searching for other documents bearing on the same subject. The opinion of those gentlemen, after having carefully examined it, is that it would have been necessary to possess the famous acumen of *Œdipus* to discover the method of fluxions under such an envelope.†

Leibnitz himself complains bitterly of the wrong done him. "The Royal Society of London," he says, "has thought proper to give a commission to certain persons to examine the old papers without allowing me to take any part in it, and without enquiring whether I might not object to some of those commissioners as being partial. And under the pretext of the report of this commission a book was published against me in 1711, known by the title of *Commercium Epistolicum*, where old papers and old letters were inserted, but partly garbled, while those that would tell against Mr. Newton were suppressed. And what was worse, remarks have been added which were full of malignant falsehoods, in order to give a bad sense to what had nothing of the kind. But the Royal Society was unwilling to pronounce upon it, as I learned by an extract from its register. Several persons of distinction in England, including even members of the Royal Society, were unwilling to take any part in what was thus done against me."

* See Newton's "Mathematical Principles of Nature," pp. 253, 254.

† *Commercium Epistolicum*, J. Collins et aliorum, par Biot et Lefort, Paris, 1856, p. 242.

It is worthy of remark that the report thus spoken of had no signature; it was first published in 1712, and it was republished with alterations and additions in 1722. In commenting on this, Mr. Hoeffler remarks: "It is beyond doubt that Newton inspired and directed the publication of the *Commercium Epistolicum*, if he did not take a more immediate part in it. As to the *Variantes*, the *Recensio*, and the advice *Ad Lectorem*, introduced in the edition of 1722, *Newton alone was the author of them*."* Leibnitz intended to publish another *Commercium Epistolicum*: he collected a large amount of materials, including letters never before published, but he had not time to finish it. What an agitated life and premature death prevented him from doing was done in 1856, by MM. Biot and Lefort. In our opinion, these gentlemen make a very impartial report; we think that any intelligent person who examines their book will admit that their decision may be fairly accepted by the scientific world as making the nearest approach to the truth which would be possible at the present day. They certainly evince no prejudice against Newton; nay, we cannot see that they have any object less honorable than to serve the cause of truth and justice. Speaking of the English commissioners already alluded to, they observe: "With them the object was not merely to make the rights of Newton triumph as the inventor of the method of fluxions; they would also fain set aside the claims of Leibnitz to the analogous and independent invention of the differential calculus. It cannot be said that in order to insure the result the transcriptions were made unfaithful, but the citations are of that incomplete, garbled sort, made solely for the benefit of the cause, and the texts are sometimes perverted from their proper sense by the anonymous notes which accompany them. Besides, all the materials are brought into play with so much art, so much ability, that one can divine without much trouble the superior genius who conducted the action without wishing to appear personally in the scene." This is plain language, but it cannot be denied. "If the publication of the *Commercium Epistolicum* in 1711, was a party work," say Biot and Lefort in continuation, "what can be said of its republication in 1722, six years after the death of Leibnitz? In this pretended republication the new editor *corrects, adds, retrenches, interpolates, comments, &c.* The documents now brought to light exhibit

* Nouvelle Biographie Générale, article "Leibnitz," p. 494.

nothing but the hand of Newton and the hand of Keill, directed by Newton. It is sufficient for the memory of the commissioners to have to bear the burden of a report which they did not dare to sign publicly."*

The warmest admirers of Newton's genius cannot deny the justice of these remarks. After the two savans have delivered judgment in favor of the claims of Leibnitz as the discoverer of the differential calculus, but without making any attempt to deprive Newton of the honor of having discovered the method of fluxions, M. Lefort proceeds to institute a comparison between the two philosophers, as follows: "Newton," he says, "has made no disciples; the instrument which has been so powerful between his hands, has no longer any virtue in the hands of his most ardent flatterers. Fatio and Keill, like Cotes, Moivre, Taylor, and even Maclaurin, cannot balance the Bernouillis and Eulers, the D'Alemberts, Clairauts, Lagranges, and Laplaces in France. At the touch of Leibnitz we see a powerful generation of mathematicians spring up in Germany and France, the same as the inspiration of Galileo produced Viviani, Cavalieri, and Ricci, and as the spirit of Descartes produced in Holland Schooten, Huygens, Hudde, and Sluse. Nay, more, the great discoveries of Newton himself propagated and developed themselves on the Continent only through the friendly efforts of geometers, who translated them into the language of Leibnitz. Is not this by itself a great title to glory on the part of the inventor of the differential calculus, and an unanswerable proof of the peculiar fecundity of the writer?"†

* "Pour les commissaires (chargés du choix et de la transcription des pièces insérées dans le *Com. Epist.*), il ne s'agissait pas seulement de faire triompher les droits de Newton comme inventeur de la méthode des fluxions, il fallait encore effacer les titres de Leibnitz à l'invention analogue et indépendante du calcul différentiel. On ne peut dire que pour assurer le résultat les transcriptions soient infidèles; mais les citations sont souvent incomplètes, tronquées faites uniquement pour le besoin de la cause, et les textes sont quelquefois détournés de leur sens propre par les notes anonymes qui les accompagnent. D'ailleurs tous les matériaux sont mis en œuvre avec tant d'art, avec tant d'habileté, qu'on devine sans beaucoup de peine le génie supérieur qui conduisait l'action sans vouloir paraître personnellement sur la scène," &c.—*Commercium Epistol.*, Paris, 1858.

† Newton n'a pas fait de disciples: l'instrument qui avait été si puissant, entre ses mains n'eut plus de vertu dans les mains de ses flatteurs les plus ardents. Fatio et Keill, comme Cotes, Moivre, Taylor et même Maclaurin, ne peuvent balancer les Bernouilli et Euler, en Allemagne, les D'Alembert, Clairaut, Lagrange et Laplace, en France. Au contact de Leibniz, on voit naître une génération puissante de mathématiciens habiles en Allemagne et en France, comme étaient nés en Italie, Torricelli, Viviani, Cavalieri et Ricci, sous l'inspiration de Galilée; et en Hollande, Schooten, Huyghens, Hudde et Sluse, sous le souffle de Descartes.—*Ibid.*

M. Lefort is by no means peculiar in the remark that Newton has made no disciples worthy of the name. The most illustrious investigators of modern times, including Humboldt, perhaps the fairest and most impartial of them all, have expressed their surprise at the same fact. But M. Lefort has not yet entirely concluded his parallel; his closing remarks are as follows, and it must be admitted that in the main they are correct: "Inferior to Newton," he says, "as to the appreciation of physical realities, and to the laws which govern natural phenomena, perhaps at least his equal in abstract speculations of mathematical analysis, Leibnitz was certainly superior to him in character. Newton inspires admiration; Leibnitz attracts more. In my opinion there is a world of passions and prejudices between the generous spirit who corresponded with Bossuet and dreamed of the reunion of all Christian communions, and the zealous sectary who commented on the Apocalypse and signalized the Church of Rome as the eleventh horn of the fourth beast of Daniel." *

Here it will be seen full justice is done to the genius of Newton; no effort is made to deprive him of the honor of any of his discoveries; it is not even insinuated that he did not discover the method of fluxions that bears his name. All that is found fault with is his alleged attempt to rob Leibnitz of the honor of his discovery, and his intolerant sectarian zeal. There is no reason why his most ardent admirers should be displeased at this; but if they will persist in being so they must blame many others as well as MM. Biot and Lefort; they must blame the greatest mathematicians and the most upright men of modern times. Nor do such men charge him with injustice to Leibnitz alone; they make a similar charge in regard to several others. All conceur that Newton owed much to Hooke in regard to almost every one of his discoveries. No one admired the labors of Newton more than Arago, but he has not shrunk on this account from criticising the great dis-

* "Inférieure à Newton quant au sentiment des réalités physiques et à l'esprit d'intuition des lois qui régissent les phénomènes naturels, peut-être au moins son égal dans les spéculations abstraites de l'analyse mathématique, Leibnitz lui était certainement supérieur par le caractère. Newton inspire l'admiration; Leibnitz attire davantage. Pour moi, il y a tout un monde de passions et de préjugés entre l'esprit généreux qui correspondait avec Bossuet et rêvait la réunion de toutes les communions chrétiennes, et le sectaire ardent qui commentait l'*Apocalypse* et signalait l'Eglise de Rome dans la onzième corne du quatrième animal de Daniel."—*Comen. Epistol.*, &c., Paris, 1858, p. 285 et seq.

coverer. In commenting on his *Optics*, of which he speaks in the highest terms, he remarks in passing: "One is sorry, for example, in a historical point of view, to see that Newton does not cite Hooke as having been the first who produced rings between two superposed lentils," &c.* Other instances of a similar kind are given by the same author, but we must refer the reader who wishes to see them to the volume of Arago's works from which we have just quoted. In Sir Isaac's own correspondence there is but too much evidence of his disposition to ignore the results obtained by, as well as to deny his own indebtedness to, them. In a letter written to Halley in 1683, he says: "Hooke has done nothing yet; he speaks as if he had sounded the depths of all science." Now let us see what some of his own countrymen, who knew him best, think of his disposition towards those whom he regarded either as opponents or rivals. No one knew him better than Whiston, who gives the following portrait of him: "Newton possessed the most timid character; he was the most cautious and most suspicious person I ever knew; and if he had been living when I wrote against his chronology I dare not have published my refutation, for from the knowledge I had of his habits I should have feared that he would kill me."

As an illustration of Newton's timidity, M. Arago relates the following anecdote, on the authority of Whiston: "Having been called, in 1714, before a committee of the House of Commons, in order that he might give his opinion verbally in regard to a bill relative to the determination of sea-longitudes, he declined to speak, but gave his advice in writing. Some members of the committee objected, but he said not a word in reply, when Whiston, placed behind his chair, cried out: 'Mr. Newton has some repugnance to make known his opinion, but I can affirm that he is in favor of the bill.' Newton then broke silence, but only to repeat what Whiston had just said, and the bill was adopted."† Arago was convinced that the timidity of the great philosopher was not confined merely to an unwillingness to speak in public; he very unequivocally expresses the opinion that he was physically as well as mentally timid. Thus he tells us in his *Notices*,

* "On est fâché, par exemple, au point de vue historique, de voir que Newton ne cite pas Hooke comme ayant le premier fait naître des anneaux entre deux lentilles superposées."—*Notices Biographiques*, par M. Arago, t. iii., p. 351.

† Arago's *Notices Biographiques*, tome iii., p. 234.

already quoted, that he was informed by Lord Brougham that during the war of Cevennes Newton wished to fight in the ranks of the Camisards against Marshal de Villiers, but that an unforeseen circumstance prevented him from carrying out that wish. "What!" adds Arago, "the timid Newton to permit himself to go to the battle-field, he who would not ride in a carriage in the streets of London, lest he might fall, without his arms being extended, and his hands being grappled in the carriage-doors each side!"*

Without further comment on the various testimony thus briefly quoted, we may remark, in general terms, that there is no reason to doubt the truth of the main facts alleged against Newton. But who will appreciate his immortal works a whit the less on this account? If there are any who would the less honor the memory of the great philosopher himself on account of them, we ask such to bear in mind that he had scarcely published his *chef-d'œuvre* when he was attacked with at least the premonitory symptoms of a malady which would have excused him in the minds of all thinking men, even had he committed positive crimes; for, notwithstanding all the arguments used by Brewster to the contrary, as if it had been a disgrace that Newton was so afflicted, nothing is more clearly proved than that he was subject to paroxysms of insanity. Indeed, his own letters prove the fact but too plainly—those very letters and other documents quoted by Brewster for the opposite purpose do so. Now let us see, as well as we can, how this calamity occurred.

In 1691, his mother died. Having always been much attached to her, he took her death so much to heart that he lost both his sleep and his appetite, and towards the autumn of the following year his health began rapidly to fail. While his constitution was thus feeble, he met with an accident which is often spoken of, but understood only by a few. It is related that one evening he went to church, and by mistake left a lighted taper on the desk in his study. During his absence his favorite dog Diamond upset the taper, which, setting fire to some papers, caused the fire alluded to. We are told that all the philosopher said on his return was, "Ah, Diamond, you little suspect how much harm you have done me." Whether he addressed the dog in this manner or not, it is generally agreed among those who have paid any atten-

* Notices Biographiques, tome iii., p. 335.

tion to the subject that the loss he sustained seriously affected his intellect. It was not until recently, however, that the matter was investigated; for those acquainted with the circumstances were unwilling to let the public know anything about it. M. Biot was the first who drew attention to it. It occurred to him as strange that, since Newton was forty-five years of age, he produced no new work on any branch of the sciences, whereas he lived to be eighty-five. His curiosity having been thus excited, he sought information wherever, from one end of Europe to the other, he thought it was to be found. Finally, he learned that Van Swinden, a Dutch physician, could give him more information on the subject; he communicated with that gentleman accordingly and received the following note in reply:

"There is, among the manuscripts of the celebrated Huygens, a small journal in folio, in which he used to note down different occurrences. It is note No. 8, in the catalogue of the Library of Leyden, page 112. The following extract is written by Huygens himself, with whose handwriting I am well acquainted, having had occasion to peruse several of his manuscripts and autograph letters: 'On the 29th of May, 1694, M. Colin, a Scotchman, informed me that eighteen months ago the illustrious geometer, Isaac Newton, had become insane, either in consequence of his too intense application to his studies, or from excessive grief at having lost by fire his chemical laboratory and several manuscripts. When he came to the Archbishop of Cambridge, he made some observations which indicated an alienation of mind. He was immediately taken care of by his friends, who confined him to his house, and applied remedies, by means of which he had now so far recovered his health that he began to understand the "*Principia*."' Huygens mentioned this circumstance in a letter to Leibnitz, dated June 8, 1694, in the following terms: 'I do not know if you are acquainted with the accident which has happened to the good Mr. Newton, namely, that he has had an attack of phrenitis, which lasted eighteen months, and of which they say that his friends have cured him by means of remedies and keeping him shut up.' To which Leibnitz replied in a letter, dated the 22d of June: 'I am very glad that I received information of the cure of Mr. Newton at the same time that I first heard of his illness, which, doubtless, must have been very alarming. It is to men like you and him, sir, that I wish a long life and much health, more than others, whose loss, comparatively speaking, would not be so great.'—*Letter of Van Swinden, Biog. Universelle*, tom. xxxi., p. 168.

This letter is highly important in more than one respect; the facts which it contains in relation to the insanity of Newton are fully corroborated by others which are equally well authenticated; it also shows that Leibnitz had no feeling towards Newton but those of a friend. Among several letters written by the great discoverer while he was laboring under this attack, the most remarkable are those which he

addressed to his friends, Locke and Pepys. That to the former is dated September 16, 1693, and is as follows :

"Sir—Being of opinion that you endeavored to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it as when one told me you were sickly and would not live, I answered, 'twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness, for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality in a principle you laid in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon, also, for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office or to embroil me. I am your most humble and unfortunate servant,

"Is. Newton."

Nothing can be more admirable than the reply of Locke to this ; it has been quoted in every country in Europe as a proof that the pursuit of literature is better calculated to develop all the faculties of the human mind than that of science, and it must be admitted that it affords a legitimate argument in favor of that proposition. It certainly contains more true philosophy and more of that useful ingredient called common sense, than any letter of Newton's :

"Sir—I have been, ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend, and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed what you tell me of yourself, had I had it from anybody else. And, though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good-will I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgement of the contrary as the kindest thing you have done me, since it gives me hopes I have not lost a friend I so much valued. After what your letter expresses, I shall not need to say anything to justify myself to you. I shall always think your own reflection on my carriage, both to you and all mankind, will sufficiently do that. Instead of that, give me leave to assure you that I am more ready to forgive you than you can be to desire it ; and I do it so freely and fully, that I wish for nothing more than the opportunity to convince you that I truly love and esteem you, and that I have the same good-will for you as if nothing of this had happened. To confirm this to you more fully, I should be glad to meet you anywhere, and the rather, because the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend it would not be wholly useless to you. But whether you think it fit or not, I leave wholly to you. I shall always be ready to serve you to my utmost, in any way you shall like, and shall only need your commands or permission to do it. My book is going to press for a second edition ; and though I can answer for the design with which I write it, yet, since you have so opportunely given me notice of what you have said of it, I should take it as a favour if you would point out to me the places that gave occasion to that censure, that, by explaining myself better, I may avoid being mistaken by others, or unawares doing the least prejudice to truth or virtue. I am sure you are so much a friend to them both, that, were you none to me, I could expect this from you. But I cannot doubt but you would do a great deal more than this for my sake, who, after all, have all the concern of a friend for you, wish you extremely well, and am, without compliment, &c.,
JOHN LOCKE."

—*Brewster's Life of Newton*, vol. ii., pp. 150, 151.

Although there is good reason to believe that Newton was still suffering from the sad malady when he received this reply, it is pleasant to know that it had its effect upon him. He writes but a brief note in reply, but this shows much more than it says. Newton was in no frame of mind to discuss the subject at any length, but he was sufficiently sensible of the wrong he had done his friend:

"Sir—The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemic, put me farther out of order, so that when I wrote to you I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. I am, your most humble servant,
"Is. NEWTON."

If it be said that Newton had entirely recovered at this time, then what he says relative to his "distemper," and what he thought produced it, must be regarded as having the more weight. The question is, then, does he not admit the insanity as unequivocally as any one similarly afflicted has ever done; for it is well known that there is nothing an insane man is more unwilling to do than to admit his insanity. But there is abundance of additional testimony. On the twenty-eighth of September of the same year, Mr. Pepys wrote to a friend of his at Cambridge, making inquiries about Newton's mental condition, assigning as a reason for doing so, that he had "lately received a letter from him so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that which, of all mankind, I should least dread from him—I mean, a discomposure in head or mind, or both." His friend duly acted on his suggestions, and replied on the thirtieth, telling him that he had met Newton at Huntington two days previously, "when," he says, "upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told he that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned, and added, that *it was a distemper which seized his head*, and that kept him awake for above five nights together, which, upon occasion, he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honor. He is now very well, and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it *hath* at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will." Now let us form an opinion of the letter itself:

"SIR—Some time after Mr. Millington had delivered your message, he pressed me to see you the next time I went to London. I was averse, but upon his pressing, consented before I considered what I did, for I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind. I never designed to get anything *by your interest*, nor by King James' favor, but am now sensible that *I must withdraw from your acquaintance* and see neither you nor the rest of my friends any more, if I may but leave them quietly. I beg your pardon for saying I would see you again, and rest, your most humble and most obedient servant."—*Brewster's Life of Newton*, vol. ii., chap. xvii., p. 142.

This shows that a man of Pepys' discrimination and intelligence could not have thought otherwise of the condition of Newton's mind than he did. Nor have we any evidence that he changed his mind afterwards: on the contrary, there is good reason to believe that neither he nor Locke could ever afterwards be convinced but that Sir Isaac was insane, at least for a short time. And at the present day this is the universal opinion among scientific men. Indeed, it is the prevailing opinion among all intelligent men, except among those readers of Brewster's "Memoirs," whose admiration is stronger than their judgment. Far be it from us to reflect on one who has himself done so much for science as Sir David, the author of these Memoirs. None admire his works or appreciate his labors more than we do ourselves; nor is there any life of Newton which we would recommend before his two fine octavos to those desiring to make themselves acquainted with all the discoveries of Newton, for no other work is so complete in this respect—in short, no other biographer has so nearly done for the great discoverer what Boswell has done for the great lexicographer. But the former has the fault of the latter to a greater extent, if possible, than he—that is, undue admiration.

No one could blame Sir David for admiring Sir Isaac; nay, he would be worthy of blame if he did not do so, as, indeed, every scientific man would. But he carries his admiration to extremes when he persistently denies what is as clearly proved as any proposition in Euclid. The very documents which he adduces himself to show that Newton was never insane, prove that he was without any further evidence. And he exhibits the same undue admiration, or rather indiscreet zeal, in relation to Sir Isaac's controversy with Leibnitz and others. His great mistake is, that he would have Newton perfect in all circumstances; altogether exempt from those intellectual and moral weaknesses which true philosophy must ever regard as more or less incident to human

nature, even in its most exalted state. In a word, Sir David Brewster ought to be one of the last to adduce elaborate arguments to show that men of genius are entirely free from the weaknesses of humanity; for there is scarcely a chapter in these volumes in which he does not exhibit such himself to a greater or less extent. Not wishing to give more than one additional instance, may we not ask, is it not a very decided weakness to conclude his voluminous biography with an elaborate effort to show that Newton was of Scotch origin, or that he was a lineal descendant of "—— Newton of that ilk," &c. ?* As evidence, he gives nothing of the kind worthy of the name, but the merest hearsay. What it shows, if it shows anything, is that there is no foundation for the statement. But supposing it had been otherwise, what of it? We refer to the circumstance merely as an illustration of the manner in which Sir David gives himself very much trouble as a biographer to very little purpose. The brothers Chambers, who are Scotchmen, too, but make no effort to claim Newton "as of that ilk," take a much more correct and philosophical view of the whole question. "It thus appears," they say "that in consequence of excessive study, or the loss of valuable papers, or both causes combined, the understanding of Newton was for about twelve months thrown into an intermittent disorder, to which the name of insanity ought to be applied. That his intellect never attained its former activity and vigor is made probable by the following circumstances. In the first place, he published, after 1657, no scientific work except what he then possessed the materials of. Secondly, he tells at the end of the second book of his 'Optics,' that though he felt the necessity of his experiments, or of rendering them more perfect, he was not able to resolve to do so, these matters being no longer in his way. And lastly, of the manuscripts found after his death, amounting, as we learn from Dr. Charles Hutton, to upwards of *four thousand sheets in folio, or eight reams of foolscap paper*, besides the bound books, of which the number of sheets is not mentioned, none was thought worthy of publication except his work on the 'Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms,' and 'Observations on the Prophecies.'"[†]

It is gratifying to know that, while it is thus clearly proved that Newton labored under attacks of insanity for at least a year and half, he spent nearly all the remainder of his long life in excellent health and spirits. There is every reason

* Brewster's "Life of Newton," vol. ii., p. 540, *et seq.*

† Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature, vol. i., p. 523.

to believe that for twenty-five years after his recovery he enjoyed as much happiness as most people. He was eighty years of age before his general health began to decline; even after this—during the five years that preceded his death, he had many long intervals of health.*

His final illness was supposed to be occasioned by stone in the bladder, which at times was attended with such paroxysms of pain as caused large drops of sweat to roll down his face. Until thus attacked, he always read and wrote for several hours of the day, but henceforth he was incapable of much application. In February, 1726, he thought himself so much recovered, however, that he went to London from his country residence at Kensington, in order to preside at a meeting of the Royal Society, to be held on the 2d of March. The fatigue of the journey proved too much for him. "He was taken ill," says Brewster, "on Friday, the 3d of March; he sent for Dr. Mead and Mr. Cheselden, who pronounced his disease to be stone in the bladder, and held out no hopes for his recovery. * * On the morning of Saturday, the 18th he read the newspapers and carried on a pretty long conversation with Dr. Mead. His senses and his faculties were still vigorous; but at six o'clock of the same evening he became insensible, and continued in that state during the whole of Sunday and till Monday, the 20th, when he expired without pain, between one and two o'clock in the morning."† in the eighty-fifth year of his age."†

It is almost superfluous to say that the highest honors were paid to the remains of Newton. His body was at once taken to London, where it lay in state for a day in the Jerusalem chamber, whence it was conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and buried near the entrance into the choir. The funeral was the grandest that had long been seen, even in that renowned place. The pall was supported by the Lord High Chancellor, the Dukes of Montrose and Roxburghe, and the Earls of Pembroke, Sussex, and Macclesfield, who were fellows of the Royal Society; and the burial service was read by the Bishop of Rochester, attended by the prebends and choir. Further than this, however, no public honor has been done him by the State; and we think it ought to have been different. It is true that he bequeathed

* Encore dans les cinq années suivantes que précéderent sa mort eut-il de grandes intervalles de santé, &c.—*Eloge de Newton*, par Fontenelle.

† Brewster's *Memoirs*, vol. ii., pp. 392, 3.

to his friends a large sum of money, which he had received from the treasury, but it is equally true that he had faithfully earned it. The amount is variously stated at from £32,000 to £40,000. It was equally divided between four nephews and four nieces, including Mrs. Barton, celebrated for her wit and beauty, who contracted a second marriage with J. Conduitt, who succeeded Newton as Master of the Mint. This is the lady with whom Lord Halifax is said to have been once in love; and hence the ill-natured remark of Voltaire, that the passion of his lordship for the pretty cousin of the philosopher had more to do with the nomination of the latter to the place of Director of the Mint than his infinitesimal series and gravitation.* At all events, the nephews and nieces who got this large sum felt it incumbent on them to pay a suitable tribute to his memory in the form of a monument, although, in common with a large portion of the public, they thought that it was the duty of the British Government to mark its appreciation of what he had done for science in some such way. The sum devoted to this purpose was £500. It was erected in 1731, in the most conspicuous part of Westminster Abbey—a place that had often been refused to the greatest of the nobility. It is a much more elegant and appropriate structure than one would expect for the amount it cost; but it is said that the sculptor did his part for nothing; and we think his is worth all the rest. Handsome youths, bearing in their hands the emblems of Sir Isaac's principal discoveries, are sculptured on the front of a sarcophagus, resting on a pedestal. One carries a prism, another a reflecting telescope, a third is weighing the sun and planets with a steel-yard, a fourth is employed about a furnace, and two others are loaded with money recently coined. On the sarcophagus is placed the figure of Sir Isaac in a cumbent posture with his elbow resting on several of his works. Two youths stand before him with a scroll on which is drawn a diagram of the solar system, and above that is a converging series. Behind the sarcophagus is a pyramid, from the middle of which rises a globe in *mezzo rilievo*, upon which several of the constellations are

* "J'avais cru, dans ma jeunesse, que Newton avait fait sa fortune par son extrême mérite. Je m'étais imaginé que la cour, et la ville de Londres l'avait nommé par acclamation grand maître des monnaies du royaume. Point du tout. Isaac Newton avait une nièce assez aimable nommée Madame Conduitt; elle plut beaucoup au grand Trésorier Halifax. Le calcul infinitésimal et la gravitation ne lui auraient servi de rien sans une jolie nièce,"—*Dict. Philos.*, tom. iv. p. 61.

drawn in order to show the path of the comet in 1681, whose period Sir Isaac had determined, and also the position of the solstitial colure mentioned by Hipparchus, and by means of which Sir Isaac had in his Chronology fixed the time of the Argonautic expedition. A figure of astronomy, as queen of the sciences, sits weeping on the globe, with a sceptre in her hand, and a star surmounts the summit of the pyramid.* Of all these figures only two can be fairly objected to as inappropriate or in questionable taste; we mean those of the two youths who are loaded with money newly coined. This allusion to the Mint had been better omitted; there was no need for it, and the ideas which it suggests are neither poetical nor sublime. The rest, however, are highly characteristic; they very happily portray to the intelligent observer what Newton has accomplished; and we may add, that if they leave anything obscure, the obscurity is entirely removed by the following epitaph inscribed on the monument, and of which we give a translation at the bottom of the page.

"Hic situs est
ISAACUS NEWTON, Eques Auratus,
Qui animi vi prope divina,
Planetarum Motus, Figuras,
Cometarum semitas, Oceanique Æstus,
Sua Mathesi facem preferente,
Primus demonstravit.
Radium Lucis dissimilitudines,
Coloremque inde nascentium proprietates,
Quos nemo antea vel suspicatus erat, pervestigavit.
Naturæ, Antiquitatis, S. Scripturæ,
Sedulus, sagax, fidus Interpres,
Dei Opt. Max. Majestatem philosophia asseruit.
Evangelii simplicitatem moribus expressit.
Sibi gratulentur Mortales, tale tantumque extitisse.
HUMANI GENERIS DECUS.
Natus xxv. Decemb. MDCLII. Obiit xx. Mar. MDCCXXVII.†

To this we need only add a few remarks on the Newtonian philosophy, as the author himself has explained it in the third book of his Principia. His corner-stone is the power

* Brewster, vol. ii., pp. 393-4.

† "Here lies Isaac Newton, Knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had even suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners he expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature."

of gravity; from this he deduces the structure of the universe, the motions of the planets and comets, and the theory of the moon and tides. It is a great mistake, however, that Sir Isaac was the original discoverer of gravity; what he has done is not to discover that law, but to demonstrate that it exists; nor can the difference be regarded as detracting in the least from his glory. In our articles on Kepler, Leibnitz, Laplace, and Galileo in former numbers of this journal, we have shown incidentally that other philosophers had a clear conception of the principle of gravitation before Newton's time. Hence it is that we could accept the story of the apple only as one of those fables that are more or less current in regard to all who have rendered themselves illustrious. Even Brewster is forced to admit that it is not authenticated. "The anecdote of the falling apple," he says, "is not mentioned by Dr. Stukely, nor by Pemberton, who conversed with Newton about the origin of his discoveries, and mentions the anecdote of Newton sitting in a garden."* Bethune, upon the other hand, after showing how much Kepler had thought of the nature of gravity, asks: "Who, after perusing such passages in the works of an author which were in the hands of every student of astronomy, can believe that Newton awaited for the fall of an apple to set him thinking for the first time on the theory which has immortalized his name? An apple may have fallen, and Newton may have seen it, but such speculations as those which it is asserted to have been the cause of originating in him, *had been long familiar* to the thoughts of every one in Europe pretending to the name of natural philosopher."† The biographer of Kepler might have added, that of all the great laws which govern the universe, there is not one that has been longer known than this; he might have told us that not only was it known to Copernicus, the illustrious reviver of the Pythagorean system, but that it was known to Pythagoras himself and to his disciples. Even Newton himself hardly speaks more plainly of the nature of gravity than Copernicus, where the latter calls it "a certain tendency with which the Divine Architect of the universe has crowned the particles of matter in order to render them capable of forming spheres."

But we may go much farther back for ideas on the subject

* Vol. ii., p. 416.

† Life of Kepler, by Drinkwater Bethune, p. 24.

which are equally clear. Timeus the Locrian, the organ of the Platonists, recognised the action of two forces—one projection, the other weight (the same as gravity), and he adds that these two forces are combined according to mathematical proportions.*

Diogenes Laertes assures us that Anaxagoras was acquainted with the same, for when he was asked what maintained the planets in their orbit he replied, that they were retained by the velocity of their motion. Still more unequivocal is the language of Plutarch, who compares the moon in its revolution round the earth to "a stone in a sling which is acted upon by two forces at once, the force of projection, which gives it a tendency to fly off at a tangent if it were not retained by the arm which agitates the sling, and thus represents the central force, which combined with the projectile force, causes it to describe a circle."† In the same work he speaks of "that force inherent in the earth and other planets which attracts all bodies that are subordinate to them." Again, in another philosophical work of his, he says that "the distances of the celestial spheres and the velocities of their revolutions, are proportional among themselves and in relation to all.‡

But if we return to the immediate predecessors and contemporaries of Newton, we shall find that many others had as good reason to philosophize on the fall of an apple as he. Galileo, who, as we have already remarked, died the same day Newton was born, had not only supposed, but demonstrated, that falling bodies obey an accelerating force, and that the space passed over is as the square of the time occupied in their fall. This, it must be admitted, makes a pretty near approach to the law of Newton. Galileo did not measure the exact rate of velocity attained by falling bodies; but Huygens did. The latter showed how, with the aid of a pendulum, one could ascertain how far a body falls the first second in a given latitude. Nor were these the only data furnished to Newton by Huygens on the velocity of falling bodies. That philosopher had also discovered that the velocity diminished in proportion as the body fell near the equator, when it attained its *minimum*; and that, on the contrary, it increased as it approached the poles, where it has its *maximum*.

But all these were understood only as isolated facts, which

* Timeus the Locrian, Estienne edition, pp. 95-6.

† De Facie in Orbe Lunæ.—*Plut.*

‡ De Animæ Procreatione.

were so simple and obvious that it was hardly worth while to devote much attention to them. It remained for the great mind of Newton to reduce the chaos to a system, and from a series of particulars to deduce the universal law that "the force of attraction of a body is equal to the amount of matter contained in that body, divided by the square of the distance." Now that this is known, it seems simple and easy enough; but, as Laplace, Euler, Lagrange, and D'Alembert have abundantly proved since Newton's time, of all astronomical laws it is the most important.

If the honor attaching to a discovery were to be estimated by its originality, Newton would be entitled to much more credit for his optics than for his law of gravitation, for his priority in the former is undisputed. So far as any one knows at the present day, he was the first who ever suspected that *light is not homogeneous, but that it is composed of rays of unequal refrangibility*; he was also the first who demonstrated that the cause of colors exists in the light itself and not in the media through which it passes. If, as in the case of gravity, we interrogate the ancients as to what they knew of the nature of light, we shall find very different results. Even the Stagirite had but a vague idea of it, for he defines it as the action of subtle, pure, and homogeneous matter.*

The Pythagoreans, who made the nearest approach to the truth, regarded colors as a mixture of the elements of light.† Plato did not allow so interesting a subject to escape his observation, but it would seem that he had not sufficient time to investigate it. "Yes," he exclaims, "if any one hopes to give an account of this admirable mechanism (the production of light by the effect of its rays), he would show that he entirely ignored the difference between the power of man and the power of God.‡ This fully justifies the highest praise bestowed on Newton, even in his epitaph, bearing testimony, as it does, in advance, to the energy of mind almost divine (*vis animi prope divina*), which is ascribed to him. What need is there, then, that we should deny his faults or his weaknesses? It should satisfy his most ardent admirers to remember that his genius was of the highest order, and that he will be honored by all ages as a benefactor of mankind.

* De Anima, ii., 7.

† Plutarch de Placit. Philosophorum.

‡ Plato in Timeus.

ART. V.—*Annual Catalogues of Colleges, Seminaries, etc.,*
1865, 1866.

THERE is no subject which we take up with more pleasure than that of education, especially when we feel we can say, as in the present instance, that the good cause is advancing in this country. Our readers will remember that we have paid more or less attention to most of our public institutions alternately. Even prisons and penitentiaries we have gone hundreds of miles to examine; we have taken similar pains with our lunatic asylums; and in each case we have pointed out abuses; we have criticised whenever criticism seemed deserved; but much more cheerfully have we awarded praise in those instances in which it was merited.

During the past year we have visited several institutions of different kinds, which we had formerly criticised; and the conclusion to which we have come is that, although there are still one or two which have not made any progress, the majority exhibit a decided improvement in their most important features. But what affords us most gratification is the fact that no institutions whatever have improved so much as our colleges. This is the best evidence that our civilization is advancing. It is true that some are apt to take a different view of the case. They think that because they have not been at college themselves, and have not the means or the disposition to send their sons to it, they have no interest in the matter. But they forget that the good work done at college has an influence on the smallest and most elementary school. If the college system be defective and inefficient, the primary school system will be defective and inefficient in proportion. However unwilling some may be to assent to this, it is just as certain as that the citizens who have but a scantily supplied reservoir cannot expect to have an abundant supply of water at their residences. If the latter want to increase the supply of water they must enlarge their reservoir; at least, they must convey more water to it by some means.

It is of importance that this should be fully understood, and it has been acted upon accordingly by the most enlightened nations. It is in accordance with this principle that the great universities of England, France, and Germany have been so richly endowed by men equally distinguished for

their learning, piety, and statesmanship. Those who only take a superficial view of the question regard universities like those of Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, the University of France, etc., as monopolies, because their wealth is so great. It is no more than might be expected, therefore, that they inveigh against those institutions as grievances against which the "people" have a right to complain. But except in degenerate times, or when weak men are in power, their complaints have no effect; on the contrary, in proportion as any European government has proved itself enlightened by its general policy has it evinced a disposition to increase the privileges and resources of its universities. In illustration of this we need only remark that, in almost every one of the principal nations of Europe, all publishers are bound by law to send a copy of each book they publish to each of two or three universities—that is, to those which are regarded as the best.

In countries like England, France, and Germany, where such large numbers of valuable works are issued annually, the college libraries are rapidly enlarged by this means alone. Nor does any intelligent publisher think that it is a very oppressive law which compels him to give away two or three copies of his publications in this way; we never knew one who did not think it was the easiest and best way to be taxed for the public good. It is in the same enlightened spirit those act who at their death bequeath large sums to colleges, and those who, before they have any idea of dying, found professorships or scholarships. These, too, are often abused because they did not give their money to the poor, or to some of their own friends who were perhaps in need of it; whereas, the truth is, that in nine cases out of ten they could not have turned their money to better account, or done more honor to themselves.

It may be urged that in Europe the college system has been too much favored; but we are convinced that until it is equally well favored in this country, both by the government and by private individuals, we cannot have such results from it as those produced by the European colleges. That a good design may be unsatisfactorily carried out, is known to all; those having the best intentions may overstep the bounds of reason and justice. This, it is alleged, is the case with the University of France; and it must be admitted that there are some grounds for the charges. We will here allude briefly to some of the laws of the University, but do so more with

the view of showing the importance attached to it by those who established it, than that of inquiring whether those laws are carried too far, or not. "The University," says M. Bastide, "has the pretension to represent *national unity* in all that touches education and instruction, properly so called. Such has been, in fact, the sentiment that presided at its establishment; a sentiment which we do not hesitate to say is *grand and salutary*. For if it is good that there exists for the judiciary order a corps destined to preserve the unity of jurisprudence of all the tribunals, it is still better that the State should possess an organ whose duty it may be to oversee the propagation of the sciences, and to preserve the moral and political doctrines to which France owes its existence as a nation."^{*}

Before we proceed any farther it may be well to remark that M. Bastide is one of the grumblers alluded to above; that is, one of those who think that the University has too many privileges, and may, therefore, be regarded as antagonistic to the interests of the people; nor can it be denied that he adduces some plausible arguments in support of his views. "A voluminous code," he tells us, "has been composed on this subject; but the provisions of all are embraced in these words: 'No one in France can fulfill certain functions without having passed through the halls of the University, or, at least, without having paid it tribute.'"[†]

Then he proceeds to comment on this. "All Frenchmen," he says, "are equally admissible to public employment; so says the charter. If you wish, however, to be a notary, lawyer, physician, registry clerk, or employé of the public forests, &c., you must first be a bachelor of arts. And in order to be a bachelor it is necessary to know the history of the Medes and of the Assyrians, the genealogy of the kings of Denmark, the geography of Strabo, the metaphysics of Kant and of Hegel, and twenty other things equally indispensable to the drawing of contracts for the sale and management of timber; and not only is it necessary to know

^{*} "L'université a la prétention de représenter l'unité nationale en tout ce qui touche l'éducation et l'instruction proprement dite. Telle a été, en effet, la pensée qui a présidé à son établissement, pensée que nous n'hésiterons pas à dire grande et salutaire. Car, s'il est bon qu'il existe pour l'ordre judiciaire un corps destiné à conserver l'unité dans la jurisprudence de tous les tribunaux, il l'est plus encore que l'Etat possède un organe dont la fonction soit de veiller à la propagation des sciences et de conserver les doctrines morales et politiques auxquelles la France doit son existence comme nation."

[†] "Personne en France ne saurait remplir de fonctions sans avoir passé par les filières de l'Université, ou tout au moins sans lui avoir payé tribut."

these things, but it is necessary, at least in principle, to have learned them from a certain person or in a certain place. Shut yourself up with your books, learn by dint of patience all that can be learned, you will not even be allowed the privilege of an examination. Be inspired by the Holy Ghost, like the Apostles, so that you are capable of preaching in all known languages, and they will not even deign to interrogate you on the principles of language and morality, provided the Holy Spirit, your master, is not an attaché of the University."*

This is the ridiculous side of the question; but there are few things great or good which may not seem to have absurd features. The best proof, however, that the design is good in this case is the fact, admitted by M. Bastide himself, that any student who can show that he has been instructed under the tuition of his father *has the privilege of being examined the same as if he had been a student of the University.*

That this system, as carried out, has faults and objectionable features, far be it from us to deny. But its advantages greatly preponderate; and whenever this can be said of any human system we are bound to accept it as good, at least until we get better. It will be readily acknowledged on reflection that the system complained of by M. Bastide has two important tendencies. First, it insures a support for the University, which enables it to furnish competent, properly trained persons for all positions of trust, especially for those of teachers. This obviates blundering, causes the public departments to be intelligently and accurately administered, and prevents the blind from leading the blind. We should remember that, in any enlightened nation, the lawyer, the physician, and the clergyman are supposed to have diplomas to entitle them to practise their respective professions; and is it of no consequence that one who undertakes to teach should have a diploma? Is it of no importance that the parent

* "Tous les Français sont également admissibles aux emplois publics. La Charte le dit. Voulez-vous cependant être notaire, avocat, médecin, receveur de l'enregistrement ou employé des eaux et forêts? il vous faut être préalablement bachelier es lettres. Or pour être bachelier il faut savoir l'histoire des Mèdes et des Assyriens, la généalogie des rois de Danemark, la géographie de Strabon, la métaphysique de Kant et de Hegel, et vingt autres choses tout aussi indispensables à la rédaction des contrats de vente et à l'aménagement des bois; et non-seulement il faut connaître ces choses, mais il est nécessaire, en principe du moins, de les avoir apprises d'une telle personne et dans tel lieu déterminé. * * * Soyez, comme les apôtres, illuminé du Saint-Esprit; qu'il vous rende capable de prêcher dans toutes les langues connues, et l'on ne daignera pas même vous interroger sur les principes de la linguistique et de la morale, attendu que le Saint-Esprit, votre maître, n'est pas agrégé de l'université."

should have some guarantee that the person to whose tuition he entrusts his son is qualified for the task? Must not the future lawyer, physician, and clergyman learn more or less from a tutor or school-teacher, except in those comparatively few instances in which they receive their tuition from their parents, who had in turn to be instructed by others? But what are those diplomas, &c., worth, if those who confer them had not the means to inculcate and sustain that knowledge which alone can give them force and vitality?

In short, if we turn to any age or nation that has attained a high degree of civilization we shall find that under one name or another it has liberally sustained the class of learned men who have devoted themselves to the highest grade of instruction. The reply made by Anaxagoras to Pericles when the statesman told the philosopher how much he valued his knowledge and how deeply he would have regretted his death, is just as applicable at the present day as it was thousands of years ago. "Ah! Pericles, those who have need of a lamp should take care to supply it with oil." There was not one of the various sects of philosophers that could have maintained its school in any efficient state without this "oil." Neither Plato nor Aristotle pretended to be able to teach and live without food; great and renowned as the Academy was, it was a human institution, and as such it could not exist for any lengthened period without support. The Athenians, although very wise in other respects, neglected to sustain their academies in a manner commensurate with their importance; and it was in vain they were warned that the beginning of this neglect, or indifference, would prove the beginning of the nation's decline; but never was a prediction more literally fulfilled. Need we say that this principle, too, is quite as applicable to our time as it was to that which succeeded the age of Pericles?

While examining the educational systems of the ancient and modern world, we have been convinced that the best educators are the ministers of religion and those pious fraternities who devote their lives to the cause of education. This has proved true in all ages. The Assyrians, Egyptians, and Hindoos owed all their learning to their priests. In each country the priests were the highest class of instructors; they were the heads of the great schools, which, no matter what names they have received, corresponded with the colleges and universities of the present day. It was from these priests the most learned of the Greeks obtained the

knowledge in which they excelled their own countrymen. This was true, for example, of Pythagoras, who was the first to promulgate in Europe the heliocentric system of astronomy, which has been revived by Copernicus, who, be it remembered, was also a priest; and it was from the Egyptian priests the same philosopher obtained the data which enabled him to demonstrate the important proposition on the properties of a right-angled triangle which bears his name. Then his associates in his celebrated school were strictly a religious fraternity, who devoted their lives to education. The influence which this fraternity has exercised on the development of the human mind it would now be impossible to estimate at its proper value; but it is admitted by all who have investigated the subject that it has been immense.

It may be doubted whether all the other philosophical sects put together did as much good in their time as the Pythagorians. It is a fact worthy of thoughtful reflection that, much as it has been the fashion from time to time among a certain class to inveigh against "priestly influence," that in no country have philosophers been put to death for their opinions while the ministers of religion had charge of the higher class of educational institutions. This is true even of Athens. It was but recently before the time of Pericles that the priests of Apollo had ceased to be the chief instructors of the Athenians; although it was they who prepared the way for men like Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. As long as the ministers of religion retained the educational ascendancy they restrained the people from acts of violence. Indeed, experience proves that they are seldom, if ever, disposed to violence against their spiritual instructors, no matter how new or strange the doctrine is which they teach them; and the reason is obvious enough. There are scarcely any so ignorant and ill-disposed but that they will accept as good from those in whom they have confidence what they would spurn as evil from those on whose doctrines they look at best with suspicion. Had Socrates been a minister of the popular religion he never would have been executed. For the same reason Plato, Aristotle, and many other philosophers had to go into exile in order to save their lives; for the priests who could have controlled the people having long previously been deprived of their chief resources had now become ignorant themselves, and consequently powerless; or if they still exercised any influence their altered condition made it adverse rather than favorable to the objects of popular dislike.

Modern experience has taught the same lesson to all who know how to profit by it. There are far too many who forget that the best literary institutions in the world at the present day have been established by clergymen and religious fraternities. This is true both of Cambridge and Oxford in England, as well as of the principal similar institutions of France and Germany. When we say that the ministers of religion and those who aid them in carrying out their plans are the best educators, we make no distinction of sect, except so far as those of one may be better educated and may pay more attention to education as a body than those of another. But every intelligent Protestant readily admits that it is the Catholics who are entitled to this distinction. Not only is it they who have founded the best colleges; it is they also who have given the best instructions in them. We Protestants can boast of no such religious fraternities as those Catholics to whose efforts education owes so much in every country in Europe that has attained any high degree of civilization. Because nothing human, however good in itself, endures forever, or is without its faults even in its best days, it is the habit of the thoughtless, and narrow-minded to disparage both the work and the workman of other days, especially if the religious views of the latter were different from their own.

In illustration of this we need only mention how the monks are spoken of at the present day. Not only is there no gratitude felt towards them for their generous and untiring efforts for the benefit of literature and science, but they are abused as if they had done us evil rather than good. Take the Benedictines as an example. Their founder, St. Benedict, commenced his labors by enjoining that his followers collect books wherever they could find them.

If the results of this order were stated in plain figures they would seem incredible; suffice it to say that to it we owe some of the most valuable intellectual treasures we possess, for there is every reason to believe that had no such order been given they would have been lost forever. In a history of the Benedictines now before us, the author of which is a Protestant, we are told that "Pope John XXII., who died in 1334, after an exact inquiry, found that, since the first rise of the order, there had been of it 24 popes, near 200 cardinals, 7,000 archbishops, 15,000 bishops, 15,000 abbots of renown above 4,000 saints, and upward of 37,000 monasteries. There have been likewise of this order 20 emperors and 10 empresses, 47 kings and above 50 queens, 20 sons of emperors

and 48 sons of kings, about 100 princesses, daughters of kings and emperors; besides dukes, marquises, earls, countesses, etc., innumerable. *The order has produced a vast number of authors and other learned men. Their Rabanus set up the school of Germany. Their Alcuin founded the University of Paris. Their Dionysius Exiguus perfected ecclesiastical computation. Their Guido invented the scale of music; their Sylvester the organ. They boast to have produced Anselm, Ildefonsus, and the venerable Bede.** Now, if some of the individuals of the order who accomplished all this and a good deal more erred in some things, should we condemn all? What could be more unjust than any such condemnation? Yet this is precisely what is done. There are a large number of well-meaning people, even in the United States, who have no patience with "Monks," conscientiously believing that they are bad and dangerous men; although it is pleasant to add that the number is rapidly diminishing. When the most bigoted learn that even Luther was a monk, and that there was not one of his fellow-reformers, from Calvin and Melancthon to Knox and Latimer, who was not educated by monks, they must admit that the instructions of the monks were not so dangerous after all.

The experience of the present day, as well as that of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and of all antiquity, proves that clergymen and religious brotherhoods are the most successful educators. They are the most successful at Cambridge and Oxford, as well as at Heidelberg and Louvain; and are they not the most successful in this country among all denominations? We need not go beyond the University of the city of New York for an illustration. Of the several lay chancellors of that excellent institution not one has inspired so much public confidence or accomplished so much good, as the Rev. Dr. Ferris, the venerable and learned gentleman who has occupied that position for the last ten years. When he was placed at its head its prospects were precarious in every respect; now there is not one of our colleges in a more prosperous condition. We might give several other instances, though none so striking as this. We do not mean, however, that every clergyman makes a better chancellor, president, or professor, than a layman. We could not say so, for example, in the instance of the Rev. Dr. Barnard, President of another New York college, most kindly dis-

* History of the Benedictine Monks. By Henry C. Metcalf, A. M., F. R. S. London. 1858.

posed as we feel towards that gentleman. Our sincere desire to see that institution improve constrains us to say that, although we thought Chancellor King was by no means the right man for Columbia, we are now convinced, that upon the whole, he was much superior to his successor. The latter gets up a better catalogue than the former—that is, one containing fewer grammatical errors and fewer violations of good taste; but we know nothing else that he has done better, or is capable of doing, for the college, except perhaps to deliver up a prayer that God may do for the institution what he cannot do himself. This, however, is but an exception; besides, the gentleman alluded to is not so old but that he may improve. Perhaps he has not yet entirely realized the fact that one may be qualified enough to take charge of a new college or academy down in Mississippi and yet not be fully calculated for the corresponding position in one of the most ancient literary institutions on this continent.

We may then regard it as a fact, proved by the experience of all ages, that the most successful educators are the ministers of religion. The next question is, what ministers are the best as a body? Our unhesitating reply is, the Jesuit Fathers. Competent judges of all denominations admit this, and give ample reasons for their opinion. On former occasions we have done so ourselves.* Suffice it to say now, that the fact that the Jesuits, more than any other body of clergymen of any denomination, devote their lives to teaching, is quite sufficient by itself to account for their superiority. We do not say that it is because they are clergymen they are thus successful; we think that, next to their making teaching a profession to be pursued through life, the chief element in their success is their being a religious body who are much more anxious to do good than to earn money, or even to enjoy the ordinary comforts of life. In this opinion we are fully sustained by the history of the Benedictines in the past and by the results accomplished by the Christian Brothers in our own time.

As the latter are not so well known in this country as they deserve to be, we will give a brief account of their origin. The founder of the order was John Baptist de La Salle, who was born at Rheims, in France, April 30, 1651. Both his paternal and maternal relatives belonged to the *noblesse*; his father was a counsellor who had ample means,

* See Nat. Quar. Rev. for September, 1865.

and he spared no pains to secure his son a thorough education. After having studied several years at the university of his native city, young La Salle finished his education at the celebrated seminary of St. Sulpice, at Paris. Returning to Rheims, at the age of seventeen, he received the degree of D.D. from the University, and was appointed canon of the cathedral; at the age of twenty he was ordained a priest.

It gave him much pain in his daily walks to see how profoundly ignorant were the poor; and he decided at once to found an order whose members would devote themselves especially to the instruction of poor children. He commenced the good work in 1679; and his well-known piety and benevolence inspired a degree of confidence in his motives and efforts which soon gained him many disciples. In order to set a good example he resigned his canonry in favor of a poor ecclesiastic; he also disposed of his patrimony for the benefit of the unfortunate; and, having thus made himself as poor as the poorest, he assumed the duties of an humble schoolmaster. Like every reformer he encountered much opposition; but the more he was opposed the harder he worked. Nor was he discouraged or induced to swerve from his purpose when some of the higher clergy were prevailed upon by a large body of teachers to express opinions adverse to his great project. Finally he succeeded in establishing a central institute at Rouen; and before his death, which took place in 1719, he had the gratification of seeing the Brothers' schools established in all the principal cities of France, including the capital.

Six years after his death his labors received, as they well deserved, the formal approval of the Pope. As a further testimony of the good he had done he was beatified by Gregory III., and he was finally canonized by Pius IX.,* the present Pope. The most zealous even of the Huguenots venerated the Abbé de La Salle as a truly good and great man and the best educator of his time; one the value of whose labors for the amelioration of mankind it would be impossible to over-estimate. He was as much distinguished for his learning and modesty as for his piety and benevolence; indeed, the testimony of all is that a more modest, unassuming man never lived. His disciples are now to be met with in all parts of the world, and certain it is that they are worthy of him—there are no better men. The number now

* Nouvelle Biog. Générale; art. Jean Baptiste de la Salle. Tome xxix., p. 725.

occupied in teaching in France, Algiers, England, Ireland, Italy, the United States, &c., exceeds eight thousand*; but they possess so many of the best characteristics of their great founder that they are known only by the good they do, and only to those whose gratitude they have well earned as instructors. The large majority are engaged in teaching the poor, but the rest conduct high schools, academies, and colleges, which are not surpassed in their kind by any others—a fact of which we will give an illustration or two before we close. The Abbé de La Salle is the author of several works on education which still continue to be republished. Among the most remarkable and characteristic are *Les Règles de la Bénéfice et de la civilité chrétienne*; *Conduite des Ecoles Chrétiennes*; *Les douze Vertus d'un bon Maître*. Thus, among other good things, La Salle inculcated decorum and civility as Christian duties, and there are none who have bestowed sufficient attention on the institutions conducted by his disciples who will not readily admit that in nothing else have his lessons been more fully carried out.

The fact that La Salle was a Frenchman reminds us of another French monk, whose character also contributes strongly to prove the justness of our views in regard to the influence of the monastic orders on our civilization. We allude to Gerbert, who was born of poor parents in the small town of Auvergne. While being educated for charity at the Abbey of Avallac, and yet a mere boy, he attracted the attention of his superiors, among others the Count of Barcelona, who took him into Spain. Here he learned mathematics, astronomy, and physics, together with several languages, including the Arabic, which he spoke with the fluency of a Saracen. He established a school in the very town where La Salle was born, in which he taught logic, music, astronomy, and several languages. While not engaged at his school he delivered free lectures to his countrymen, to prove to them that learning would serve them much more than the field sports which they then carried to excess. At the same time he wrote a work on rhetoric, which is still extant; he invented a clock, and an organ played by steam.

Being pious as well as learned and ingenious, he was appointed Abbot of Bobbio, and it was he who wrote the celebrated speech delivered by the Bishop of Orleans at the Council of Rheims, a speech in which he did not scruple to criticise even the popes. Speaking of one of the popes he

* See *Vie de La Salle*, par l'Abbé Carron.

says: "The pontiff who so sins against his brother—who, when admonished, refuses to hear the voice of counsel, is as a publican and a sinner." Indeed, this was one of his mildest remarks; yet only a few years elapsed before he was Archbishop of Rheims himself. A few years later he was appointed to the more important archbishopric of Ravenna, and finally, in 999, on the death of Gregory V., he was elected Pope, under the name of Sylvester II.

Now, here was a monk whose parents were so poor that they could not afford him even the rudiments of education; but what sensible person thought the less of him on this account? The monks did not, for they made him Abbot; Hugh Capet, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty, did not, for he appointed him preceptor of his son Robert; and he was also the tutor of the Emperor Otho III. We might give many other examples more or less illustrious; but we think these will suffice to show how foolish is the prejudice that leads well-meaning, but narrow-minded and thoughtless men to believe that it is comparatively useless if not dangerous to entrust monks or the members of religious orders with the education of their sons; and we do not hesitate to add that the remarks we have applied to religious fraternities as educators of young men apply with equal force to religious sisterhoods as educators of young women.

From the influence of education on religion and morality, as well as on national prosperity and individual comfort, it is evident that the higher ecclesiastics of all Christian denominations should regard it as a duty to encourage it as much as possible; and we believe that, in general, they act accordingly. We do not know that the Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, or Unitarians, are particularly negligent in this respect; we are sure the Episcopalians or Catholics are not. Inasmuch as the Catholics of this country are less numerous and for obvious reasons possess less material wealth and less intelligence than other denominations, it becomes necessary that their superior clergy should take particular pains to encourage them to support their colleges and high schools; and we cheerfully admit that, in general, they do so.

We know no dignitary of any church who attends more commencements than the present Archbishop of New York; nor do we know any one who exhibits more patience at the examinations which sometimes take place on those occasions. This is good and commendable; but it seems to us that his Grace should do something more than merely attend and

look on. Seeing that he is in the habit of addressing audiences, and consequently practised in public speaking, ought he not to make an encouraging speech to the students—one which would also show their parents and guardians how to appreciate what they have learned, and induce others to profit by their example? We beg leave to think that he should also encourage the professors. We are of opinion that if he took the humblest of them by the hand in the presence of his pupils and told him that he was engaged in a noble and honorable work, he would not lower his dignity in the slightest degree, but rather the contrary; while the moral effect on the students, produced in an instant, would be really greater than if he had sat for hours without uttering a word.

If we are wrong in this some of the most learned and distinguished prelates of modern times have erred. More than once we have seen Archbishop McHale take a poor schoolmaster, who knew neither Greek nor Latin, nor the higher mathematics, by the hand, and thank him cordially in the presence of his pupils for the good he was doing. This he would do after electrifying an audience of thousands, a large number of whom were Protestants, who came leagues to hear him speak, or perhaps after translating one of Moore's Melodies, or one of Homer's battle scenes into Irish. The late Cardinal Wiseman never entered a seminary of any kind without rendering himself as agreeable as possible to all, Protestant as well as Catholic, whom he happened to meet there; and still more emphatically may the same be said of the present Archbishop of Paris.

Nor is this by any means a new habit on the part of the dignitaries of the Catholic Church. When the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey learned that the foreign professors, including Erasmus, who introduced the Greek language into Cambridge University, were hooted at in the public streets, and even assaulted with missiles, he went down from London for the express purpose of taking those very professors through the city of Cambridge; and, while doing so, he placed himself between the two who were most obnoxious, with his arms entwined in theirs. This had more effect than the most eloquent sermon; not one of the "heretic" or "infidel" professors was molested after that. The same feeling was evinced by Leo X. in a thousand instances. The humblest votary of literature, science, or the arts, might calculate with the utmost certainty on the friendship of that illustrious pontiff. When Cardinal Bagio complained to him that Michael Angelo had placed him

in an offensive position in the famous painting of the Last Judgment, imploring that he would extricate him, his Holiness asked in what part of it. "In hell," replied the angry cardinal. "I am sorry for it," said the Pope; "if it had been in purgatory then there might be a remedy, but in hell—*nulla est redemptio*." Leo knew how the matter was. The cardinal had offended the artist by treating him in a cavalier manner; and, in return, the artist bestowed on him an immortality which he would have given all he was worth to set aside.

We are quite aware that we need not have gone to the Old World to prove that high and distinguished dignitaries of the Catholic Church have been zealous friends of education and educators. We need not have gone beyond the late Archbishop of New York for an illustration of our views. We have often gone to hear Archbishop Hughes speak; but we have never heard him utter more eloquent or more enthusiastic words, or words that have done more good, than at a college commencement; and we do not think that Archbishop McHale, or any other European prelate, was more friendly or more cordial to teachers than the same dignity. We have never heard either Archbishop Kendrick or Archbishop Spaulding, but we have read sufficient from the pen of each to convince us that there are no two European archbishops of the present day with whom they are not worthy of comparison in learning and intellectual ability. Dr. Kendrick's translations of the Pentateuch are as much distinguished for their Christian liberality as for the profound erudition which they exhibit, and which has elicited high praise from the most eminent European scholars.

Another work which would have done credit to an archbishop of any age or country is Dr. Spaulding's "History of the Protestant Reformation." It is characterized throughout by an enlightened, conciliatory, cosmopolitan spirit; and we need hardly say that its arguments are not the less logical and persuasive on this account. No one could have taken a warmer interest in the great cause of education than Dr. Kendrick, nor could any one have taken more pains to encourage teachers in their onerous labors; if any one could, he would have been excelled in this respect by his successor, Dr. Spaulding. But let us consider the difference between Baltimore and New York. How much wider is the field of the latter? how much greater are the resources, and consequently how much more good can be done here than there?

And in proportion as good can be done, it is incumbent on those who can do it to exert themselves. This Archbishop Hughes understood well; he worked and toiled accordingly, and the results are well known.

The Bishops of Boston and Hartford have pursued the same course; it was one of the former,* be it remembered, who founded one of the best colleges in the United States; † and it cannot be denied that his successors, especially the late Bishop Fitzpatrick and his successor, Bishop Williams, have contributed much to its success by bearing cheerful and eloquent testimony to its superior merits as a literary institution. Nor is it alone the bishops of the diocese in which it is situated that have thus interested themselves in its behalf; Bishop McFarland of Hartford, whose calm, persuasive reasoning has often been heard in its classic halls, may claim a full share of the credit of what has been thus done. Be it remembered that it is not merely the students and their parents and friends who are influenced by these attentions and efforts on the part of the dignitaries of the Church. The public at large—Protestant and Catholic—are influenced. While the Holy Cross College was comparatively neglected in this way the Legislature of Massachusetts persistently refused to grant it a charter; but when the opposite feeling was evinced, and it was seen that those who had most influence over the Catholic population, not only of Massachusetts, but also of some of the adjoining States, were earnestly in favor of the institution, the highest officers of the commonwealth took pleasure in attending its annual commencements; and as soon as the charter was again called for it was readily and cheerfully given.

Now, with all due deference to the piety and learning which we are quite willing to suppose his Grace the Archbishop of New York to possess, we are of opinion that if these right reverend gentlemen had merely gone to the college in a formal or official way, and, like Brahmins bound to remember their caste, sat there for a certain number of minutes or hours without uttering a word, that could be heard, to students, professors, or audience, either before or after the examination or exhibition, as his Grace generally, if not invariably does, the institution would not now be unsurpassed, as it is, among the Catholic colleges of the United States, and regarded with the highest respect by a people, who, whatever may be their faults or prejudices,

* Bishop Fenwick.

† That of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.

are better judges of a good education than the inhabitants of any other State in the Union.

We have certainly no personal feeling against Archbishop McClusky; he could not have slighted us in any manner, since we have never asked any favor of him directly or indirectly; never addressed him in any way, or been so near him that he could treat us with either courtesy or discourtesy. Had it been otherwise we should have found abundant consolation in the fact that we have been honored by the cordial friendship, as well as the courtesy, of prelates, both Catholic and Protestant, much more distinguished than his Grace of New York, including Archbishop Hughes and Archbishop Whately. We think that if we went to Rome to-morrow we could find cardinals enough who would converse cordially with us, and with the full knowledge of our being a heretic; nay, we think that even his Holiness would condescend to have a brief chat with us; and perhaps we could speak as pure and expressive Latin to either as the Archbishop of the great metropolis of the West. The simple truth is, then, that although our business has never been that of a professional teacher or professor, we confess we have so warm a sympathy for those worthy of the name, for the good they do, that it always pains us to see them slighted or treated as if they were mere lackeys, whereas it affords us sincere pleasure to see them encouraged by those whose encouragement is of any use.

We may be entirely mistaken in thinking that his Grace is disposed to treat professors rather cavalierly; we are very willing to believe that although appearances are against him he means well; and yet we strongly suspect that Michael Angelo would have placed him at least in purgatory, and that Leo X. would have allowed him to get a pretty good singeing before he liberated him. Having never seen Archbishop McClusky until we saw him at some of our commencements, we really thought that those who informed us that he was the successor of Archbishop Hughes must be mistaken. Not that there is anything in his personal appearance which is not gentlemanly; we drew our conclusion solely from his remaining silent all the time, and his doing nothing more than to hand out the diplomas and prizes at the close, when requested to do so. That we were not peculiar in making this mistake many would admit from their own experience. We will mention one circumstance which may be regarded as illustrative of the fact. A day or

two after our being present at a commencement we happened to take up one of our morning papers; we found that it gave a fair account of the exercises, and that the only mistake of the honest reporter was to have said that at the close of the proceedings "the diplomas were distributed by the *sub-bishop*." This tended to confirm us in our doubts as to the identity of the archbishop, and in order to remove all uncertainty we inquired of a gentleman who knew his Grace well, and he assured us it was he, and no "*sub-bishop*," we had seen. It might do very well in Albany to be mistaken for a sub-bishop or a bishop *pro tempore*, but in New York it would be much better to be mistaken for a cardinal; not a Bagio however, but a Wolsey, a Bembo, a Richelieu, or a Wiseman.

It will be remembered that this time twelvemonth we prefaced our "commencement" article with some remarks on systems of teaching; we have thought, therefore, that we could better serve the cause of classical education on the present occasion by urging those of all denominations whose duty it is to exercise their influence earnestly in favor of those colleges which prove by their works that they deserve to be sustained. We have never been so sanguine as to expect to please all; nor do we desire to please any, high or low, pompous or otherwise, except those whom we believe to deserve it. If we merely consulted our disposition we would speak approvingly rather than otherwise; but when we think that soft words would be injurious to a great cause, while hard words would serve it, then we decidedly prefer the latter, let who will be satisfied with them.

In speaking of colleges we observe the same course which we do in the treatment of other subjects; that is, we choose those which are least known as a class to the general public. In this country the Catholics who have the means to contribute to the support of colleges form but a small minority of our citizens. We therefore do all we can to aid and encourage them. If writing in France, or Austria, where the Protestants are in the minority, we would most decidedly aid them in the same way, to the best of our ability, if they took similar pains to establish good institutions of learning. It requires no argument to prove that what is not favored by the large majority, but rather opposed, is not favored by the press. The press of this country is as liberal as any in the world, yet not one journal notices the commencements of Catholic colleges for every twenty that notice the colleges of

other denominations, and the number that do the former justice, even when they do give reports of them, form a smaller proportion still. This we think neither right nor fair, and accordingly, we try to remedy the evil as best we can.

The New York institution which we rank next to the University of the City is Manhattan College; and the President of the latter is the only one of the heads of such institutions in this State whom we think worthy of comparison with the Chancellor of the former, in all the qualities which constitute a successful educator. One as well as the other is actuated by that genuine Christian charity which makes no sectarian distinctions in education; one as well as the other possesses a vigorous, well-trained intellect, and an incredible amount of well digested multifarious knowledge, and is enthusiastically devoted to the great cause in which he is engaged; one as well as the other combines the urbanity and cheerful courtesy of the true gentleman, with the unassuming modesty of genuine worth; and one as well as the other has firmly established an institution which was in a tottering state when he took charge of it, and has elevated its character to the highest grade in the estimation of all competent judges who know anything of it. One is a zealous minister of the Dutch Protestant Church; the other is a zealous Catholic and the head of the Christian Brothers in America; but to see either in the class-room no one could tell anything more about his religion than that he is a true Christian, except that the President of Manhattan wears the usual long black robe of his order.

To this we need hardly add that the good and amiable De La Salle, who gave up titles, academical honors, church preferments, even the patrimony that he derived from his ancestors, so that his labors and example might have the greatest possible influence on the great cause which he had at heart, is well represented in this country by the gentleman who refuses to assume any more high-sounding name than Brother Patrick, without either prefix or affix. We may call him a monk if we will, but a monk of the intellectual and educational stamp of Gerbert, who was the first to teach a classical and scientific school in France, who with his own hands made a clock, a globe, and an astrolabe, and whose experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy at the Vatican were so wonderful that the ignorant and degenerate Italians of his day regarded him as a magician.

Manhattan College is one of the very best institutions whose commencements we have been able to attend during the past season. We were present at the most important of the public examinations, which occupied four days; but it is needless for us to give details. We address ourselves to a class who do not require to be told every little incident in order to understand whether the work done is good, bad, or indifferent. When we wish to give our readers a correct idea of the results accomplished, or the progress made at an institution which we have not been able to attend, then we have to avail ourselves of the reports of the most intelligent and impartial papers we can find. What the results of college examinations show can be briefly stated, and at the same time be abundantly intelligible. At Manhattan both the classics and the sciences are thoroughly taught. We have seen no better Latin students at any institution, European or American, than the six young gentlemen who were graduated at the last commencement; namely, John P. McClancy, Robert O. Glover, James J. Delany, Michael J. Murphy, John J. Kean, and Thomas F. Lynch. Not only could all these translate any Latin classic with facility, but they also proved that they could speak the language fluently to any one capable of addressing them in it in a proper manner; at the same time they evinced an acquaintance with Greek which would have qualified them in that department as members of the graduating class at any institution in this country. Nowhere have we seen more competent examiners than at this institution; but there is seldom an examination anywhere at which some do not appear in that capacity, who, for their own credit's sake, had better keep their questions to themselves until they learn more; for, in spite of their characteristic good manners, the students have sometimes to smile rather significantly when addressed in a sort of Latin that would remind one of Tom Moore's distinguished foreigner, who,

"As old Chambaud's shade stood mute,
Spoke such French to the Institute
As puzzled those learned Thebans much,
To know if 'twas Sanscrit or High Dutch."

The best Greek examiner we have met among the visitors at Manhattan is the Rev. Father Kinsella, of Westchester; we were, therefore, sorry to find that he was a little late in arriving at the last commencement. His questions on the Greek verb in its various dialects, at the previous examina-

tion, recalled some of the best we had ever heard on either side of the Atlantic; and may we not hope that we shall hear more of them on future occasions? Another good and modest examiner is the Rev. Father Breen. Neither of these gentlemen is either hurried or excited in proposing his questions, whether in Latin or the vernacular; they are both calm and thoughtful, and at the same time their genial manner is so encouraging that the students readily understand and answer them. We always observe Dr. Ives, ex-Protestant bishop, among the visitors on the platform. No dignitary of the Church is more respected by the Catholics; and it must be admitted that his conduct and manners are such as to entitle him to the respect of all. Far from assuming any airs, he is affable and courteous to all whom he meets, and yet much more dignified than those who affect to tower above those around them. He is earnestly devoted to education, and seems to take a particular interest in the success of Manhattan College.

In no other college in this country is there more attention paid to the mathematics and the natural sciences. This feature of it is so strongly marked that the institution may justly be regarded as combining the advantages of a college, properly so called, and of a polytechnic institute. Several of the professors, together with the President and Vice-President, are fine mathematicians—gentlemen who would be regarded as such in any part of Europe. To us the best proof of this has been in the remarkable facility with which the students solved the most difficult propositions proposed by different examiners at the late commencement. Yet in nothing do they distinguish themselves more than in English literature. We certainly exaggerate nothing when we say that at no other college, in Europe or America, have we heard better original essays read, or abler extemporaneous addresses delivered. The valedictory address delivered by Mr. John P. McClaucy pleased us so well that we requested a copy of it in order that we might present our readers at least an extract from it to show what a young man of sixteen or seventeen can do when possessed of talent, and under good training. Accordingly, we make room with great pleasure for the following passage, only premising that a more exemplary student in every respect, or a more brilliant one, we have never met, than the author.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I come here to address you agitated by so many different feelings that I fear I shall be incoherent in the few remarks I am about to make, especially as the excitement awakened in a student's

breast when he comes forward to be examined in public is such as to preclude that calmness and reflection which are necessary for all who would address a learned and critical audience. Perhaps there are many here present who were once placed in the same position that I am this evening, who are wont to look back with pleasure, after the cares and troubles of life, to that youthful period 'whose every sport could please,' and whose very sorrows possessed more charms than the pleasures of after years.

"To many this evening's exercises may recall the time when their success at college gladdened a father's or a mother's heart; when they, too, were surrounded by friends, relatives, and companions who were dear to them, but whom death has snatched from them, one by one. If there are any such here present, they, at least, I am sure, will sympathize with young men now about to be ushered into the world; when they are to leave that institution in which so much care has been lavished on them; when that society so strongly knit together by time is to be broken up, and when the care of those professors, to whom they have been accustomed to look up with confidence for advice and assistance in all their difficulties, is to be withdrawn from them.

"There is not a single part of the institution which for us is not connected with some pleasing association; the class-room with its mental strife and generous emulation; the play-ground with its many sports; the exhibition-room with its chit-chat, and circles of warm debate, and strains of enlivening music; the dormitories where Morpheus, ever kind, came at our first appeal, and was a solace to all our little troubles.

"How endeared have we become to each other! Our studies, our plays, the same, always rendered pleasant by that generous spirit of emulation which gives to the mind its most healthy and active tone; not a bickering spirit which engenders enmity, but a spirit of rivalry in excelling; it was the wrestling of the forum where the struggle adds to the strength of both combatants, and where it is not humiliating to be worsted by a superior mind, provided we have fought nobly and in proportion to our capacity.

"A thousand little favors and aids performed for each other have served to bind us more closely together, so that this day, although a day of rejoicing, a day of triumph and congratulation, is still somewhat saddened by the thought that this little society will be broken up; that those who formed it will be separated, perhaps forever; that they will be called upon to enter on widely different avocations. From this very circumstance our alma mater has sought to teach the lesson that in this world every rose has its thorn; that our very joys are tinged with sorrow; that our meetings, no matter how joyful, will be saddened by the thought that they must soon be broken up; that we can never hope for joy, pure and unmixed, till we meet where there shall be no more parting; where that word "farewell" will never more be heard.

"What a debt of gratitude do we owe our alma mater! While in youth the mind, fond of relaxation and boyish sports, is averse to labor, she calls her children to her, and, as the mother who would administer medicine to her child, mingles the draught with sweets. She withdraws them from play and turns study into amusement; she seeks to excite their curiosity to learn; to render knowledge attractive, so that in time they begin to love it on account of its wholesome qualities. By changing the natural bent of our minds she has led us to, and made us drink from, the pure fountain of classical lore, and if our time has not been misspent, if the conflict of mind with mind has invigorated the faculties, all the praise is due to her; and it is only now that our judgments are riper and more mature that we can at all realize the debt of gratitude we owe her.

"She has taught us that learning is one thing, but that to be able to make use of it is another; and, basing her system of education on that principle, she has sought to render what we learn as practical as it can be in a college, and to render it rather food for mental digestion than learned lumber with which to store the mind. What is it that multiplies a man's enjoyment so much as knowledge? It is the true philosopher's stone, which transmutes everything into gold. What is it that raises man above the brute—which elevates one individual above another, and makes one nation more powerful than another? It is knowledge. The gold would be hidden in the mine; the gem would be undiscovered; the common conveniences of life would be unknown; nations would crumble away through want of the resources with which they abound, did not knowledge point out their hidden stores, and science turn them to advantage. What occupation more noble, more worthy of man than the study of philosophy? What occupation fraught with greater advantages for one, who is accountable for his actions, than a knowledge of himself, his relations with his fellow-beings and with his Creator, and the duties which result from those relations? But it ministers to our wants; it gives us food for enjoyment, and heightens our relish for it. Introduce a person conversant with botany into a garden; every flower possesses charms for him. It is not their beautiful tints, their fragrant odors, their fine forms alone, which attract his attention; he sees much in them to interest him which is screened from the vulgar gaze; he surprises nature in her operations, sees her beauties in their embryo state, and observes the many processes by which she produces her creations, and experiences at every step a joy unknown to the uncultivated mind."

That an institution which produces thinkers thus capable of combining the essence of literature with that of science, should have students from all parts of the country, Protestants as well as Catholics, is no more than might be expected; and yet it must be regarded as evidence that our people of all denominations are discarding their prejudices and improving in intelligence and liberality.

The same fraternity have an institution, similar to Manhattan College, in St. Louis, known as the College of the Christian Brothers. Brother Patrick was chiefly instrumental in establishing this also, and giving it a high prestige throughout the South and West. It was founded in 1851, and in 1855 it was incorporated by the Legislature and empowered to confer academical honors. Having never visited the institution we cannot speak of its system of teaching from our own knowledge; but we have met several that have been educated at it, and they are gentlemen who, by their literary and scientific attainments, would do credit to any college. We have also had the pleasure of meeting its present President, Brother Edward, and so far as we can judge he possesses every necessary qualification to insure the success of the College and give satisfaction to its patrons. From an elaborate report of its last commencement exercises in one of

the St. Louis papers we extract a passage or two. After some introductory observations the editor remarks :

"Its successful career is marked by the large amount of public confidence it has already gained, and the annual increase of the number of students. These happy results are the best recommendation to parents and guardians.

"For some years past it has been our pleasing duty to attend these interesting exercises, and we must say that on no previous occasion has the attendance been so large, nor the proceedings conducted with greater *éclat* than on the present."

This is followed by the programme of the first day's examinations. The editor then resumes his comments, from which we extract another passage :

"In the examinations, which were quite prolonged and of the most scrutinizing character, the pupils evinced an efficiency that speaks well for the institution, whilst the result must have been gratifying in the extreme to the numerous parents and friends of the pupils present. In the declamation department the Eulogy on F. P. Kenrick, late Archbishop of Baltimore, by D. Dougherty, struck us as the best of the evening, and whether considered as to its composition or the force of style and elegance of diction which characterized its delivery, must be classed as a decided success. And so thought the audience if we may judge by their applause. Many, however, spoke highly, and rightly so, of the oration on the character of Suetonius, by G. Schick. Certainly we must admit that he displayed ability we have seldom seen surpassed on such occasions, and his style, while forcible and pleasing, had an originality which clearly designated the genius."

After mentioning the several young gentlemen, from almost as many different States, on whom diplomas were conferred, the editor closes his report as follows :

"In this sketch of the proceedings we have said nothing of the drawing and painting department. We may take occasion to refer to some of the productions of the pupils in these departments, which we have duly noted. Many of these productions were exhibited in the parlors during the exercises, and attracted much attention."

We are glad it can no longer be said that Fordham College makes no progress. True, that which we have to record is different from the progress made at the Holy Cross or Georgetown ; nor is it exactly the kind we should like. A journal was sent to our office some weeks since entitled "The Turf, Field, and Farm," containing an account of a very interesting ceremony which had recently taken place at that institution. It seems that Mr. Phelan, of New York, the celebrated billiard-table manufacturer, took it into his head that if the students of Fordham could not very well learn anything more profound or more useful they might not be the less able to become distinguished as billiard players. Accordingly, like the sensible, shrewd man he is, he took a

few friends with him, together with a cue, with the view of presenting the latter to the students of Fordham the same as telescopes, chemical apparatus, &c., are presented at other colleges; but we will allow the journal before us to tell the rest. After some introductory remarks it says:

"They were received at the depot by Messrs. O'Connor and O'Donnell, on the part of the students; and at the door of the college by the Rev. Father Glackmey, on the part of the faculty. After passing a few moments in the reception-parlor, all adjourned to the billiard-room, which was crowded with the boys and their preceptors. Proceedings were commenced by a fine game between Phelan and Tieman, after which M. Carme made some fine exhibition shots; but the day being highly unpropitious, the expectations of the demonstrators were not fully realized; yet they must have given great satisfaction to the spectators, as they were enthusiastically applauded. As the party were about leaving, Mr. O'Donnell again came forward, this time with two superbly bound volumes in his hand, and, turning to Mr. Phelan, addressed him as follows:"—

Here follows a speech, just such as might be expected from one who would exchange his books for a "cue." Of course Mr. Phelan made a handsome reply. But let us hear the chronicler of the great event a little farther:

"The token is a fine edition of Shakespeare, in two volumes, richly bound in Turkish morocco. On one of the fly-leaves we find a highly artistic design, done in colors, a fine wreath encircling the following inscription: 'To Michael Phelan, Esq., a token of gratitude and affection from the senior class, St. John's College, Fordham.' This masterly effective design and inscription were executed by one of the faculty, the Rev. Father Arthur E. Jones. Accompanied by the fathers, Mr. Phelan and his friends were now escorted to the refectory, where they were introduced to that urbane gentleman, the Very Reverend Father Mayland, President of the Institution, and, after partaking of refreshments, the party returned to the city highly pleased with their visit."

This is somewhat curious, and yet we cannot pretend that we are surprised at it. But we strongly suspect that if instead of the "cue" Mr. Phelan and his friends had brought copies of Aristophanes, Lucian, Juvenal and Perseus, with the variorum notes in Greek or Latin, and that it was suspected they wanted anybody in that region to read them, they would have found nobody waiting for them at the depot or at the door of the college; nobody would have presented them a fine wreath; nobody would have escorted them to the refectory; nobody would have given them as much as a drink of water! At least so we are assured both by scholars and literary men; and certainly our own experience has not been such as to enable us to contradict it. We have never visited the institution, it is true, but once; we did not go there to ask any favor more than what is readily granted to strangers in all parts of the world, and by none more cheerfully

and courteously than by the Jesuits — namely, that of being permitted to see some of the classes. As for our journal, we did not allude to itself or its interests in any way. With evident reluctance we were allowed to see a class or two, but, as quoth the Raven, nothing more. We did not, however, feel in the least hurt. In different parts of the world we had been well and kindly treated by the most learned and accomplished of the Jesuit fathers, and by none more so than by such American Jesuits as those of Georgetown, D. C., and of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Massachusetts, neither of whom could have treated the Archbishop of the diocese better than they did us; and it is acknowledged by all that both as educators and gentlemen they are the chief representatives of the celebrated Society in this country.

There is but one other literary institution in America in which we have been treated otherwise than with courtesy and consideration, and this was under the same "provincial" government at the time as Fordham. Conceiving that we were treated rather rudely by one of the fathers, and, feeling that we did nothing to deserve it, we addressed a respectful note to the President, mentioning the facts to him just as they occurred. Having received no satisfaction we took the law into our own hands, so far as to make some comments in our journal, and scarcely two months had elapsed when the President and the gentleman of whom he was complained to were removed to nearly opposite points of the compass, and so far away that we have never heard of them since. This fully proved our view of the case. We thought that although individual Jesuits may sometimes forget themselves, a Society which, after centuries of opposition from kings and emperors, still possesses such wonderful vitality, must surely have a presiding genius who would not permit even one who takes so humble a part in education as ourselves to be wantonly insulted in the legitimate pursuit of his calling by a Jesuit professor. More than a year after this change took place we called at St. Xavier's College in this city for the purpose of ascertaining, if we could, whether any improvement had taken place in the demeanor of the faculty towards quarterly reviewers of our way of thinking. We sent in a card containing our address in full, and very soon we were waited upon by a middle-aged French gentleman, who, with a friendly smile, took us kindly by the hand and, addressing us by name, bade us sit down. This proved to be the Rev. Father Loyzance, the new President

of the institution, and we very soon felt impressed that he was well qualified for the position. Although fully aware that we had taken the liberty we did with his predecessor and his assistant, and disposed to find every excuse he could for their conduct, he treated us not only courteously, but cordially; and he has since sent us cards of invitation, as to other friends of education, to attend the periodical exercises of the college. To this we are glad to add that the college exhibits considerable improvement under his auspices. It may be that Fordham has improved in a similar manner; for more than two years have now elapsed since our visit to it.

From our speaking of the courtesy of Catholic professors, we might seem to imply that our experience has been different with Protestant professors, and this would be an injustice to the latter. We are not in the habit of visiting those having only the reputation of third or fourth-class colleges. Those not already mentioned which we have visited in this country are Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and the University of New York; and there is not one of these whose President or Chancellor did not treat us with the utmost courtesy. President Felton, of Harvard received us as kindly as the Rev. Father Clark, of the Holy Cross, or the Rev. Father Early, or the Rev. Father Maguire, of Georgetown. The Rev. Dr. Peabody, of the same institution (Harvard) has been equally friendly and kind. We certainly had no fault to find with Chancellor King on this ground, or with his successor, the Rev. Dr. Barnard; and as for the Rev. Dr. Ferris, Chancellor of the University, what stronger proof of his esteem and good will could he have given than to have conferred on us the highest academical honor of the institution over which he presides. We confess we are proud of all this; and when we think of it we can afford to smile at those representatives of fourth-rate institutions who think they can intimidate us and make great people of themselves by what the most ignorant cartman may do if he chooses.

Our views of the colleges of Georgetown, D. C., and Worcester, Mass., are so well known that we need only quote an extract or two from the reports of their last commencements, given by the daily press. All we need say is that those institutions always make us remember the Jesuits as Cicero did the Pythagoreans, whose fame, the orator tells us, was such for centuries that none seemed learned but they;

*multaque secula postea sic viguit Pythagoreorum nomen, ut nulli alii docti viderentur.** Since our last annual notes on colleges the Rev. Father Early has withdrawn from the presidency of Georgetown, whose character he had contributed so much to elevate; but the Rev. Bernard A. Maguire, S. J., who has succeeded him, is amply qualified by learning, ability, and experience as an educator, not only to sustain the reputation of the college, but to increase it. After some introductory remarks the "National Intelligencer," in its report of the last commencement exercises, speaks of the present prosperity and salutary influence of the college as follows:

"This institution has, from its representative character among Catholic seats of learning in this country, always drawn its students from a wide compass, embracing a heavy representation of students from the South. The calamities of the war consequently fell with a desolation upon its peaceful walks and cloisters. Not only were the young men of the North drawn from its shades, as in the case of other colleges in the North, into the field of strife, but those who would have in peaceful times been its students from the South, were nearly all cut off from its privileges during the war. This is the first anniversary since peace has come with healing on its wings, and the young men from the East and the West, the North and the South, as in other years, have been permitted, as was suggested by the President of the College, to come hither and join in the generous and ennobling struggle for the laurels of intellectual championship. It is an interesting and most encouraging circumstance, full of fraternizing hope for the country, that there are already within the walls of this college young men who have fought in the Northern army, and young men who have fought in the Southern army during the war, and they are now contending like brothers together in the arena of learning. This is a restoration of the Union on a solid foundation."

Speaking of the creditable manner in which the graduating class acquitted themselves, the "Intelligencer" says:

"The performances by the members of the graduating class were all meritorious. The oration by Julius Soper upon literature, was an unusually thoughtful and graceful production, and was handsomely delivered. It is no new thing for young men just stepping from the seclusions of student life, freighted with dreams and manifold visions, in the struggle to

"Clasp the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart,"

to mount their Pegasus and betake themselves to "the lofty rhyme." We thought the performances on this occasion abounded in the poetic element, though it is just to say that the productions were more than ordinarily excellent. The poem on "Charity," by Charles C. Hosmer, was distinguished for graces of conception, composition, and delivery. The dialogue, "Town and Country," written by a student, and performed admirably by the young lads, was a pleasant feature of the exercises. The "Death of Hannibal," by Robert M. Douglas, was meritorious. The "Influence of Memory," by Noble S. Hoffar, was very excellent, and the "Valedictory," by Louis G. Gourley, was touching and appropriate, and delivered with much effect."

But the best part of all is the eloquent address of the

(* *Tas. Dup.* lib. I, cap. xvi.)

Rev. President; and, limited as our space is now in this article, we copy it *in extenso* from the "Intelligencer." We confess we do this all the more cheerfully from the fact that it was once our privilege to enjoy a very pleasant hour's chat with Father Maguire on educational topics, and that we parted with him fully impressed with his superior qualifications and abilities as an educator:

"The distribution of prizes having concluded, the Rev. Bernard A. Maguire, S. J., President, came forward and addressed the audience. He regretted that the President of the United States, although expected, had not been able, owing to his labors in the Cabinet, to be present to distribute the prizes. But, at least, they had his sympathy and his kind good wishes; and if he had not been able to come, it was owing to circumstances beyond his control. He [Rev. Mr. Maguire] had to thank the ladies and gentlemen present for their polite attention. He had no doubt, now that the exercises were over, they all felt rather fatigued, and, therefore, he did not wish to trespass further upon their attention by any lengthened remarks. But as peace had returned to the country, literature and science would flourish once more. This institution had suffered materially during the past four years, in consequence of the unhappy position of the country. Now, however, they were beginning to get back to their old standard, and they had students, as the list had shown, from almost every State in the Union. They came there and mingled together as brothers, studied together, and sat at the same table. He believed that it would have one of the most healing and salutary effects on the whole country by bringing the young people together, with their young hearts, making them love each other as brothers, and teaching them the same instructive lessons on which so much of the future happiness of the country depended. Education was the main pillar on which the liberties of the land rested; and the education which young men received in that college was, he believed, of that beneficial kind that would send them forth to do honor to themselves and benefit to the country. They were educated in that college not only for this world, but for the next. They were made Christians. They were made gentlemen, and were taught such high-toned principles as would raise them through life, make them an ornament to society, and a blessing to their country. That, he [Rev. Mr. Maguire] believed was the high mission which the Jesuit fathers had to fulfill, and they endeavored to discharge it to the best of their ability. The society to which they belonged was formed for the training of youth for over three hundred years, and to-day they had more youth under their training than any other body of men. Hitherto Georgetown College has had a celebrity of fame all over the United States. He trusted it would lose nothing of its old character. Their numbers had greatly diminished during the past four years, but they were at present on the increase, and they had now 260 students, and next year he hoped to have a large increase. He trusted they would be made ornaments to society and able to fill any position with credit to themselves and with benefit to the Republic they were destined to serve. They would perform the great work before them, because the educated men of this country had a most important work to discharge. He felt proud of his present students, because they were noble and good boys. In fact, of all the students of the college, he felt bound to say on this occasion, in doing them justice, that, although he [Rev. Mr. Maguire] had been in this institution as professor, prefect, and president for many years, he had never, in the course of his

experience, known students better behaved, more gentlemanly in their conduct, and more devoted to their studies, than the now occupants of Georgetown College. [Applause.] Many of them had gone through severe ordeals and hard trials. During the past four years they had been to the war—a school not calculated to refine them. They had been soldiers, both in the North and South, and now they come back, after losing three or four years from their studies, to repair the past. Some had gone into the very lowest classes, and had rapidly raised themselves by industry and talent. He would now send them all away with the blessing of a father, and the best wishes of the president of the institution; and he prayed that the laurels that they had now received from their alma mater might be a stimulus for the greater missions they had to perform. To the younger students he would say, let them now go to their families, who were ready to receive them with open arms, and at the end of the vacation he would gladly receive them back into the institution, the alma mater, again, hoping that in some future year they, too, might be graduates of the institution, and might receive the honors of Georgetown College. [Applause.]”

We pass rather rapidly from Georgetown to Worcester. Of all the Jesuit colleges that of the Holy Cross is decidedly our favorite. Even Massachusetts, with all its prejudices against Popery, is proud of the high standard of this institution. Old as Georgetown now is, and justly famous for the large number of scholars and distinguished men it has sent forth from its classic halls, the Holy Cross ranks quite as high as it at this moment; and to this we need hardly add that the latter is not surpassed by any other of any denomination. Under the auspices of the Rev. Father Clark, whom we regard as a model President, it has made wonderful progress in all that contributes to the perfection of an educational institution. The “Boston Post,” a journal always distinguished for its intelligence, cosmopolitan liberality, and fairness, commences its elaborate report of the last commencement as follows:

“The twentieth annual commencement of the Holy Cross College, Worcester, which has been growing in worth, and steadily and successfully working its way onward and upward until it stands forth a prominent educational institution, took place on the 3d. There was a large attendance of visitors from various parts of the State, consisting, principally, of the parents and friends of the students, and also a large number of the alumni of the institution, which is among the best Catholic colleges in the country. The College of the Holy Cross is situated on one of the eminences that overlook the beautiful city of Worcester, in the very heart of the commonwealth, and is aloof, as it were, from the noise and temptations of cities; governed by men whose sole object and view is to do good to society; romantic, healthy, and picturesque, in point of locality, and withal offers superior inducements to those who desire to educate their children, virtuously as well as classically, and having all the advantages which the most cautious and scrupulously careful could require. During the past few years this College has had unparalleled success; and no one can be a witness of the quiet and unpretending, yet earnest and efficient, labors of its faculty without feeling for them emotions of respect.

The College is at once a school, a family, and a community. No expense is spared to secure the best talent.

"The exercises constituted the finale of the series of examinations which have been in progress during the past four or five days, and formally ushered forth from the walls of the institution another graduating class. A large number of clergy and other distinguished persons were present, among whom were Right Rev. Bishop Williams, of Boston; His Excellency Governor Bullock and Staff; Mayor Blake, of Worcester; Rev. Fathers McCarty, of Watertown; J. Quinn, of Clinton; Healey, of Boston; Qnan, of Webster; Qnalety, of Woburn; Sumner, S. J., Boston College; P. T. O'Reilly, O'Keefe, and Power, of Worcester; General Donahue, of New Hampshire, and many others. The exercises took place in the study hall of the College, which is most tastefully trimmed and decorated with evergreen, relieved by the American flag. The exercises commenced at 11½ o'clock. The spacious hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and, as is customary on such occasions, the fair sex were fully represented; and, no doubt, with their approving looks and cheering smiles, stimulated and encouraged to noble effort the young men about to make their maiden speeches."

After speaking at considerable length of the essays read by the graduating class, and pointing out the beauties and merits of several, the "Post" closes that department thus:

"We have not space nor room to particularize further the efforts. But it is no discredit to the alumni who have in earlier years gone out from the College of the Holy Cross to say that, in the manifestation of ability, culture, and scholastic attainments, the class of '65 are entitled to the highest meed of praise and commendation, and will do honor to their alma mater and themselves. The exercises were of a high order, creditable, and gave unmistakable evidences of work and labor, care and diligence—in fact, everything that is necessary to make a finished student. No doubt the young men who acted so well their part will realize a bright literary future."

At the close of the proceedings the Governor of Massachusetts made an appropriate speech, from which we take the following extract:

"The pieces recited by the gentlemen, so well prepared and so finely delivered, had given proof of that thoroughness and long study which has ever characterized the College of the Holy Cross, now among the prominent schools of the commonwealth, and which is destined to be among the foremost of the present day. He did not wish to make any invidious distinctions or comparisons, but it was only just to say that some of the parts exhibited there, in richness of thought, in evidence of culture, and beauty of expression, were not equalled or surpassed in the colleges of New England. He could not, he said, do less than bear his personal testimony that Massachusetts feels and cherishes a lively interest in the institution, as one of the instrumentalities of educational power in the land. And it was with feelings of pleasure that he remembered the time when, in an official position here at home, among the people of Worcester, that he rendered a service to the institution in the direction of conferring upon it those chartered rights which it in common was entitled to. The tribute of acknowledgment for that effort would ever be cherished in his memory. He was rejoiced to see the college taking rank among the eminent institutions of the land. He had been gratified to observe its adherence to those ancient masters of thought and language

in this practical age. It was a specialty in the College of the Holy Cross, and its practice was endearing the East to the New World. Allusion, in this connection, was made, parenthetically, to the love which the late Bishop Fitzpatrick had for the languages of the masters; how he persevered in mastering them, thus setting a bright example to the young men of the present and future generations. His love of classic learning was passionate, and his devotion to it was ardent. The Governor then said that his part was only to act as a spectator on the occasion. His duty was to express, as a citizen and as the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, his great satisfaction in the decided and scholarly exercises, and desired to express to the President and friends of the institution his earnest desire that this college might rise still higher in point of excellence in the years before it."

This speech does quite as much honor to Governor Bullock, who delivered it, as it does to the Holy Cross College; indeed, it may be regarded as doing honor to Massachusetts, since her chief magistrate would not have expressed himself as he has, in it, had he not been aware that the most enlightened of her people at last begin to take a friendly interest in the intellectual triumphs of that truly excellent institution.

Among the many prospectuses from different parts of the country that have found their way to our table is that of Santa Clara College, S. J., California; and, so far as we can judge from what it says in view of the catalogue of officers and students which it embraces, together with the accompanying cut of the extensive college buildings, the institution seems destined to take a high rank among American colleges. Feeling always friendly disposed towards those who engage earnestly in so noble and laudable an enterprise as the establishment of a first-class college, we cheerfully transcribe the following passages from the prospectus, so that our Southern and Southwestern readers may be able to form their own opinion of the merits of the institution:

"This establishment is under the superintendence of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and is open to all who choose to avail themselves of its advantages. It is situated in the beautiful valley of Santa Clara, so celebrated for the mildness and salubrity of its climate, and is quite close to the San José and San Francisco Railroad.

"The College was founded in 1851. On the 28th of April, 1855, it was incorporated and empowered to confer degrees and academical honors, and to exercise all the rights and privileges common to any other literary institution in the United States.

"The Institution has a full staff of professors, and presents advantages for the mental, physical, and moral training of the students unsurpassed in California. It possesses a complete philosophical apparatus, manufactured in Paris expressly for Santa Clara College, to which new and important additions are being made every year, to keep pace with the progress of science.*

* Among the most important acquisitions of this year we may mention Bianchi's apparatus for the liquefaction of gases, Carre's machine for manufacturing ice, and a large Bunsen's battery.

"The Chemical Laboratory is provided with a full assortment of chemicals, furnaces, and all that is necessary to enable the student to acquire a practical knowledge of chemical analysis and assaying. Connected with this department there is a photographic gallery, where the students may learn photography. Practical lessons are given also on the electric telegraph.

"The Museum of Natural History comprises a large collection of mineralogical and conchological specimens from different parts of the world, besides several natural curiosities.

"The College Library contains about ten thousand volumes.

"For the purpose of improving themselves in public speaking, the more advanced students have formed Literary Societies, provided with select libraries, to which they may have access in leisure hours."

Another class of educational institutions whose commencements are but seldom recorded by the daily press are the Law Schools. There is at least one in this State whose efficiency and thoroughness would secure it as many students as it could accommodate, if it were only as well known as it deserves. Its professors rank among the first jurists in the United States, a fact which, to those who know them, needs no further proof than simply to mention their names, viz.: Hon. Ira Harris, LL.D. (practice, pleadings, evidence); Hon. Amasa J. Parker, LL.D. (real estate, wills, criminal law, personal rights, domestic relations); Amos Den, LL.D. (personal property, contract, commercial law). We are glad to see from the catalogue that its last term has been quite prosperous. There are but few colleges in the United States which have not furnished it students, the total number of whom, for the year, has been one hundred and eighty-three (183.) Its position at the capital of the State, within reach of the State Library, and other peculiar sources of legal knowledge, affords it advantages which are scarcely equalled even by those of New York city, and there is good reason to believe that the students avail themselves of all to the fullest extent.

We had intended to take a cursory glance in this article at the changes which have taken place in some of our young ladies' colleges, seminaries, institutes, &c., but we have again to postpone the task until a more convenient opportunity presents itself. We are really unwilling to criticise those institutions, even when their conductors deserve to be exposed as charlatans, for, unhappily, more than one ladies' "college" or "university" of this city ceased to exist in a very few months after we had taken the liberty of making some comments on their peculiar system of education. Whether the public has sustained any loss by this or not is another question. The only city high schools of which we

have heard, for some time, anything that is much to their credit, are the Ferris Female Institute and Rutgers Institute. Their last annual commencements have proved entirely to our satisfaction; that while kindred schools have been decaying, or disappearing altogether for lack of brains and intelligence, these two have been making healthy progress, doing excellent work and, as a natural result, towering higher and higher in public confidence.

ART. VI.—*Speeches at the Bar and in the Senate.* By the Right Hon. WILLIAM CONYNGHAM, Lord Plunket, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. Edited, with a Memoir and Historical Notices, by JOHN CASHEL HOEY. 12mo. Dublin.

2. *Sketches, Legal and Political.* By the late Right Hon. RICHARD LALOR SHIEL. Edited, with plates, by M. W. SAVAGE. 2 vols. 12mo. London.

3. *Sketches of the Irish Bar.* By the Right Hon. RICHARD LALOR SHIEL, M. P. With Memoir and Notes, by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. 2 vols. 12mo. New York. 1854.

PETER THE GREAT, of Russia, paid a visit to England in 1698, upon the invitation of William the Third. Having been taken to Westminster Hall, close to which are the principal law courts, he observed a great many gentlemen flitting to and fro, in horse-hair wigs, sprinkled with white powder; white muslin bands round their necks; and flowing robes or gowns of black silk, or black poplin—the costume of the English bar from that day to this. His curiosity awakened, the Czar enquired who these magpies might be, and was informed that they were lawyers, one and all. “Lawyers!” he exclaimed, “I have only four of that species in Russia, and I shall hang two of them on my return home.”

Whether he kept his word has not been stated by history. It is customary to say that law and lawyers, contrary to the Czar's opinion, are necessary—that is, are necessary evils. Granting the necessity, we may deny the evil. It is proper that there should be laws thoroughly enforced, for the protection of person and property. The golden precept that we should do as we desire to be done by, would be superior to all statutes, were it only acted upon. Unhappily, human nature not being perfect, this first great rule is constantly violated, and it has become necessary to make laws for the

proper government of society, and to have persons competent to apply and to administer them.

Most probably, Peter the Great became fully aware of this when he seriously settled down, after his visit to England, to build up the great Russian Empire ;—at all events, lawyers are proportionately as numerous in that vast realm, which Alexander the Second, his descendant, now governs, as in most other civilized countries.

In no part of the world is there such a passion for law as in Ireland. Litigation is so much in fashion there that the people are happiest when seething in the caldron of a law-suit, and next to the honor and glory of being a principal in such a venture, is the satisfaction of attending the courts of law, and, eagerly participating, ("per procuracion" as it were,) in the war of statutes and speeches carried on, under judicial presidency, before a dozen of jurymen as arbiters. When too poor to indulge, personally, in the expensive luxury of an Assize trial at Nisi Prius, a thorough Irishman will generally continue to have an interest in a suit or two at the Quarter Sessions, before "the Assistant Barrister" as the stipendiary chairman, who is invariably a lawyer of high standing at the bar is generally called. These local courts are not only crowded but crammed with attentive auditors, in all ranks of life, who eagerly watch the wordy encounters of rival lawyers, anxiously listen to the evidence, and curiously observe the bearing of successive witnesses. There is in many instances, a great trial of skill between the lawyer and the witness—the latter sometimes being conqueror. It is not unusual for a witness, on being sworn, to kiss his thumb instead of the book, his idea being that if he successfully evade the latter, he need not be *very* particular as to what he says. Sometimes the struggle between lawyer and witness becomes very exciting, the latter, with assumed stolidity, baffling his opponent who is putting him through the ordeal of cross-examination. Mr. O'Connell has more than once been beaten in such encounters by men who could neither read nor write, but had sufficient mother-wit to baffle him, one of the ablest as well as one of the most popular lawyers of his time. The lawyer is not only respected but honored in Ireland, especially if his politics are liberal ; but there is neither respect nor honor for any minion of the law ; that is, for the legal officer who serves a summons for tithe or church-rate, who thrusts the copy of a writ into a debtor's hand, or who seizes person

or property under any statutory process. Such a person is almost unanimously held to be a public enemy, to be dealt with accordingly. The ordinary practice is to make him *eat* the legal paper or parchment, and having ducked him in the nearest horse-pond, civilly dismiss him with a gentle hint never again to venture into that vicinity as a messenger from Themis.

The stories told, with equal humor and earnestness, by Maxwell and Lever, Carleton and Lover, of the amusing deviltry with which the masses of the Irish pursue the unfortunates who venture into certain districts with the intention of placing legal documents in the possession of those who have incurred debts "not wisely, but too well," are less exaggerated than may be imagined. On the one side there is the straining to carry out the requirements of the law; on the other, not less ingenuity in evading it; and in the background are the peasantry, who, almost to a man, hate the calling of the legal myrmidon, and are addicted to carrying out this unfriendly feeling, occasionally, even with fatal results. During the lifetime of the late Mr. Richard Martin, of Galway, who boasted with truth, that from his avenue gate to his hall door was an avenue of *only* thirty miles, it was proverbial that "no writ could run in Connemara." The unfortunate person who ventured, with such a purpose, within the charmed circle of the Martin property—long since broken up and sold under the Encumbered Estates Act—scarcely ever could succeed in avoiding detection, and never was allowed a chance of accomplishing his perilous mission. He would be conveyed away, at night, from place to place until his guards reached some mountain-cave, wherein a private still was bringing up spirits from the vasty deep of an iron pot—hence the word *pot-heen* applied to illicit whiskey—and would be kept prisoner there until the end of the law term, his liberation being accompanied with such threats of docking his ears, or other mutilations which would scarcely improve his personal appearance, that there was very little chance of his voluntarily paying a second professional visit to Connemara. But for the aid of the peasantry, the Irish gentry of the days gone by could never have been half so successful as they were in baffling the bailiffs. One result was a free-and-easy habit of dealing with the inferior officers of the law, which, *out* of Ireland, was not tolerated. An Irish gentleman was tried, within the last twenty years, at the Old Bailey, in London, on an indictment for knocking

down a sheriff's officer who had to arrest him for debt, on a writ of *ca. sa.* The prisoner was convicted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. As he was leaving the dock, he exclaimed, so audibly that even the Judge heard and smiled, "Now, isn't this a very hard case? Here I am to be imprisoned for three months for knocking down a rascally writ-server, and if I did the same thing in Galway, the gentlemen of the county would acknowledge it by giving me a public dinner, and, maybe, a handsome piece of plate."

It is our purpose to say something about the laws peculiar to Ireland, and to notice, as rapidly as is consistent with clearness, some of the men whose profession it was to apply, expound, and administer them. We shall chiefly confine ourselves, in the present article, to the period between the successful struggle for parliamentary independence in Ireland (coincident with the great American contest for American nationality) and the time when, betrayed by her own Legislature, Ireland surrendered that independence, and, under the operation of the suicidal Act of Union, passed in the year 1800, lost even the name of kingdom and sank into a province. At the Irish bar, as we write, there is only one man living who was a member of it before the Union. This is Thomas Lefroy, now in his ninety-first year, called to the bar in 1797 (Lord Plunket, who died in 1854, was "called" in 1787), who retained his seat as Lord Chief Justice of Ireland until last July, though the faculties of intellect and memory, so necessary to the judicial character, had become so much enfeebled as to render him all but useless on the bench.

"Reluctant lags the veteran on the stage."

The antiquity of Irish law is acknowledged. The first code was established by the Parliament of Tara, some nine hundred years before the Christian era began. Most prominent was the law of hospitality, extended, at public expense, to all travellers. Next ranked the law of gavel, by which, at his death, the property of a parent was divided, share and share alike, among his children.

Blackstone admits the Celtic origin of the custom of gavel-kind, which also prevailed throughout England during the Anglo-Saxon times, and divided the father's inheritance among his sons, generally share and share alike; though in Kent and some few other places the youngest son inherited the homestead, and the oldest, or the next following capable of bearing arms, had the periot—that is, the weapons, offen-

sive and defensive, of his father, and his horse. It has been said that no better or simpler plan ever was devised for repressing the growth of an aristocracy. Something like it now prevails in France. It was the law of England until the baron law, or law of primogeniture or entail, was introduced, with other Norman institutions, by William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century; of Wales, until the last year of Henry VIII's reign, near the middle of the sixteenth century, and was abolished in Ireland about the same time. When American independence was established the Irish law of gavel was generally substituted here for the English law of primogeniture, which lingered latest, until the beginning of the present century, in Virginia and Kentucky.

Trial by jury (the germ of which is found in human nature itself, and, in some form, is found wherever any thing like civilization exists, being merely a reference of disputed points to the impartial judgment of a few men of average capacity and similar rank of life with the parties contesting) was also instituted by the Parliament of Tara, who referred all disputes about land to the decision of twelve men. It has been claimed that King Alfred was partly educated in Ireland, and that he borrowed thence, for his Saxon subjects, this great institution, which had been established at Tara centuries before. It is said that he extended the law of the twelve men so as to include the consideration of offences against the *person* as well as against the *property*.

The old Irish laws tersely assumed the form of proverbs, and were recited, in verse, by the bards, so that the people might recollect them easily. The Brehon laws, like those of all early nations, were simple and severe—literally “an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;” but there was a scale of prices graduated according to the offences, by which a fine, in money or goods, might be substituted, in most cases, for personal punishment. An offence against the chastity of woman was visited with the death-penalty, and not even the king himself could pardon the criminal. Culprits convicted of serious crimes were put to death by the sword, by the arrow, or by drowning. Hanging, which is a brute's death, was introduced, a thousand years after the Brehon code was established, by the English invaders. The result, commemorated in one of Moore's Irish Melodies (the ballad commencing “Rich and rare were the gems she wore”), was so decisive that, even as late as Brian Boroinbe, monarch of all Ireland at the beginning of the eleventh cen-

tury, a young and lovely maiden journeyed, on foot and unattended, from one side of the province of Munster to another, carrying a wand surmounted by a jewelled ring of gold, and neither word, look, nor touch of insult or licence assailed her.

Towards the close of the twelfth century the Anglo-Normans made good that settlement in Ireland, which they have since maintained; but for a long time the native laws chiefly remained in use, for the invaders did not then possess much of the island. From the reign of Edward I. to that of Henry VIII. various laws, principally directed against the natives, were passed by Parliaments controlled by the British. The murder of any "mere Irishman" was declared not punishable with death, nor was the violation of chastity, provided the victim was an Irishwoman, held as a crime. It was declared treasonable for the English by descent, who had settled in Ireland, to intermarry with ancient Irish families, to speak their language, imitate their dress, adopt their names, or submit to their old Brehon law; they were even punishable for allowing Irish cattle to graze upon their lands. At a time, in the reign of Edward IV., when the English held only four out of the thirty-two counties of Ireland, a reward was offered for the head of any mere Irishman. Nay, in the middle of the fifteenth century, any man who did not keep his upper lip shaved might be treated as an Irish enemy, and, ninety years later, it was enacted by the twenty-eighth of Henry VIII. that to wear the Coolin, as the moustache was called, was treason, to be punished with death—a penalty not removed until the reign of Charles I. At the same time, while it was legal to kill a mere Irishman, no English settler could be legally proceeded against by any native, on any charge. Of course, such tyranny was not submitted to with patience. The Irish were in constant revolt against their Saxon oppressors, but, never heartily uniting against the common foe, were invariably defeated and punished by the confiscation of their property and the enactment of severer laws.

All this time Ireland had a pseudo-nationality, and retained the rank of a kingdom, being governed by a British Viceroy with a Council of State, and having a Parliament of her own, consisting of king, lords, and commons, on the plan of the English Parliament. The laws of Ireland were made by her own Parliament until the reign of Henry VIII., when Sir Edward Poynings, his attorney-general, was Viceroy, and had

a statute passed restraining the Irish Parliament from *originating* any law, even an act to authorize the making of a road; and providing that before any statute was finally discussed, it must be submitted to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and his privy council, who might use their own pleasure in rejecting it off-hand or transmitting it to England. In the latter event, the British attorney-general and privy council might either suppress it altogether or alter it as they pleased, with permission to the Irish Parliament to pass it into a law, but without leave to alter a word of it, though it frequently came back from England so changed that scarcely a trace of its original feature or a point of its original object was retained.

This remarkable statute, historically known as Poyning's law, remained in full operation for nearly three hundred years—actually from 1494 to 1782—when Grattan, backed by the public opinion of Ireland, succeeded in effecting its repeal, forcing from the British government the great and just concession that none but the king, lords, and commons of Ireland had a right to make laws for the people of Ireland. Once before, in 1691, when the Treaty of Limerick put an end to the war waged by the last of the Stuarts for the recovery of the crown his folly had forfeited, it was conceded, on the part of William of Orange, that the Irish Catholics, constituting five-sixths of the whole population, should have free exercise of their religion, the privilege of sitting in Parliament, as in the reign of Charles II., the benefit of free trade, and a general amnesty. But King William's English advisers did not allow him to carry out the stipulations of this treaty. They confiscated over a million acres in Ireland, with houses and chattels, valued then at fourteen millions sterling, and, instead of the promised toleration of religion, embodied in one statute every penal restriction against the Catholics which Queen Elizabeth had put in force in England when forcibly establishing the reformation.

The Penal Laws, as they were called, remained in operation for nearly a century, when most of them were abolished, but did not wholly expire until 1829, when the Catholics were admitted to sit in Parliament. From their enactment, until 1793, Catholics in Ireland could not vote at elections, sit in Parliament, hold landed property, have employment under the Crown, enter the university, practice the law, or openly exercise their religion. Indeed, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland openly declared in court, in 1759, that "the law

did not recognize even the existence of a Catholic in Ireland, nor could they breathe without the connivance of the Government." Other statutes operated as much against the trade and industry of Ireland as did the penal laws against her conscience. The system of jurisprudence in England is much the same as that in Ireland, and both bear a close resemblance to that of the United States, except that we have a republican simplicity in the form and practice. Scotland, on the other hand, long ago adopted and still pertinaciously maintains the Roman or civil law, preferring the Institutes of Justinian to the Commentaries of Blackstone.

In Ireland as in England there are two grades or classes of lawyers. *Here*, a lawyer is at once counsellor and attorney; *there*, the barrister who pleads occupies a superior status to the attorney who gets up the case, collects the evidence, and prepares the statement in brief on which the other acts. Under no circumstances can an attorney, however well qualified by knowledge, experience, intellect, and character, aspire to a seat on the judicial bench. That privilege is reserved for the barrister.

To be admitted to the Irish bar, all that a man need do is to enter his name at King's Inn, Dublin (a sort of pseudo-legal seminary, where nothing is taught); pay a fine of six hundred dollars; eat a few nice dinners during each legal term with his fellow-students in the Old Hall; at the end of two years eat an equal number of term-dinners in the halls of one of the four Inns of Court in London, and then, without any examination, or any other test of his capacity or acquirements, present himself to the benches of the King's Inn, in Dublin, who admit him forthwith to the dignity of utter or outer barrister-at-law, which entitles him to be spoken of as "the learned gentleman" for the rest of his life. That he has eaten forty-eight dinners at a legal ordinary in four years is all that he need show. This knife-and-fork practice is called "keeping his terms." Of course, a great many embryo barristers actually employ these four years in the study of the law, but they need not take that trouble, unless they desire to succeed at the bar. The attorney, on the other hand, must pay an apprentice-fee to the master who undertakes to teach him the practice of the law, and has also to pay a heavy stamp duty (seven hundred dollars) on the indenture by which he is "articled." At the end of five years he has to present himself before a board of

examiners, with his claim to be admitted to status of attorney-at-law. The examination, which lasts for several days, is strict and searching. Many candidates fail to pass it, and are sent back for six or twelve months. If admitted, the *young attorney* has to pay another seven hundred dollars for the stamp on his certificate, and an annual sum of from fifty to one hundred dollars for license to practise. The barrister may become Queen's Counsel, Sergeant-at-law, Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, or Judge; but once an attorney almost always an attorney. If he aspire to become a barrister, he must cease to practise as attorney for two years before he is permitted to commence "eating his terms" for three years more. Yet it is the attorney who literally instructs the barrister, always in the facts and sometimes in the law of each case; for it is held *infra dig.* in Ireland and in England for the barrister to hold the slightest intercourse before or during a trial with his client or the witnesses. The attorney gets all the required information and hands it over to him. The barrister's fee is only an *honorarium*—a gift to which he has no legal claims (though he usually makes a point of getting the fee before he reads a line or utters a word for his client), while the attorney's bill is one of the institutions of the country. He may sue for it; it *may* be taxed, but it *must* be paid, and he may detain his client's papers until it is paid.

There are now seven hundred barristers in Ireland, including about one hundred and fifty who hold various judicial and other offices, and at least as many more who do not practise at all. Of the six hundred who practise, one-half attend the circuits—the thirty-two Irish counties being divided into five circuits, and the assizes are held twice a year in each county. There are about sixteen hundred practising attorneys in Ireland—nearly double the number of the barristers. Custom has divided the class attorney into solicitors and attorneys; the solicitors attending to equity and chamber practice, and the attorney to *nisi prius* and common law. A wit, who was asked to state the distinction between the solicitor and the attorney, sarcastically replied: "The same difference as between an alligator and a crocodile."

Ireland rejoices in a full staff of well-paid judges. The lord-chancellor has \$40,000 a year, with fees, and the chances of putting all his male relatives into some well-paid offices. Unlike the English chancellor he has no church patronage; the appointment of *puisne* judges does not rest with him;

whereas the English chancellor nominates all the judicial officers except the vice-chancellor, the master of the rolls, the lords justices of appeals, the judge of the admiralty, and the chiefs of the courts of Queen's bench, common pleas, and exchequer, to all of which the prime minister appoints. There is no chancellor in Scotland. When the Irish chancellor resigns, which rarely happens except when there is a change of ministry, he is gently solaced with a life-pension of \$20,000 per annum, and this, whether his stay in office has been long or short. Thus, Mr. George Ponsonby held office in Ireland for a few months in 1806, and when his party went out, accompanied them, receiving this large pension until he died in 1817. Sir Edward Sugden, in 1835, was Irish chancellor for three months, and then resigned on the pension. In 1811, when the English whig ministry were "dead-beaten," and could find no legal sinecure for Sir John Campbell, then attorney-general, they actually *compelled* their own friend, Lord Plunket, to resign the Irish chancellorship, pensioning him of course, and appointed Campbell, whose duration of office was six weeks in time, though all his sittings on the bench occupied only sixteen hours, during which he partly heard *four* cases, and then retired, obtaining not only the pension, but a peerage. He eventually became chief-justice and finally chancellor of England, dying in that office a few years ago. It should be added, however, that any one who has been a judge in any part of the British empire never can return to practise at the bar. The pension to a judge removed on political grounds is to compensate him for loss of income from his practice as a lawyer.

So much afraid has the English government been of having Irishmen at the head of Irish affairs, that from December, 1690 until 1789, a period of one hundred years, no native lawyer was appointed chancellor in Ireland. Then Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Clare, a man of undoubted ability, whatever his political faults, was the first Irishman who held that office. Out of fifteen chancellors appointed since 1789, the only Irishmen were Plunket, Brady, Blackburne, and Napier. As a general rule the highest judge in Ireland was taken from the English bar. But while Irish lawyers submitted to this, English lawyers steadily and successfully resisted any like application of the same principle. In 1827, when Mr. Canning appointed Plunket, then the best of Irish lawyers, and perhaps without a superior in equity in any country, to the judicial office of master of the rolls in Eng-

land, the English bar refused to appear before him because he was *only* an Irish lawyer, and the appointment had to be cancelled. An Irish barrister cannot plead, an Irish attorney cannot act, in any English court of law, except before the house of lords, which is as much the ultimate court of appeal in "the old country" as the supreme court at Washington is in the United States. Nay, it was actually proposed only twelve years ago that the important cases always tried before the superior judges in Dublin should be thenceforth tried in London—than which, on account of the delay and expense, no greater denial of justice could possibly be contrived.

In Ireland, besides the Chancellor, Master of the Rolls, and Lord Justice of Appeal, there are twelve Judges of the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, and Judges of the Admiralty, Consistorial, and Ecclesiastical Courts, besides a numerous array of Recorders (who act judicially), Manorial and Seneschal Judges, and thirty-three Chairmen of Quarter Sessions. The salaries range from \$40,000 to \$4,000 a year; and, in most cases, when a judge leaves the bench he obtains as of right a life-pension, generally equal to two-thirds of his salary.

Near the close of the last century Lord Chancellor Clare, described by Sir Jonah Barrington as "a despot and the greatest enemy Ireland ever had," wishing to corrupt the Irish bar, created thirty-two judicial offices in Ireland by a single act of Parliament, to be held by barristers of six years' standing, with salaries averaging from \$2,500 to \$4,000 a year. "He had felt in his own experience," Mr. Sheil said, "how far the receipt of the public money may extinguish a sensibility to public abuses." To each county in Ireland he gave a lawyer, whose ostensible duty was to advise the Justices of the Peace sitting on the bench at Quarter Sessions—mere country gentlemen, who knew little or nothing of law, and sometimes exhibited equal ignorance of justice. This official was first called 'Assistant Barrister,' because it was supposed that his business was to assist the county magistrates with his legal advice. Now and then there would be a revolt against this legal official (as when, in 1825, the Earl of Kingston insisted that *he*, as oldest and grandest magistrate present, and not Assistant Barrister Martley, should pronounce sentence upon certain convicted criminals); but in course of time, when able lawyers were appointed, their authority prevailed—they did the work—they tried criminal

and civil suits—they became Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, by which title they are now known. The early designation 'Assistant Barrister' obtained no popular respect, for the populace understood that it meant an inferior lawyer."

It is related upon the authority of a lawyer who was present that Henry Deane Freeman, who was Assistant Barrister for Galway, was prosecuting counsel in the case of a man indicted for highway robbery. The prisoner produced as witness to his character a fellow with a hang-dog look, whom Mr. Freeman instantly recognized. In cross examination this man was asked, "When did you last stand in the dock and for what?" The witness sulkily responded, "What's that to you?" "Were you not tried and condemned at Galway for manslaughter?" "Well, if I was, I did not do it." "Of course not; the number of innocent villains is immense. Were you not imprisoned for six months?" By this time the witness recognized his examiner, who, as Assistant Barrister of Galway, had tried and sentenced him. Turning rather confidentially to the judge, with a sidelong look of contempt at Mr. Freeman, he earnestly said, *sotto voce*: "My Lord, you mustn't mind what *that* fellow says. He's an imposter. He isn't a real barrister. He's only an *au-sistant* barrister down in Galway, and isn't worth your Honor's notice."

Irish lawyers of the last century were proud of their profession, which was then the only road for the middle classes to the highest stations in the land; proud of their country, for in it they were the equals of the highest noble; seeing in *la noblesse de la robe* a dignity higher than that of the mere accident of patrician birth; they were ready, according to the custom of the time, to back their quarrels on the field, and an active fancy and a ready pen frequently required support from the quick eye or the steady hand upon the pistol or the rapier. Almost every lawyer of eminence who sat upon the judicial bench, or pleaded in the law courts between 1780 and 1820, had fought at least one duel. Even parties in lawsuits were accustomed to the use of the pistol.

An Irish gentleman who was about being tried for a misdemeanor was informed by the judge, as the names of the jury were being called over, that he might challenge any of them for cause. "My Lord," said he, "I'll wait until the trial is over, and if they give a verdict against me I'll challenge every mother's son of them."

From 1690 to 1798 a Catholic could not become a mem-

ber of the Irish bar. Mr. O'Connell, who had been educated in France for the priesthood, was one of the earliest among the Catholics to become a lawyer, when the bar was opened to them. The profession afforded great scope to ambition; the preliminary cost of keeping terms, two years in Dublin and two years in London, was so great that the sons of persons with limited means were seldom able to become lawyers. However, John Scott, afterwards Chief Justice and Earl of Clonmel, was a poor man's son, helped forward by a rich merchant in Cork. Barry Yelverton, who told his mother while yet in his teens, that he wished he had eleven shirts more, as every gentleman ought to have a dozen, reached the bench and the peerage as Viscount Avonmore. Curran, literally educated on charity, and enabled to study the law through the liberality of his wife's father, had the greatest popularity and the largest practice at the bar for nearly thirty years, and finally became Master of the Rolls—an Equity-Judge, immediately next to the Lord Chancellor.

We can well understand the pride with which, when dining with the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and asked what his profession had done for him, he answered, "It has enabled the son of an Irish peasant to sit at the table of his Prince."

The Irish lawyers of the time of Curran did not much resemble their solid contemporaries at the bars of England and Scotland. They were more like the advocates of France—joyial and witty, gay and literary.

The present Irish bar does not rank as high as that which Ireland was proud of, and with ample cause, in that remarkably brilliant though too brief period. In the days of Louis XV., the great Chancellor of France, D'Aguesseau, wrote that the profession of the lawyer was "Nobility without title, rank without birth, and riches without an estate." This was the truth as applied to the bar of Ireland in the last century, and more particularly towards its close. Then the gown of the lawyer was as honorable as the ribbon of the noble, and in the provincial condition of the country the bar was almost the only road to distinction. In the twenty years immediately preceding the Union nearly a dozen of the first lawyers were raised to the peerage. Many influences combined to lead young lawyers into Parliament. He who had talent, as well as ambition, might reasonably hope, by such a pathway, to reach preferment and renown; and if he did not become a Judge at an early period, at least to reach scarcely less

lucrative offices. The great parliamentary debaters on the popular side were lawyers. Henry Burgh, who reached the office of Prime Sergeant, the highest rank at the Irish bar, before he was thirty-six, was one of the most brilliant orators in the House of Commons. His hand was liberal, his fortune limited. To him, as to others, wealth and rank must have been powerful temptations—he always admitted that they were—but high above them rose a strong love for Ireland. When the question of independence was debated, Burgh, though in office, made a powerful speech in favor of his country. The House rose *en masse* to cheer him, as he concluded with an allusion to the Volunteers and said: "Talk not to me of peace; Ireland is *not* in a state of peace; it is smothered war. England has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up armed men." He knew the penalty of being honest, and resigned office, but was too illustrious to become obscure. As Grattan said twenty years after the death of Burgh, "The gates of promotion were shut upon him as those of glory opened."

Flood, who fought the battle of Irish independence so nobly, until he accepted a lucrative office from the government, and was one of the ablest and most persuasive among political orators, was a lawyer, though he did not practise. His great rival, Henry Grattan, was called to the bar before he entered Parliament, and, no doubt, his legal studies were of ultimate advantage to him in disciplining his mind. But his heart never was in his profession. In the first, and, we believe, the only cause in which he pleaded, he was so conscientious and unwavering, as, not having gained a verdict, to return to his client one-half of the fee of fifty guineas which he had received. He was the greatest parliamentary orator Ireland ever produced. His schoolfellow, Fitzgibbon, who commenced his political course as a patriot, was also such an able lawyer that, during the thirteen years of his chancellorship, very few of his decrees were reversed upon appeal. He ought to have been superior to mercenary influences, for his inherited fortune was large. His personal courage was great, and the contempt which his tongue boldly spoke his weapon as boldly defended. His pride, which was boundless, equalled his ambition. He ever aimed at power, and at office and rank, as the instruments for getting it. For over twelve years, that is, until after the union with England was effected and Ireland's liberties prostrated, he ruled his native land with more power than any of the five viceroys sent thither

by the English monarch during that time. Having maneuvered himself into an Irish earldom and a British barony, he anticipated that he must become a power in the imperial senate and the British Cabinet. He was treated, on the contrary, as one for whom there was no further need, and died soon after, rather of chagrin than of natural decay. In his hour of haughty pride he had declared that he would make the Irish people as tame as cats, and at his funeral, when his remains were lowered into the grave, the populace, who hated him, cast a shower of cats upon the coffin. An injured people may submit, but never forget.

Among the other legal notabilities of that time was John Scott. He was equally ready at the bar and on the sod; well versed in law, he was also the best swordsman and deadliest shot at the bar and in the House. A noted patriot, almost a republican before he entered Parliament, the prospect of promotion changed him. He died chief-justice, earl, and millionaire, and, in his last days, confessed with tardy remorse that had he to go through life again he would have been a day laborer rather than have betrayed his country's cause.

There was Carleton, the saddest-looking man on the bench, who would have been invaluable to an undertaker as a mute at a funeral. His melancholy aspect and subdued manner induced Curran to say that he was *plaintive* in every case. There was Wolfe, an amiable and just judge, murdered by mistake in the street during Robert Emmett's revolt in 1803. There was Downes, who had the largest face, perhaps, ever possessed by any one who was not a monstrosity. The flesh trembled as if it were human jelly and Plunket compared it to a shaking quagmire. There was Toler, whose sole inheritance as a younger son was a pair of saw-handled duelling pistols, with which, rather than by legal knowledge, he fought his way from the condition of a briefless barrister into the House of Commons, and finally to the judicial ermine and an earldom. There was Standish O'Grady, keen, sarcastic, and logical, proud of his ancient descent, but never above his business; and there was Barry Yelverton, so long the friend and boon companion of Curran, and, indeed, his townsman. He made his way to the bar through self-denial, poverty, and difficulty. Naturally convivial, he never allowed pleasure to unfit him for business. He was laborious and learned, and though not master of the logical argument of Flood, the brilliant antithesis of Grattan, the

captivating rhetoric of Burgh, the mathematical reasoning of Plunket, or the fascinating imagery and varied pathos of Curran, he possessed a bold, nervous, affluent eloquence of his own—fiery and fervid, as well as weighty and distinct—which made him a formidable opponent. He was fully forty years old before he entered Parliament, and at once became a powerful aid to Grattan and Flood in their great battle for Irish independence. In 1783 he listened to overtures from the government, who desired to detach him from the popular cause, and accepted the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, then vacant by the death of Henry Burgh. He was promised a peerage, but had to wait several years for it. Curran commented with severity on his desertion of liberal principles, and some one said: "But, after all, he has got only the ermine for himself and nothing for his family." "Oh!" said Curran, "that only shows that a man, though a keen sportsman, may be a bad shot." As a judge he stands *sans peur et sans reproche*, his only fault being that he would sometimes receive impressions too soon and too strongly. This arose from the quickness of his perception, but he learned to discipline his judgment, and was deservedly popular. Of his eloquence only a few sentences have been preserved. A lawyer pleading before him spoke slightly of the Commentaries of Blackstone, and he impressively corrected him. "Blackstone," he said, "first gave to the law the air of science; he found it a skeleton and clothed it with flesh, color, and complexion; he embraced the cold statue, and by his touch it grew into life, sense, and beauty."

Akin to this is a paragraph from a speech by Mr. afterwards Lord Chancellor Plunket, in the Trimbleston case, which engaged the best talent at the Irish bar. It relates to the Statutes of Limitation, or to prescriptive title. "If time destroys the evidence of title," he said, "the laws have wisely and humanely made length of possession a substitute for that which has been destroyed. He comes with his scythe in one hand to mow down the monuments of our rights; but in his other hand the law-giver has placed an hour-glass, by which he metes out incessantly those portions of duration which render needless the evidence he has swept away." Each of these men, who were politicians as well as lawyers, rose to the peerage:—Fitzgibbon, as Earl of Clare; Scott, as Earl of Clonmel; Toler, as Earl of Norbury; O'Grady, as Viscount Guillamore; Wolfe, as Lord Kilerarden; Yelverton, as Viscount Avonmore; and Downes and Carleton as Barons, with personal titles.

Curran, who, as an advocate, was surpassed only by O'Connell, who was one of the soundest lawyers of his time, also had a seat in Parliament, and invariably spoke and voted on the patriotic side; he did more—he followed the practice of the time and place and fought several duels. It was a fighting era—so much so that once, during a parliamentary election, when the rival candidates had a dispute on the hustings, the High Sheriff politely and obligingly adjourned the proceedings, while the two gentlemen proceeded to an adjacent field to exchange shots. Everywhere he was fearless and uncompromising. As an orator, wit, and boon companion, his success has rarely, if ever, been equalled. He had been six years in Parliament, and had not reached the age of forty when the Regency bill came before the House of Commons. At that period he was a struggling man with expensive associates, and what he used to call “a large small family.” He was offered the Chief Justiceship of Ireland, with a peerage, if he would vote with the Government on that bill. He was not to be bought; he spurned the bribe, and voted against the Government. Fitzgibbon, who had been ostentatiously anti-ministerial up to that period, was also approached; he swallowed the bait with avidity, was made Lord Chancellor with a peerage, and thenceforth was a deadly foe to Irish liberty. Curran is grandly identified with the best and the most sorrowful years of Ireland's short-lived nationality. He was known, tried, and trusted by his countrymen. He was the centre of the flashing wits, the renowned orators, the brilliant advocates, the true patriots of Ireland. To use the words of Thomas Davis (who resembled him in many points), Curran was “a companion unrivalled in sympathy and wit; an orator, whose thoughts went forth like ministers of nature, with robes of light and swords in their hands; a patriot, who battled best when the flag was trampled down; and a genuine, earnest man, breathing of his climate, his country, and his time.”

Although a great advocate, Curran, who was Master of the Rolls in 1806, was scarcely above mediocrity as an Equity Judge. But he deserves to be remembered as the lawyer who dared to be honest in the most perilous, as well as the most corrupt, times of Ireland. In society he was almost unequalled. Byron, who did not meet him until the great advocate's “wine of life was on the lees,” wrote to Moore in 1813: “I have met Curran at Holland House; he beats everybody; his imagination is beyond human, and his humor (it

is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices; when he mimics, I never met his equal. * * * I almost fear to meet him

again, lest the impression should be lowered. * * * What a variety of expression he conjures into that naturally not very fine countenance of his! He absolutely changes it entirely. I have done, for I can't describe him, and you know him."

Three years later, in his private journal, Byron wrote: "Curran! Curran's the man who struck me most. Such imagination!—there never was anything like it that I ever saw or heard of. His *published* life, his published speeches, give you no idea of the man—none at all. He was a *machine* of imagination, as some one said of Piron that he was an epigrammatic machine. * * * He was wonderful even to me, who had seen many remarkable men of the time." Again and still later, Byron wrote of Curran: "The riches of his Irish imagination were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written—though I have seen him seldom and but occasionally."

Saurin and Plunket, Bellew and Goold, Egan and Bushe, Langrish and Barrington, with many others who made the Irish bar illustrious between seventy and eighty years ago, entered keenly into political life, and rushed from the forum to the senate, eager partisans on the side of their country; and the two first of these brought into party debate a concentration of thought, joined with the subtlest logic and the most fervid expression, which happy union made an eloquence scarcely inferior to that of Burke in the British Parliament. Saurin, who declined the ermine, was Attorney General, after the Union, for many years, and was a great lawyer. Plunket, successively Attorney General, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Chancellor, entered the British House of Commons some years after the Union which he so vehemently opposed, and was finally made Lord Chancellor, with a peerage. It is much to his credit that, while he was a law officer of the Crown, he never would sanction the practice of "packing a jury," which had previously been much indulged in on the part of the Government. For many years he was one of the most eloquent arguers in the British Parliament, and to him, after the death of Grattan, was confided by the Irish Catholics the difficult championship of their cause. Another of the men of that

time, "when there were giants in the land," was Charles Kendal Bushe, one of the most accomplished and effective speakers in the Irish House of Commons, endowed with lively and spontaneous wit, and also a great lawyer. He held the office of Chief Justice from 1822 to 1842, and died in the year following. We need not proceed further with this catalogue raisonné—O'Connell, O'Loghlin, Blackburne, Lefroy, North, Doherty, Goold, Wallace, and others, who belong to that memorable time. Sheil and Phillips have described them with spirit and accuracy in their respective books, and they merit better than to be crowded into a paragraph at the close of an article.

The general impression, not quite unfounded, is, that the members of the Irish bar are better advocates than lawyers, more eloquent than argumentative, and better skilled in cross-examination than in applying the great principles of jurisprudence. When the leaders of the Irish bar sat in Parliament, where ornamental rhetoric was highly estimated, their oratory, thus chastened, was more rational and impressive than when they addressed a jury. There are now many Irishmen in successful practice at the English bar; two are on the bench, Sir James Willes and Sir Samuel Martin; and the present Attorney-General of England, Sir Hugh Cairns, may probably become Lord Chancellor, with a peerage, in the event of the present administration continuing in office. The consideration of the interesting question, how does the present bar of Ireland compare in learning and eloquence with that of the past, we leave to others, only observing that the honor and independence of the profession have always been maintained in Ireland. We conclude with what Sidney Smith, who was wise as well as witty, once addressed to a great judge, in an assize sermon preached by him in York:

"Impress upon yourself the importance of your profession; consider that some of the greatest and most important interests of the world are committed to your care; that you are our protectors against the encroachments of power; that you are the preservers of freedom, the defenders of weakness, the unravellers of cunning, the investigators of artifice, the humblers of pride, and the scourgers of oppression; when you are silent, the sword leaps from its scabbard, and nations are given up to the madness of internal strife. In all the civil difficulties of life men depend upon your exercised faculties and your spotless integrity, and they require of you an elevation above all that is mean, and a spirit which will never yield when it ought not to yield. As long as your profession retains its character for learning, the rights of mankind will be well arranged; as long as it retains its character for virtuous boldness, those rights will be

well defended: as long as it preserves itself pure and incorruptible on other occasions not connected with your profession, those talents will never be used for the public injury, which were intended and matured for the public good."

These are golden precepts, worthy of being treasured in the mind of every lawyer in every land.

ART, VII.—*The Living Forces of the Universe. The Temple and the Worshipers. Know Thyself.* By GEORGE W. THOMPSON. 1 vol. 12mo., pp. 358. Philadelphia: Howard Challen, 1866.

THE title of this volume attracted our attention; we took it up hoping to find something to justify it. Turning to the first pages we find everything that is great and good, in philosophy, promised; turning to the last we again receive the most solemn assurances of the value of the work. With our usual good nature we proceed to search for the gold which we are assured is so abundant in this mine; but, although we have not left a corner unexplored, all we have been able to find is brass mixed with pot-metal.

We are sorry for the sake of the publisher, whom we know to be an industrious man, much more disposed to gratify than to disappoint the public; we should probably be equally concerned for the sake of the author if we knew anything more about him personally than we learn from the book, namely, that he has the prefix "Hon." to his name, and that Wheeling, West Virginia, has the honor of being the place of his residence, if not that of his birth. He will have fair play, however, at our hands. He appears before us as a philosopher who undertakes to build up a new system; and this is to be the American system *par excellence*. Nothing attempted previously was at all like it; nor is it probable that anything attempted hereafter, for at least a century, will make any nearer approach to it in certain of its features, which we will notice as we proceed.

In its language, at least, the book is original; that is, if originality consists, as some seem to think, in being very often, if not in general, utterly unintelligible. Our author's philosophy, too, is a very good thing, if we are in future to regard philosophy as a sort of Babylonish jargon which may mean anything or nothing. But before we make any attempt to examine what is presented to us by Mr. Thompson, let us see what has philosophy been considered hith-

erto. It seems it owes its name to the modesty of Pythagoras, who refused the title σοφός *wise*, given to his predecessors, preferring to be regarded simply as a lover of wisdom. In accordance with this Brucker defines philosophy as "that love of wisdom which incites to the pursuit of *important and useful science*"; if to this we add the opinion of Epictetus that knowledge which is applicable to no useful purpose cannot deserve the name of wisdom, we shall be the better prepared to appreciate the philosophy of Mr. Thompson at its proper value.

Addressing the student of nature and of life in a sort of preface, our author says: "There is herein a union of the philosophic, dogmatic, and didactic styles, and these are frequently in the same section, and at times in the same sentence." Before he concludes his address to the student he modestly hints that something more than mere human knowledge may be expected in his pages. "The foundations of what is written," he says, "have been given to me *by a solemn instruction*, through strange providences and sad vicissitudes, yet maintaining through all an earnest and open spirit of inquiry and of receptivity" (p. xii).

This, however, is simplicity itself compared to what follows. But the author has done one judicious thing; before he commences his first book he gives a copious glossary, so that, at least, some of his philosophical expressions may be understood. The difficulty is, that while many of the meaningless or Thompsonian words are omitted in the glossary, words to be found in every respectable English dictionary are given together with certain technical terms which are sufficiently familiar to every intelligent person; such, for example, as *adumbrate*, *æsthetics*, *complement*, *cosmos*, *dynamic*, *entity*, *paradox*, &c.

We have an instance of the lucidity of our author's style in the very first page of his first book under the head of "fundamental stones." Speaking of man, he tells us that he is "a congeries of organisms bound together *in an inclusive organization*," &c. In the next sentence we are told: "These organs are correlated, in various manners, to his *special soul-organisms*, each with its *organic powers of functionalization*." Sometimes our philosopher prepares the ignorant at the beginning of a paragraph as follows: "Intusception, abbreviated from intussusception, is a term to which much importance is attached" (p. 2). In the same paragraph we are informed that "Man becomes the *diaphaneous ectype* of the inner spirit-

ual self as he is moulded and moulds his surrounding organisms," &c. (p. 3.)

But let us not linger at the beginning; turn wherever we will we are sure to find curious specimens of the English language. Thus, we are first told about proleptic morality and Divine ideas; then we are shown how we may acquire the latter. "These are reached," says Mr. Thompson, "by a process herein termed *Ideation*, the *intusception of the Self*, of the divine forms from which the movements *into creative actualizations were objectified by Deity*." (p. 55.)

Who need be without divine ideas after this, since it is so easy to "reach" them? What can be simpler than the process? But the author grows more and more profound as he proceeds; at least he becomes more and more incomprehensible to us. Speaking of certain things which we cannot pretend to understand, our philosopher removes all doubt by the following luminous sentence:

"These alone can give us causes in their *potentialities and efficiencies* for furnishing forth a creation, where the dynamical forces present those possessed by the Self, where the *plasticities invoken by the vegetal* and animal *autonomies* work blindly but wisely intelligential to their forms of beauty and use, where the instincts of the animal creation incorporate a power—a force for acting, a blind intelligence to fulfil their appropriate offices, and evolve a love with diversified means and sources of gratification—and where the Autopsy, which makes the transcendentalism, exhibits, in its *spontaneities and ideational reveries*, evidences of identification with these forces, and in which the self-analysis discovers their conscious inherence." (p. 59.)

How much like the style of Plato, or of any philosopher worthy of the name! Did ever philosopher write in such a style? Some may be reminded of Spinoza by this question; but, if Spinoza was sadly wrong in his pantheism, and ungrateful to the Creator, he was, nevertheless, an admirable logician, if we make due allowance for his false premises. There is nothing we are reminded of by the passage just quoted more forcibly than the account given by the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus, of the sort of knowledge he obtained from each of his several instructors. From Rusticus, he says, he learned that "his character required discipline; that he should not be led astray to sophistic emulation, nor to writing on speculative matters, nor to *delivering little hortatory orations*; and to *abstain from fine writing*."*

No one has described *being* like our author. "It is an object," he says, "of intusception, and it cannot be reached

* Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus, p. 83.

by a formal process of reasoning—of *motionalizing as of an ontological subsistence*. It is to be intuscepted and sought for as it is revealed in phenomena, and these phenomena are to be found in all the elements which are *subjective in, or objective to, the cognizing agent—in the infinitesimal protozoa, the worm at the feet,*" &c. (p. 64.) This, be it remembered, is not half the sentence; the whole would occupy more space than we can afford to give that sort of thing just now. We will, however try to make room for the sentence which follows it:

"Being incapable of disjunctive analysis subsists, in a coördination of trinal coessentialities, namely, Power to create objectively, to sustain and to destroy what is created; they are equivalents: Intellectivity, the *forma formans*, to correlate all things, from the primary elements on through to the last act of time, to wisely organize and adjust the positive correlations in matter and forces from which cause and effect flow, to counterpoise the philosophic contingencies, filling a space or conditions in the economies of nature and life, but less important than the actual causations, I. i. 13, and to supply, in these and other manifold forms, Intelligibility to nature and life, and Intelligence to the workmen and the worshippers in the temple; and a causative love *from* which and to which all shall conform. (p. 65.)

When simple existence is described in this way, what amount of words may we not expect in a description of the human understanding? We will take two brief sentences, in passing, from a modern philosopher, and ask whether they do not contain a good deal more than the interminable sentences of Mr. Thompson: "Chance is a word void of sense. Nothing can exist without a cause. The world is arranged according to mathematical laws; therefore, it is arranged by an intelligence." Indeed, there is more pith, force, and truth in this than in our author's whole volume; and we fear that when the several volumes, or "books," which he threatens to add to it are ready, pretty nearly the same sentence may be passed upon them, or otherwise he will have improved very much in his style and treasured up a large number of precepts and ideas which do not seem to have yet occurred to him.

And yet why do we say so in view of the fact that our author tells us that his "philosophy is legitimated in the method and its processes, and no dogma is stated without its demonstration." (p. ix.) In the same page we are told that it "tenders conciliations of the dogmas of all religions, creeds, and superstitions which are capable of being resolved into a consentaneous, harmonious, and progressive system for the culture and advancement of humanity."

In short, the great difficulty is that our author knows too

much, or rather thinks he knows an immense amount, which is a far more hopeless condition on the part of a philosopher. If Mr. Thompson knows all about God and nature which he undertakes to teach us in this work, how absurd is that sentence engraved on the frontispiece of the Temple of Sáis in Egypt: "I am all that has been, all that is, all that will be, and yet no one has raised the veil which covers me." This inscription was written more than four thousand years ago; but has the great problem been resolved since by any mortal except we believe Mr. Thompson that all mystery, doubt, ignorance, and superstition disappear before the magic of his pen.

But let us give one more specimen or two. It does not matter much what part of the book we quote from. In general those who undertake to define the elements of knowledge think it necessary to be plain, and to use as few polysyllables as they can, consistently with clearness of expression; but our author seems to have taken the opposite view of the case, at least he has introduced more "learned words" in each sentence than we can pretend to understand until we have studied his glossary a little more closely than we have yet done. What a large amount of wisdom the young student can learn from the following passage? What a relief it will be to his teacher?

"All the elements of knowledge, as they are presented in the Consciousness, are there subjective, either as sensations, instincts, psytations, imaginates, concepts, notions, intuates, or ideates, and as they are inwoven by their correlations into actuation by the Intellectivity for the gratification of the passional or affectional nature—and below this they are the internuncial spontanieties of instinct. Whatever may have been their original subjectivity in the Self, or the objectivity of the phenomena which produced them, they must, as objectivities to the Self, become enfolded in the reflex consciousness, and be subjected to its scrutiny in its threefold light, and thus become subjective objects; that is, they must be received into the clear consciousness and there be thrown into objective position before they can be scrutinized and made elementary to knowledge, philosophy, and religion. Here they are enlified, infecundated, by the Self from its animalistic, human, or spiritual subjectivities." (p. 254.)

This, it will be admitted, is curious philosophy; indeed, it is idle to deny that it is a spurious kind. Supposing that our author were a philosopher, he certainly could not make philosophers of others with this sort of dialect. What is the use of language? Is it not to enable us to communicate our ideas to each other? And in proportion as ideas are grand and sublime, and beyond the comprehension of ordinary minds do they need to be clearly expressed. They

have been so expressed accordingly by all whom the world regard as philosophers. Where do we find language plainer than that of Socrates and his pupil Plato? Neither uses any words that require a glossary; neither attempt to make mere sound a substitute for sense. The same remark will apply to any of the philosophers of modern times whose status as such is acknowledged, be their opinions what they may. There are many who have attacked Christianity who are nevertheless regarded as philosophers by the most zealous Christians, because, however much they have erred in their religions, or rather in their religious views they have noble thoughts on other subjects, and they express those thoughts so that "he who runs may read."

¶ This is true of Voltaire, Condillac, the Baron D'Holbach, Malebranche, Hume. All can be understood by those who can understand any of the languages of Europe as they are spoken and written by the cultivated class. And may we not say the same of the language of Bacon? who fails to comprehend the sublime reasoning of Locke on the human understanding? When is Descartes so obscure—when does he use so many meaningless polysyllables—but that we can easily accompany him in his train of thought? He may tell us that animals are but machines that have no feeling, or put forward any other theory, however absurd, as the greatest minds are liable to do; but we are never at a loss to comprehend his meaning. Were it otherwise he would be no philosopher, for philosophy is a thing of light, not of darkness. If Mr. Thompson would bear these facts in mind we might have a very different report to give of his forthcoming books from that which we have felt bound to give of this; and certainly it would be much more agreeable to us to approve than to censure in his case. In the meantime we beg leave to remind him that there is nothing more necessary for a philosopher than *knowledge*; his knowledge should be extensive, varied, and well digested; then, if he wants to instruct others he must not use words as unskillful plasterers use mortar, but rather bear in mind when he takes such pains to fill the ear that it is the emptiest vessels which sound the loudest.

ART. VIII.—*Address of the National Convention to the People of the United States.* Philadelphia, Aug. 16, 1866.

We are glad to see that the good sense of the American people is vindicating itself. The best illustration of this is to

be found in the proceedings of the National Convention recently held at Philadelphia, and in the speeches and editorial comments which those proceedings have elicited in all parts of the great Republic—in the States lately in rebellion as well as in those which did most to put down the rebellion. The Address of the Convention to the People is not only truly patriotic; it is eminently statesman-like. We do not at all disagree with those who declare it of equal importance with the Declaration of Independence; but think that Mr. Raymond has acquitted himself quite as well as Mr. Jefferson. The two names should in future stand side by side on the roll of fame; these two documents should everywhere be regarded as their just titles to at least prominent niches in the Walhalla of their country. Nor would we have President Johnson forgotten in connection with the noble and memorable work of the National Convention; for well and manfully has he fought in defence of the principles of justice and patriotism which it has promulgated and recommended to every American citizen as a creed.

Although we thus fully appreciate the true political wisdom embodied in the Address of the Convention, our readers may remember that it does not contain a single proposition bearing on the relations between the North and South, before or after the war, which we had not discussed in these pages long before the Convention was held. Nor did we merely give our opinion on those various topics; we fully sustained our views by citations from the most eminent writers on international law, and the laws of war. These discussions we commenced so early as June, 1865—more than a year ago—in our very first issue after the close of the war; nor have we ceased during the same period to protest against the usurpations of Congress, or to denounce its vindictive, tyrannical conduct towards the South as not only narrow-minded and unstatesmanlike in itself, but as fraught with danger to the Republic. Before we conclude these remarks we will quote a few brief passages from different articles published in this journal during the past year, in order to refresh the memory of those who may have forgotten our views, on the great questions involved in the restoration of the Union, as the grand result of suppressing the rebellion; but we will first quote from the Address of the Convention.

In thus showing the identity of our own views, as expressed at different times, with those of the National Convention, we do not mean to detract in the least from the

honor due to the framers of the Address to the People, but simply to express our satisfaction that our opinions have received the solemn sanction of the most intelligent and most patriotic representatives of the people in all parts of the Republic, North and South. This, we confess, we are proud of; we are all the more so because we are no partisans; we have perhaps as many personal friends among the Radicals, whose vindictive and despotic conduct we have denounced, as among any other party whatever; but no personal predilections will induce us to shrink from exposing public wrong, if for no other reason than that there can be but little reliance on the friendship of those who, in order to retain power for themselves as long as possible, would bring ruin on their country, and oppress all who ventured to differ in opinion with them.

As we have so fully discussed the subject of Restoration in all its bearings, we do not mean to do anything more in this paper than simply to extract those passages in the Address of the Convention which seem to us to possess most importance; and to make such brief comments, in passing, as their fragmentary character renders necessary, in order that those who may not have had an opportunity of seeing the whole document may be able to appreciate them in their full force. After some appropriate prefatory remarks, the Address to the People of the United States proceeds to say:

"For the first time after six long years of alienation and of conflict, we have come together from every State and every section of our land as citizens of a common country, under that flag, the symbol again of a common glory, to consult together how best to cement and perpetuate that Union which is again the object of our common love, and thus secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

"In the first place, we invoke you to remember, always and everywhere, that the war is ended and the nation is again at peace. The shock of contending arms no longer assails the shuddering heart of the republic. The insurrection against the supreme authority of the nation has been suppressed, and that authority has again been acknowledged, by word and act, in every State and by every citizen within its jurisdiction. We are no longer required or permitted to regard or treat each other as enemies. Not only have the acts of war been discontinued, and the weapons of war laid aside, but the state of war no longer exists, and the sentiments, the passions, the relations of war, have no longer lawful or rightful place anywhere throughout our broad domain. We are again people of the United States, fellow-citizens of one country, bound by the duties and obligations of a common patriotism, and having neither rights nor interests apart from a common destiny. The duties that devolve upon us now are again the duties of peace, and no longer the duties of war. We have assembled here to take counsel concerning the interests of peace; to decide how we may most wisely and effectually heal the wounds the war has made, and perfect and perpetuate the benefits it has

secured, and the blessings which, under a wise and benign Providence, have sprung up in its fiery track. This is the work, not of passion, but of calm and sober judgment; *not of resentment for past offences, prolonged beyond the limits which justice and reason prescribe*, but of a liberal statesmanship, *which tolerates what it cannot prevent*, and builds its plans and its hopes for the future rather upon a community of interest and ambition than upon distrust and the weapons of force.

"In the next place, we call upon you to recognize in their full significance, and to accept with all their legitimate consequences, the political results of the war just closed. In two most important particulars the victory achieved by the national government has been final and decisive. First, it has established beyond all further controversy and by the highest of all human sanctions the absolute supremacy of the national government as defined and limited by the constitution of the United States, and the permanent integrity and indissolubility of the federal Union as a necessary consequence; and, second, it has put an end finally and forever to the existence of slavery upon the soil or within the jurisdiction of the United States. Both these points became directly involved in the contest, and controversy upon both was ended absolutely and finally by the result."

Here we have the case stated in the language of moderation and justice; the only kind of language in which any statesman worthy of the name ever expresses himself in similar circumstances. In the same spirit the rights and privileges of Northerners and Southerners are set forth in accordance with the views of the wisest statesmen of ancient and modern times—views which are based on considerations of justice, humanity, and patriotism:

"The government of the United States maintained by force of arms the supreme authority over all the territory and over all the States and people within its jurisdiction which the constitution confers upon it; *but it acquired thereby no new power, no enlarged jurisdiction, no rights, either of territorial possession or of civil authority, which it did not possess before the rebellion broke out*. All the rightful power it can ever possess is that which is conferred upon it, either in express terms or by fair and necessary implication, by the constitution of the United States. It was that power and that authority which the rebellion sought to overthrow, and the victory of the federal arms was simply the defeat of that attempt. The government of the United States acted throughout the war on the defensive. It sought only to hold possession of what was already its own. Neither the war nor the victory by which it was closed *changed in any way the constitution of the United States*. The war was carried on by virtue of its provisions, and under the limitations which they prescribe; and the result of the war, did not either enlarge, abridge, or in any way change or affect the powers it confers upon the federal government, or release that government from the restrictions which it has imposed."

That this is a just and fair interpretation of the law of nations as laid down by the most learned jurists, we showed months ago.* It is then shown what the object of the war

* See N. Q. R., No. xxiv., Art. "The President's Veto—Rights of Conquered," pp. 232--236.

was on the part of the federal government; all are reminded that this object was often reiterated, not only by the Executive, but by Congress, and that the most solemn assurances were given by both that as soon as it was attained all the States would enjoy equal rights, the same as they previously did. But the Radicals would falsify all this, and place the American government before the world in the attitude of a power which, while it would expend any amount of treasure and blood or the sake of securing freedom for the Negro, would make a slave of his late Caucasian master. In commenting on this branch of the subject the Address presents a faithful portrait of the fanatical and selfish Congress which has proved itself not more anxious to oppress the South as much as possible than it was to put as much money as it could into the pockets of its members.

* It is only since the war was closed that other rights have been asserted on behalf of one department of the general government. It has been proclaimed by congress that, in addition to the powers conferred upon it by the constitution, the federal government may now claim over the States, the territory, and the people involved in the insurrection, the rights of war, *the right of conquest and of confiscation, the right to abrogate all existing governments, institutions and laws, and to subject the territory conquered and its inhabitants to such laws, regulations, and deprivations as the legislative departments of the government may see fit to impose.* Under this broad and sweeping claim that clause of the constitution which provides that 'no State shall without its consent be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate of the United States,' has been annulled and ten States have been refused, and are still refused, representation altogether in both branches of the federal congress. And the congress, in which only a part of the States and of the people of the Union are represented has asserted the right thus to exclude the rest from representation, and from all share in making their own laws or choosing their own rulers until they shall comply with such conditions and perform such acts as this congress thus composed may itself prescribe. That right has not only been asserted, *but it has been exercised, and is practically enforced at the present time.* Nor does it find any support in the theory that the States thus excluded are in rebellion against the government, and are therefore precluded from sharing its authority. They are not thus in rebellion. They are one and all in an attitude of loyalty towards the government and of sworn allegiance to the constitution of the United States. In no one of them is there the slightest indication of resistance to this authority, or the slightest protest against its just and binding obligation. This condition of renewed loyalty has been officially recognized by solemn proclamation of the executive department. The laws of the United States have been extended by Congress over all these States and the people thereof. Federal courts have been reopened, and federal taxes imposed and levied; and in every respect, except that they are denied representation in Congress and the Electoral College, the States once in rebellion are recognised as holding the same position, as owing the same obligations, and subject to the same duties as the other States of our common Union.

"It seems to us, in the exercise of the calmest and most candid judg-

ment we can bring to the subject, *that such a claim, so enforced, involves as fatal an overthrow of the authority of the constitution* and as complete a destruction of the government and Union as that which was sought to be effected by the States and people in armed insurrection against them both. It cannot escape observation that the power thus asserted to exclude certain States from representation is made to rest wholly in the will and discretion of the Congress that asserts it. It is not made to depend upon any specified conditions or circumstances, nor to be subject to any rules or regulations whatever. The right asserted and exercised is absolute, without qualification or restriction, not confined to States in rebellion, nor to States that have rebelled; it is the right of any Congress in formal possession of legislative authority to exclude any State or States, and any portion of the people thereof, at any time, from representation in Congress and in the Electoral College, at its own discretion and until they shall perform such acts and comply with such conditions as it may dictate. Obviously, the reasons for such exclusion being wholly within the discretion of Congress, may change as the Congress itself shall change. One Congress may exclude a State from all share in the government for one reason; and, that reason removed, the next Congress may exclude it for another. One State may be excluded on one ground to-day, and another may be excluded on the opposite ground to-morrow. Northern ascendancy may exclude Southern States from one Congress; the ascendancy of Western or of Southern interests, or of both combined, may exclude the Northern or the Eastern States from the next. Improbable as such usurpations may seem, the establishment of the principle now asserted and acted upon by Congress will render them by no means impossible. The character, indeed the very existence, of Congress and the Union is thus made dependent solely and entirely upon the party and sectional exigencies or forbearances of the hour."

No one can say that there is any exaggeration in this. If Congress can disfranchise one section of the country and treat it as it likes, why not pursue the same course towards another? And is any act or course of policy less tyrannical or less despotic because it is that of a hundred or five hundred than if it had been that of an individual? If the Southerners were treated as the Radical Congress wished to treat them, might they not as well have been so treated by a Kaiser, or a Sultan, as by a number of persons calling themselves a representative body? The extract we have just quoted is followed by some remarks which show how clearly the framers of the Constitution sought to guard against a usurpation like that complained of, and secure to every State a fair representation in Congress. Commenting on this the Address justly and forcibly observes:

"When, therefore, any State is excluded from such representation, not only is a right of the State denied, but the constitutional integrity of the Senate is impaired, *and the validity of the government itself is brought in question*. But Congress at the present moment thus excludes from representation, in both branches of Congress, ten States of the Union, denying them all share in the enactment of laws by which they are to be governed, and all participation in the election of the rulers by which

those laws are to be enforced. In other words, a Congress in which only twenty-six States are represented asserts the right to govern, absolutely and in its own discretion, all the thirty-six States which compose the Union; to make their laws and choose their rulers, and to exclude the other ten from all share in their own government until it sees fit to admit them thereto. *What is there to distinguish the power thus asserted and exercised from the most absolute and intolerable tyranny?"*

Most decidedly there is no distinction. As we have already remarked, it is all the same to those who suffer from tyranny, whether it be that of five hundred or of one individual. If a party of timid old women, who regard everybody that looks at them as an enemy only waiting for a convenient opportunity to cut their throats, oppress those over whom they have control, the victims of their fears have not only as much reason to complain, as if they had been treated similarly by a military despot; if there is any difference in the feelings produced, those who are oppressed by old women should feel an additional pang at finding themselves so much humiliated as to be subject to such control; and we strongly suspect that the Southerners have entertained some such feeling towards the pusillanimous men who would treat them like slaves for years to come, lest by any chance they might be able at some future time to jeopardise their precious lives. The grounds upon which Congress has sought to justify its usurpations are satisfactorily disposed of by the Address; nor is it less effective in dealing with the so-called "amendments," made by the same body, to the Constitution. Having duly set forth the nature of those amendments it emphatically protests against them as follows:

"We deny the right of Congress to make these changes in the fundamental law without the concurrence of three-fourths of all the States, *including especially those to be most seriously affected by them*; or to impose them upon States or people as conditions of representation, or of admission to any of the rights, duties, or obligations, which belong under the constitution to all the States alike. And with still greater emphasis do we deny the right of any portion of the States in excluding the rest of the States from any share in their councils, to propose or sanction changes in the constitution which are to affect permanently their political relations and control or coerce the legitimate action of the several members of the common Union. *Such an exercise of power is simply a usurpation*; just as unwarrantable when exercised by Northern States as it would be if exercised by Southern, and not to be justified or palliated by anything in the past history either of those by whom it is attempted or of those upon whose rights and liberties it is to take effect. It finds no warrant in the Constitution. It is at war with the fundamental principles of our form of government. If tolerated in one instance, it becomes the precedent for future invasions of liberty and constitutional right, dependent solely upon the will of the party in possession of power,

and thus leads, by direct and necessary sequence, to the *most fatal and intolerable of all tyrannies—the tyranny of shifting and irresponsible political factions*. It is against this, *the most formidable of all the dangers* which menace the stability of free government, that the constitution of the United States was intended most carefully to provide. We demand a strict and and steadfast adherence to its provisions. In this and in this alone can we find a basis of permanent union and peace."

All remember the views put forward by the famous Committee of Fifteen, who would make it a crime for the Southerners even to think otherwise than they were directed by Congress. According to the Committee they were bound to entertain such sentiments as that tribunal would consider consistent with their position as conquered rebels whom the conquerors had a right to dispose of as they thought proper. Instead of this, as the Congressional Report told us, they showed "no evidence whatever of repentance of their crime," and expressed "no regret except that they had no longer the power to continue the desperate struggle." In commenting upon these absurd assumptions the Address justly remarks :

"We might reply to this: First, that we have no right, for such reasons, to deny to any portion of the State or people rights expressly conferred upon them by the constitution of the United States; second, that so long as their acts are those of loyalty—*so long as they conform in all their public conduct to the requirements of the constitution and laws*—we have no right to exact from them *conformity in their sentiments and opinions to our own*; third, that we have no right to distrust the purpose or the ability of the people of the Union to protect and defend, under all contingencies and by whatever means may be required, its honor and its welfare."

Further on the Address pays a just tribute to the good faith evinced by the rebels after the surrender of their generals, and it must be admitted by every unprejudiced mind—by those most uncompromisingly opposed to them as long as they continued the war—that it is well deserved. In the same passage it is shown that they were treated in the same spirit by the President, and that if any change has since occurred in their sentiments it is to be attributed to the treatment they have received from Congress :

"History affords no instance where a people so powerful in numbers, in resources, and in public spirit, after a war so long in its duration, so destructive in its progress, and so adverse in its issue, have accepted defeat and its consequences with so much of good faith as has marked the conduct of the people lately in insurrection against the United States, beyond all question this has been largely due to the wise generosity with which their enforced surrender was accepted by the President of the United States and the generals in immediate command of their armies, and to the liberal measures which were afterwards taken to restore order,

tranquility, and law to the States where all had for the time been overthrown. No steps could have been better calculated to command the respect, win the confidence, revive the patriotism, and secure the permanent and affectionate allegiance of the people of the South to the constitution and laws of the Union than those which have been so firmly taken and so steadfastly pursued by the President of the United States. And if that confidence and loyalty have been since impaired, if the people of the South are to-day less cordial in their allegiance than they were immediately upon the close of the war, we believe it is due to the changed tone of the legislative department of the general government towards them; to the action by which Congress has endeavored to supplant and defeat the the President's wise and beneficent policy of restoration; to their exclusion from all participation in our common government; to the withdrawal from them of rights conferred and guaranteed by the constitution; and to the evident purpose of Congress, in the exercise of a usurped and unlawful authority, to reduce them from the rank of free and equal members of a republic of States, with rights and dignities unimpaired, to the condition of conquered provinces and a conquered people; in all things subordinate and subject to the will of their conquerors; free only to obey laws in making which they are not allowed to share."

The Address of the Convention not only admits that the Southerners had a right to change their sentiments in this way; that it was perfectly natural for them to do so; but adds that if they had done otherwise, if they had calmly submitted to be defrauded of their rights, they would have rendered themselves unworthy of the character of a spirited and brave people:

"No people has ever yet existed whose loyalty and faith such treatment long continued would not alienate and impair. And the ten millions of Americans who live in the South would be unworthy citizens of a free country, degenerate sons of an heroic ancestry, unfit ever to become guardians of the rights and liberties bequeathed to us by the fathers and founders of this republic, if they could accept with uncomplaining submissiveness the humiliations thus sought to be imposed upon them. Resentment of injustice is always and everywhere essential to freedom, and the spirit which prompts the States and people lately in insurrection, but insurgent now no longer, to protest against the imposition of unjust and degrading conditions, makes them all the more worthy to share in the government of a free commonwealth, and gives still firmer assurance of the future power and freedom of the republic."

Although our space is pretty nearly exhausted we make room for one more extract, the concluding appeal of the Convention to the good sense and patriotism of the American people:

"Fellow countrymen, we call upon you, in full reliance upon your intelligence and your patriotism, to accept, with generous and ungrudging confidence, this full surrender on the part of those lately in arms against your authority, and to share with them the honor and renown that await those who bring back peace and concord to jarring States. The war just closed, with all its sorrows and disasters, has opened a new

career of glory to the nation it has saved. It has swept away the hostilities of sentiment and of interest which were a standing menace to its peace. It has destroyed the institution of slavery, always a cause of sectional agitation and strife, and has opened for our country the way to unity of interest, of principle, and of action, through all time to come. It has developed in both sections a military capacity—an aptitude for achievements of war, both by sea and land, before unknown even to ourselves, and destined to exercise hereafter, under united councils, an important influence upon the character and destiny of the continent and the world. And while it has thus revealed, disciplined, and compacted our power, it has proved to us beyond controversy or doubt, by the course pursued towards both contending sections by foreign Powers, that we must be the guardians of our own independence, and that the principles of republican freedom we represent can find among the nations of the earth no friends or defenders but ourselves.

"We call upon you, therefore, by every consideration of your own dignity and safety, and in the name of liberty throughout the world, to complete the work of restoration and peace which the President of the United States has so well begun, and which the policy adopted and the principles asserted by the present Congress alone obstruct. The time is close at hand when members of a new Congress are to be elected. If that Congress shall perpetuate this policy, and, by excluding loyal States and people from representation in its halls, shall continue the usurpation by which the legislative powers of the government are now exercised, common prudence compels us to anticipate augmented discontent, a sullen withdrawal from the duties and obligations of the federal government, internal dissension and a general collision of sentiments and pretensions which may renew, in a still more fearful shape, the civil war from which we have just emerged. We call upon you to interpose your power to prevent the recurrence of so transcendent a calamity. We call upon you in every Congressional district of every State to secure the election of members who, whatever other differences may characterize their political action, will unite in recognizing the right of every State in the Union to representation in Congress, and who will admit to seats in either branch every loyal representative from every State in allegiance to the government who may be found by each House, in the exercise of the power conferred upon it by the constitution, to have been duly elected, returned, and qualified for a seat therein.

"When this shall have been done the government will have been restored to its integrity, the constitution of the United States will have been re-established in its full supremacy, and the American Union will have again become what it was designed to be by those who formed it, a sovereign nation, composed of separate States, each like itself moving in a distant and independent sphere, exercising powers defined and reserved by a common constitution, and resting upon the assent, the confidence, and co-operation of all the States and all the people subject to its authority. Thus reorganized and restored to their constitutional relations, the States and the general government can enter in a fraternal spirit, with a common purpose and a common interest, upon whatever reforms the security of personal rights, the enlargement of popular liberty, and the perfection of our republican institutions may demand."

All this is as it should be, and we trust it will be responded to accordingly from one end of the Republic to the other. The President has given it his sanction already. His speech in reply to the Committee of the Convention

was all that could have been desired as an expression of his sentiments; if anything more was wanting from him it was to be found in his proclamation restoring Texas, issued only three days after the Address of the National Convention was published.

But to none is more credit due in connection with what has been accomplished at Philadelphia than to General Dix; nor is it anything new for that gentleman to prove himself a statesman as well as a patriot. He did so while virtually if not nominally military governor of New York. On a former occasion we spoke of the manner in which he exercised his influence in defence of personal liberty, saving many of our citizens from arbitrary arrest, because he knew they were but victims of political pique and vindictiveness. Doubtless it will never be known how many he protected in this way from the unscrupulous Star Chamber edicts of Stanton; but there are very few intelligent persons who are not aware that the General did much good in this way; it is also well known that never has he been more unassuming or more polite and affable than when he had most power. His conduct at the National Convention was entirely consistent with this, and it afforded us sincere pleasure to see that he was honored accordingly by that highly enlightened and patriotic body in a manner which is most appropriately expressed by the following passage from his speech, delivered August 14, at the opening of the proceedings which resulted so happily:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE WHOLE UNION—(Applause):—I return you my sincere thanks for the honor you have done me in choosing me to preside temporarily over your deliberations. I regard it as a distinction of no ordinary character, not only on account of the high personal and political standing of the gentlemen who compose this Convention, but because it is a convention of the people of all the States of this Union (cheers), and because we cannot doubt that, if its proceedings are conducted with harmony and good judgment, it will lead to the most important results. It may be truly said that no body of men has met on this continent under circumstances so momentous and so delicate since the year 1787—the year when our ancestors assembled in this city to frame a better government for the States which were parties to the old confederation—a government which has been confirmed and made more enduring, as we trust, by the fearful trials and perils which it has encountered and overcome. The constitution which they came here to plan and to construct we are here to vindicate and to restore. (Cheers.) We are here to assert the supremacy of representative government over all who are within the confines of the Union; a government which cannot, without a violation of its fundamental principle, be extended over any but those who are represented in it (loud applause)—over those who, by virtue of that representation, are entitled to

a voice in the administration of the public affairs. (Renewed applause.) It was such a government our fathers framed and put in operation. It is the government which we are bound by every consideration of fidelity, justice, and good faith to defend and to maintain. (Cheers). Gentlemen, we are not living under such a government. (Applause and cries of "That is true.") Thirty-six States have for months been governed by twenty-five—eleven States have been wholly without representation in the legislation body of the nation; the numerical proportion of the represented States to the unrepresented has just been changed by the admission of the delegation from Tennessee—a unit taken from the smaller and added to the larger number. Ten States are still denied the representation in Congress to which they are entitled under the constitution. Is it this wrong which we have come here to protest against, and, as far as lies in us, to redress." (Great applause.)

These are fearless, honest, and patriotic words; and from the high character of the speaker it cannot be doubted that they had their effect on the Convention. Having thus most cheerfully given full credit to the thinkers and actors of the recent Convention, we may be permitted to remind our readers of a portion of what we had said ourselves in defence of the same principles long before that honorable body had met. Nor is it any part of our object in doing so to court the favor of Southerners who are, or have been, Secessionists. We have never pretended that we were friendly towards them while they were at war; the numbers of our journal published during the sad strife bear testimony that none were more opposed to their efforts to dismember the Republic than we; nor were any more glad when they were forced to lay down their arms. But the moment the war was over then none were more anxious that justice should be done them, and that no vindictive policy should be pursued towards them. Thus in our number for June, 1865, we commenced an article on the subject as follows: "Our first impulse as well as our first duty, on the present occasion, is to congratulate the country, North and South, on the restoration of peace and the Union; and our first wish is that the government will be magnanimous and generous, as it can well afford to be. It is not necessary to evince any vindictive spirit; such a course would on the contrary, be injudicious; far from doing good, it would, sooner or later, be productive of evil consequences."* In the same article we said; "Nothing could be gained by executing Jefferson Davis if he were convicted to-morrow; such a course would, on the contrary, do much harm, as the experience of the world proves." After assigning our reasons

* National Quarterly Review, No. xxxi., art. "The Lessons and Results of the Rebellion."

for this, we added: "For similar reasons we hold that he should not be treated with any needless harshness, there is no necessity for chaining an old man like him, surrounded by guards, in the casemate of a fortress; we hope it is not true that he has been so chained, &c."

When all were mocking both Davis and his wife, on account of his having dressed in female clothing, we reminded our readers that some of the greatest men and women, including Peter the Great of Russia and Madame Lavalette, had acted similarly in similar circumstances. In our article on the President's Message in the December number of the same year, we remarked: "None who know the Southerners and are capable of forming intelligent views would assert that military rule would make them loyal to the Union in a shorter time than constitutional freedom would; the truth is, that if it were the design of the President to render the Federal Government as hateful to them as possible, he could not adopt any more effectual means for doing so than the military domination thus recommended by men whose zeal is far greater than their understanding."*

We need hardly say that this observation was made in allusion to the efforts of the radicals to persecute and oppress the conquered South as much as they could. Passing on to the number for March of the present year, we turn to our article entitled "The President's Message—*Rights of the Conquered.*" What these rights are recognized to be in all civilized countries we showed from the best authorities, ancient and modern, commencing our observations as follows: "*Never did fanaticism assume a more dangerous form than it has recently done in this country; nor can we remember any form that has less common sense, truth, or political wisdom for its basis than that which would perpetuate the disaffection and discontent of the Whites of the Southern States, while it would give privileges and immunities to the Blacks never before enjoyed by any race.*"† Finally, in our very last number, we had an article, entitled "Partisan Reconstruction," the spirit of which may be inferred from the following remark, which is all we can make room for: "Even despots find it their interest to be as gentle as possible to those whom they have conquered; and when they do otherwise, they not unfrequently acknowledge their error when it is too late."‡

These few extracts, brief as they are, show that the senti-

* N. Q. R., No. xxiii., p. 168.

† N. Q. R., No. xxiv., p. 291.

‡ N. Q. R., No. xxv., p. 163.

ments and feelings so well and opportunely expressed in the Address of the Convention to the People of the United States are not new to us; and the various articles from which they are taken will show that they are based on sound principles of international law, the laws of war, political economy, and patriotism. But, as already observed, we do not value or admire that noble document anything the less on this account. We do not the less earnestly urge that its principal framers be ranked among the benefactors of their country; and we do not the less anxiously hope that it will teach the whole people, North and South, to whom it is addressed, to distinguish between fanaticism and patriotism and between the true friends of their country and its real though perhaps unintentional, enemies.

ART. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

HISTORY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln. The Story of a Picture. By F. B. CARPENTER. 16mo., pp. 359. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1866.

THE whole plan of this volume is in very questionable taste. An artist of more or less talent—we do not know how much or how little—takes it into his head that it would be a good thing to give a portrait of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. He applies to several friends to aid him in carrying out his views; he gets letters of introduction to Mr. Lincoln, who readily accepts his proposition and receives him into the White House, so that he can see him at every leisure moment. Thus far all is right. The President did as he promised; his conduct towards the artist was kind and encouraging. This is not denied; on the contrary, gratitude is expressed for it.

The ostensible object of the author in publishing this book is to show what a great man Mr. Lincoln was; but its real object is very different and sufficiently obvious. Next to the author himself, the chief hero of the book, is not the President, but his Secretary of State. If we are to believe Mr. Carpenter, it is to the latter we are indebted for every important step taken by the former; in short, according to our very patriotic artist-author, Mr. Lincoln was little better than a mere puppet in the hands of Mr. Seward. This information is conveyed to us very much in the spirit of, *Le roi est mort; vive le roi!* that is, in a manner which renders it more than probable that, had Mr. Seward been the person who fell, we should have had a very different estimate from that now presented; then the guiding genius would have been, really as well as nominally, Mr.

Lincoln. Mr. Seward might have been a very clever person; he would have had many great and noble qualities, but he would not have been the intellectual giant, the sagacious, far-seeing, profound, and eloquent statesman which he now is. Had he died instead of Mr. Lincoln, he could never have been President, whereas it is not impossible now that he may be our next President.

Accordingly, not only is he lauded to the skies in this book, as casting all other statesmen and cabinet ministers of ancient and modern times into the shade, but the pettiest of his "friends" are magnified on a similar scale—persons whose only friendship for anybody is that which is based on the hope of gain, the expectation of some paltry office which may be sold or bartered like a petroleum well, or the rout of a newsboy.

First, however, our author takes care of himself, giving us a sort of autobiography, showing how it was that the idea of the great picture entered his mind, how finely it was developed there, how many visits he had from distinguished people, male and female, about it, &c., &c. All this must be very interesting to the public, especially to that portion of it who are aware that the mountain in labor did not bring forth a mouse, but a huge elephant. Lest it might be supposed that our artist-author was more concerned about his own interest or his fame than about the renown of Mr. Lincoln, he occasionally uses some "strong" language in regard to the latter. In his preface he speaks of him as "the illustrious subject of whom it mainly treats." He tells us in the same document that he is "not one of those inclined to believe that Mr. Lincoln, in the closing months of his career, reached the full measure of his greatness." Not at all; he would have continued to grow, not only since but for years to come. This is not very consistent with the idea presented to us in every form in the body of the work, namely, that Mr. Lincoln was dependent on Mr. Seward for almost everything except his "anecdotes." "It is not generally known," says our author, "that the speech always made by the President upon the presentation of a foreign minister is carefully written for him by the Secretary of State" (p. 128). This is a good way to make Mr. Lincoln "illustrious," especially in connection with the story that follows. If we are to believe our author, Mr. Lincoln had no definite views in regard to the Emancipation Proclamation; he might think of it indeed as a child might think of a new suit, or a hobby-horse, but his thoughts had to be put in shape by the great sage. Mr. Lincoln himself is made to tell the story in his usual style, as follows:

"It had got to be," said he, "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game! I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and, without consultation with, or the knowledge of, the cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July, or the first part of the month of August, 1862."

(The exact date he did not remember.) "This cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present, excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy," said he, "was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment, excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *stroke*, on the retreat." (This was his *precise* expression.) "'Now,'" continued Mr. Seward, "while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!" Mr. Lincoln continued: "*The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force.* It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory."—(pp. 20-22.)

Thus, Mr. Lincoln had some crude thoughts on the subject of the Proclamation, but it required the master mind to give them form and symmetry. The President might demur sometimes; he might prefer one form of expression to another; but, in obedience to the law which makes the weaker mind yield to the stronger, he should ultimately adopt the views of the Secretary. This he had to do even in getting up the Emancipation Proclamation, if we are to believe our author, who, as usual, makes Mr. Lincoln himself tell the story.

"When I finished reading this paragraph," resumed Mr. Lincoln, "Mr. Seward stopped me, and said, 'I think, Mr. President, that you should insert after the word "*recognize*," in that sentence, the words "*and maintain*.'" I replied that I had already fully considered the import of that expression in this connection, but I had not introduced it, because it was not my way to promise what I was not entirely *sure* that I could perform, and I was not prepared to say that I thought we were exactly able to 'maintain' this."

"B. t.," said he, "Seward insisted that we ought to take this ground; and the words finally went in!"—(pp. 23, 24.)

We will cite one more instance of this kind. The President could not depend on his own judgment so far as to decide on the proper time for a day's thanksgiving; he should wait to get his lesson from his master; though the latter, were half-dead and writhing in pain his words were to be considered as those of an oracle that could not err. But let us hear our author:

"During his absence from Washington, Secretary Seward met with the serious accident by which his arm and jaw were broken. Mr. Lincoln's first visit was to the house of the Secretary, who was confined to his bed by his in-

juries. After a few words of sympathy and condolence, with a countenance beaming with joy and satisfaction, he entered upon an account of his visit to Richmond, and the glorious success of Grant—throwing himself, in his almost boyish exultation, at full length across the bed, supporting his head upon one hand, and in this manner reciting the story of the collapse of the rebellion. Concluding he lifted himself up and said: ‘And now for a day of Thanksgiving!’ Mr. Seward entered fully into his feelings, but observed, with characteristic caution, that the issue between Sherman and Johnston had not yet been decided, and a premature celebration might have the effect to nerve the remaining army of the Confederacy to greater desperation. He advised, therefore, no official designation of a day ‘until the result of Sherman’s combinations was known.’ Admitting the force of the Secretary’s view, Mr. Lincoln reluctantly gave up the purpose, and three days later suffered in his own person the last, most atrocious, but culminating act of the most wicked of all rebellions recorded on the pages of history! It was the last interview on earth between the President and his Secretary of State.”—(p. 290.)

In commenting on this Mr. Carpenter is a little too communicative; he unwittingly shows the object of it as follows: “This incident, related to Mr. Seward by a friend* while slowly recovering from the murderous attack upon himself, was followed by an interesting account of his personal relations with Mr. Lincoln” (p. 291). This is followed by an “interesting” colloquy about Mr. Lincoln, which purports to have taken place between the Secretary and his “friend.”

The reader may now be able to judge how consistent our author’s statements are with each other. As a correspondent of the “Independent” he could not but regard the greatness of Mr. Lincoln as depending mainly, if not exclusively, on the Emancipation Proclamation. The issuing of this he calls “an act unparalleled for moral grandeur in the history of mankind” (pp. 10, 11), although he tells us himself it was done simply as a means of suppressing the rebellion, when there seemed to be no prospect of doing so without it. But Mr. Carpenter makes a great virtue of necessity in his own peculiar way, and notes the catastrophe as follows:

“When at length, in obedience to what seemed the very voice of God, the thunderbolt was launched, and, like the first gun at Concord, ‘was heard around the world,’ all the enthusiasm of my nature was kindled. The ‘beast’ secession, offspring of the ‘dragon’ Slavery, drawing in his train a third part of our national stars, was pierced with the deadly wound which could not be healed. It was the combat between Michael and Satan of Apocalyptic vision, refnacted before the eyes of the nineteenth century.”—(p. 11.)

How chaste and poetical! If he applies the colors thus with his brush his pictures must be invaluable. What a fine figure the “beast,” the “dragon,” “a third part of our national stars,” and “the deadly wound which could not be healed,” would make on a large canvass! Of course it would remind any smart person of “the combat between Michael and Satan of Apocalyptic vision”—the resemblance would be as striking as that between the cloud and the whale in Hamlet!

* J. C. Derby, Esq.

Histoire de la Nouvelle France, contenant les Navigations découvertes et Habitations faites par les François es Indes Occidentales et Nouvelle France. Avec les Muses de la Nouvelle France. Par MARC LESCARBOT. Enrichie de cartes. Nouvelle édition, publiée par M. Edwin Tross. 3vols. 16mo. Paris: Librairie Tross. 1866.

This work is not merely curious and interesting in an archaeological point of view; it contains a good deal of matter which would have been valuable at any time, for the author was a scholar as well as a man of genius; a poet of some merit as well as an intelligent and graphic prose writer. It was appreciated accordingly more than two centuries ago.

So far as is now known, the first edition of it was published in 1609; two years after there was a second edition; in 1617 there was a third edition; and the next year a fourth edition—all published in Paris. Nor was its circulation confined to those who only knew French; several translations of it were made, the most notable being that published at Augsburg in 1613, under the title of *Nova Francia. Historij von Entfündung der grossen Landschafft Nova Francia.*

We have no doubt that it will be still more extensively appreciated now; but to none, save to our neighbors the modern Canadians, should it be more interesting than to us. Archaeology is a study that has been too much neglected in this country. However humiliating the fact may be, it cannot be denied that the antiquities of America are far better understood, because more studied, in almost every country of Europe than they are in this country; perhaps it is still more humiliating to have to admit that, much as we are in the habit of despising the Mexicans for their ignorance, they know more about American archaeology than is known in the United States, except by the very few who devote themselves to historical studies, but fail to induce many others to imitate their example.

The publisher of these volumes has reprinted several other works bearing on the same subject within the last two or three years, thus affording the student of the early history of North America more curious and interesting information than is now available from any other source. We need only mention *Histoire du Canada et Voyages*, &c., and *Le Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons*, &c., both first published at the beginning of the seventeenth century—more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

Before taking up the subject of early Canadian history, or that of New France, as the country was then called, M. Lescarbot gives a brief but comprehensive account of the discovery of the West Indies and of New France, and presents his readers a lucid summary of the principal voyages made by his countrymen to the New World; then, in his second chapter, before making any extended speculations on the character and origin of the aboriginal inhabitants of New France, he gives a very learned and highly interesting disquisition on the character of the ancient Gauls,

refuting many of the allegations of the Greek historians in relation to that people.

By far the most valuable part of the work, however, is that in which he describes the manners and customs, religion, superstitions, wars, sports, &c., &c., of the aborigines. The orthography of the author is carefully retained; in short, the whole is given as it was written, and the maps accompanying it are fac-similes of those prepared by M. Les-carbot expressly for this work. In the third volume there are several poems, some of which possess considerable merit. The first is an address to the King of France in the form of a Pindaric ode. The second is an address to the French returning from New France to Gallic France, and is dated August 25, 1606. We transcribe the first stanza of the latter, partly as a specimen of the author's poetry, and partly to show the student of French how much that language has been improved in elegance and harmony since the beginning of the seventeenth century:

"Allez doncques, vogués, ô troupe genereuse,
Qui avez surmonté d'une ame courageuse
Et des vents et des flots les horribles fureurs,
Et de maintes saisons les cruelles rigueurs,
Pour conserver ici de la Française gloire
Parmi tant de hazars l'honorable memoire,
Allez doncques, vogués, puissiez-vous outre mer
Vu chacun bien-tot voir son Ithaque fumer:
Et puissions-nous encor au retour de l'année
La même troupe voir par-deça retournée."—(p. 14.)

BELLES-LETTRES.

Battle Pieces and Aspects of the War. By HERMAN MELVILLE. 12mo., pp. 272. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866.

There is much more truth than poetry in this volume; the author is a sensible man with respectable literary talents, but not a poet. We are sorry, therefore, that he did not give us his views in plain prose, and leave verse-making to the very few who can lay some claim, however slight, to the divine afflatus. Had this really been a book of poetry, as it purports to be, it would have had a different imprint; it would have reached us, not from New York, but from Boston.

We may here be permitted to express our regret, in all sincerity, that the Messrs. Harper have so much changed the character of their publications within the last five years. Previous to that time they published more good works than any other house on this continent. Almost all bearing their imprint were standard works; it was but rarely an inferior book was issued from their press. If there are any who forget or doubt this we refer them to the catalogues of those gentlemen, than which none were better up to the time mentioned, for there are but few valuable works in English literature which they do not embrace. But how much

has the picture been reversed since 1861? It is true that even within this period they have published some two or three good books; but the rest—what are they? Turn to recent catalogues, compare them with former ones, and then say whether we are right or wrong.

We do not mean, however, that the Messrs. Harper have lost their taste or judgment, or that they are inferior now as men to what they were five, seven, or ten years ago; we believe, on the contrary, that they have lost none of their characteristic shrewdness; but this is the worst feature of the case, since there must have been a falling-off one side or the other. The truth is, that, taking into account the increase of population, good books are no longer read in this country, as much as they used; for one who reads a good book now, five hundred read a bad one.

Novels of the most worthless class—tales of vice and crime, that have not even the recommendation of being written in correct English—constitute the mental pabulum of nine-tenths of our people. The sad reflection is that the Harpers, as business men, have adapted their publications to this vitiated condition of the public taste. It was in recognition of this fact that they first projected their *Monthly*, although "sensational literature" had then made but little progress. For this reason, the earlier numbers of the *Magazine* were by far the best; according as the sensational literature increased in popularity the new periodical lowered its standard, until it finally made a very near approach to the thing itself—that which called it into existence. In time it was felt that, in order to keep pace with the downward tendency of the popular taste some respect for the opinions of the enlightened portion of the public rendered it necessary to start another journal, which, being cheaper than the *Monthly*, could not be expected to reach the standard of that publication, such as it had finally come to; and, accordingly, the "*Journal of Civilization*" is ushered into existence.

This, too, did much better the first year or two than it has done since. Its tales and stories were quite passable; so were its illustrations. But both began to fail the second year. Now, neither are good. The literature is nearly at the lowest ebb; the art still lower. The former is too like what we see in yellow covers on railway cars; the latter too like what we see in the shape of "illustrated" placards on our fences and vacant buildings; on boxes of merchandise coming from Paris and Geneva, or on Dutch sign-boards. Yet we do not say that Harper's *Weekly* is worse than any of our other "illustrated" weeklies. We do not think it is; but, on the contrary, rather better. Although they may think otherwise, it is certainly not our intention to disparage the Harpers' publications; we merely state facts which we regret, and for which we do not intend to hold them responsible, any more than we would hold tailors responsible for not providing supertine cloth when they know from experience that the coarse article, which does not cost more than one-third the price, is what their customers prefer.

It would be uncivil to compare the poetry before us to coarse cloth, such as linsey, woolsey, or the like, although we cannot help thinking that, upon the whole, the latter is more useful than the former. Still, there are many of the "pieces" which will be read with interest on account of the scenes which they purport to describe; but we think the same pen would have awakened a deeper interest by plain prose. This we infer from his prose "Supplement," which really contains more poetry than his most elaborate verses. We will give a specimen or two from the latter, however, so that if we are wrong he may receive all the more glory. That most of his subjects are noble none can deny. What could be better for poetry than brave armies, able generals, great victories, and the triumph of a good cause? Mr. Melville had all these, and it must be admitted that he has gone to his work without prejudice or passion, malice or ill-will. He has at least attempted to treat all our generals fairly, independently of their politics, and of the prejudices entertained against them, perhaps on account of their best qualities. One of the best of our author's pieces is that on Lyon (Captain), slain at the battle of Springfield, Missouri; but he spoils it by representing the hero as making his will the night before the battle, while the enemy was almost in sight.

"By candlelight he wrote the will,
And left his all
To Her for whom 'twas not enough to fail,
Loud neighed Orion
Without the tent; drums beat; we marched with Lyon."—(p. 25.)

We doubt very much whether Lyon did any such thing; we are rather of opinion that if he saw another making his will while he ought to be preparing for battle he would have told him that he cast a slur on his own courage. What would the world have said of Nelson had he sat to make his will at Trafalgar when he found that the French were ready to give him battle? The two closing stanzas of the same piece are not much better or more appropriate; we transcribe them because they may be regarded as a pretty fair specimen of our author's poetry:—

"On they came: they *yelped*, and fired;
His spirit sped;
We leveled *right in*, and the *half-breeds fled*,
Nor stayed the iron,
Nor captured the crimson corse of Lyon.

"This *seer forebode* his soldier-doom,
Yet willed the fight.
He never turned; his only flight
Was up to Zion,
Where prophets now and armies greet brave Lyon."—(p. 27.)

If this be poetry then we must confess that we are no judge of the article. Mr. Melville has great faith in difference of type; sometimes he prints whole pages in *Italics*, as if he thought he could render them more

poetical by the process. Thus, for example, the poem entitled Donelson is chiefly in that type; but the amount of poetry it contains may be pretty safely inferred from the first stanza:—

“THE BITTER CUP
Oh that hard countermand
Which gave the Envoys up,
Still was wormwood in the mouth,
And clouds involved the land,
When, pelted by sleet in the icy street,
About the bulletin-board a band
Of eager, anxious people met,
And every wakeful heart was set
On latest news from West or South.
“No seeing here,” cries one—“don’t crowd!”—
“You tall man, pray you, read aloud.”—(p. 53.)

In the sentimental style our poet does not succeed much better. “The Swamp Angel” may be regarded as an elaborate effort in this direction; what the result is may be sufficiently judged from the opening stanza, which, however, we confess we do not entirely understand:—

“THERE IS A COAL-BLACK ANGEL
With a thick Afric lip,
And he dwells (like the hunted and harried)
In a swamp where the green frogs dip.
But his face is against a city
Which is over a bay of the sea,
And he breathes with a breath that is blastment,
And dooms by a far decree.”—(p. 197.)

“Lee in the Capital” is quite an ambitious attempt. It is nearly, if not quite, as long as Campbell’s “Hohenlinden,” or Goldsmith’s “Traveler;” but we cannot point out any further resemblance. A line or two will serve as a specimen of the manner in which that rebel chieftain is immortalized by Mr. Melville:

“THE CAPTAIN WHO FIERCE ARMIES LED
Becomes a quiet *seminary’s* head;
Poor as his privates, earns his bread.”—(p. 229.)

We have two similar effusions on Stonewall Jackson. How delighted the hero would be if he could only see the blaze of glory shed upon him here! Fortunately, McClellan lives to see his fame placed at last on a firm basis. Eight long stanzas are devoted to him as “The Victor of Antietam;” and certainly there are no better stanzas in the volume before us. We transcribe one; and, having done so, we think we shall be excused for not giving any more extracts on the present occasion:

“THROUGH STORM-CLOUD AND ECLIPSE MUST MOVE
Each Cause and Man, dear to the stars and Jove;
Nor always can the wisest tell
Deferred fulfillment from the hopeless knell—
The struggler from the floundering ne’er-do-well.
A pall cloth on the Seven Days fell,
McClellan—
Unprosperously heroic!
Who could Antietam’s wreath foretell?”—(p. 69.)

Eva: A Goblin Romance, in five Parts. By JOHN SAVAGE, author of "Sybil, a Tragedy," "Faith and Fancy," &c., 12mo., pp. 100. New York: James B. Kirker. 1865.

We perceive from the title-page that this tiny volume was published some time since, but only a few days have elapsed since it fell into our hands. Otherwise we would ere now have discussed its merits at some length, for we rather like the fairies, especially the Irish race of them, with whom we pretend to have some acquaintance, and Mr. Savage shows not only that he is familiar with their "manners and customs," but that he has caught up much of their characteristic poetry. We may remark in passing that no fact in history goes farther to prove the Eastern origin of the Irish than that implicit faith in fairies which they have transmitted from father to son, for at least two thousand years, and which is still cherished by the peasantry with as much reverence as the religion, which neither persecution nor poverty, threats nor bribes, could induce them to swerve from. The ancient Persians and Arabians had each their fairies, the former calling them *Peri*, the latter *Ginn*. Both have several varieties to the present day, but not half as many as the Irish, who have a fairy cosmos of their own, and one which has exercised a much more important influence on English literature than is generally supposed.

There are but few who remember that all the fairies, hobgoblins, sprites, &c., of Shakespeare are Irish, or Scotch; it is not always borne in mind what even Spenser owes to the Irish fairies; although he has himself proclaimed to the world that they were the chief source of his inspiration. In proof of this he has constructed his master work, the Fairy Queen, in the form of an epic, all the *dramatis personæ* of which are fairies. However much Elizabeth disliked "the wild Irish," nothing gratified her pride more than to be made queen of their beautiful and romantic fairy world. What this beauty and romance consist in, is so little understood in this country that we have often intended to devote an elaborate paper to it in this journal, feeling satisfied that none who really knew it would ridicule the system, since its influence on the people has ever been salutary. It has a moral philosophy for its basis, which none would expect from any one fairy tale, however good in itself.

But to return to Mr. Savage's book. The volume is appropriately dedicated to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, a gentleman who knows at least as much about the ancient mythology of Ireland as any other man now living. "Eva" is not an ambitious poem. It is simple in style and varied in metre; it has no pretensions to the higher flights of poetry; but there is undoubtedly poetry in it; and our readers are aware that we are not prone to bestow that title on any mere set of verses, however long or short.

The most prominent characteristics of the poem before us are a certain weird prettiness and Æolian melody. Here and there is a touch of genuine pathos; but one which, although it finds a response in human nature

everywhere, is most deeply felt by the Irishman who is familiar with the history of his country, and of her ancient minstrels, especially with the wrongs suffered by both. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, it is chiefly for such the poem has been written, but whether it was or not, they ought to appreciate it, and reward, the author at least with the meed of praise to which he is entitled.

We cannot devote much space to extracts at this late stage of our quarterly labors, but a stanza or two here and there will answer every purpose for those who are likely to procure the volume and judge for themselves. There is a great variety in thought, sentiment, and expression, as well as in rhythm in the five parts into which the poem has been divided—a circumstance which renders it difficult, if not impossible, to give a fair specimen in a small space. We must, however, only do the best we can, and in this spirit we snatch the following fragment from the very pleasing description of an evening scene, with which the poem opens, and for the general truthfulness of which we can vouch :

" The dew steals o'er primroses pale
Which deck you shady place ;
And clustering in a shy delight,
Help to shake the tears of night
From off each others' face :
And hawthorn blossoms titter low,
For fear their joyance reach
The matron-like and crabbed boughs,
While am'rous Air essays its vows
And steals a kiss from each :
The mountain Ash, gay lithe and young,
With knowledge of its grace,
Unheedful hears the gal'ant's song,
Nor cares be won by secret tongue,
It bends to bolder face."—(pp. 9, 10)

Further on a famous valley, one in which Ossian is still spoken of by the peasantry as having sung this or that song, is described in part as follows :

" Romantic, rugged, sombre, grand,
The hills jut out and fall
Into the devious vale, as though
To stay the Dodder's reckless flow :
Which foams and frets through all.
They drive the stream from shore to shore ;
It shakes with rage, then sweeps
Around the base, with lengthening pace,
With sullen surge, breaks through the gorge,
And frothing, onward leaps.
By Alyagower, clear as glass
The pools glide smoothly free,
Till further down, a group of rocks,
Like bathing dwarfs, jumps up and mocks
Their placid ecstasy."—(pp. 11, 12)

But we shall have no space left for the fairies if we do not introduce them at once. We must therefore be somewhat abrupt in presenting the following passage, merely premising that it is highly characteristic, and shows that the author has fully studied the subject, if not among the Irish peasantry, who understood it best, at least among those authors who have best described the fairy world.

" Still revolving, glittering onward,
High they chant a fairy glee,
As they pass, the echo, gone-ward,
Answers to her—" Who are ye? "

" We are Faeries—gleesome Faeries !
From the haunted raths below ;
We are Faeries—tricksy Faeries,
From the glistening peaks of snow,
From the far hills to the valley,
From the valley to the shore,
And from shore to shore we rally,
Never less, and evermore !
From the far light
Of Aurora,
From the star-light
To the earth—
From the sprye-lands
Of rich Flora,
To the sky-lands,
We hold mirth !

" We may caper on the sunbeam,
Or ~~g~~ast behind the moon,
When the pleasure of our night-dream
Ushers in a lazy noon ;
We raise a monument of dew,
Distilled from aerial flowers,
And joys like these are waiting you,
And every charm, that's ours.
From the icebergs
Of the Vikings—
From the spice-bergs
Of the East—
To the Prairies,
Are the likings,
For the Faeries'
Glorious feast !

" We may stretch a bridge from pole to pole,
Wing earth, and all that's in it,
Over the spheres, or round we can roll,
Or pass through in a minute.
We are Faeries—happy Faeries !
Giddy, tinted shades of dew :
Whose ever-bursting joy ne'er varies,
But to double—so shall you

From the prismatic
 Sun-light glory,
 To the dismal
 Caves of earth—
 From the Flood-god's
 Saga's hoary,
 To the Wood-gods,
 Give us mirth !
 We are Faeries—happy Faeries,
 Kings of earth, and sea and blue ;
 Whose ever-bursting joy ne'er varies,
 But to doubt's—so shall you !"—(pp. 77-79.)

The faults of our author are few and far between; even these are such as can easily be avoided in future. In almost every instance he commits them for the sake of the rhyme, but a detective rhyme or the absence of a syllable from a line is by no means so bad in poetry as an inelegant or forced expression. Such omissions are frequently met with in Homer, Virgil, and Horace, as well as in Milton and Racine, but all those great masters take care to remember the genius of the language in which they write. Sometimes Mr. Savage uses expressions like

"A gentle breath the shrubs among,"—(p. 8.)

Again,

"Its mystic waves among,"—(p. 21.)

It is not well to end a line of poetry with a particle; it is particularly wrong to end it with a preposition, the very name of which implies that it ought to precede and not follow the noun which it governs. Of a similar character is the habit of accenting the participial termination *ed* for the sake of adding a syllable, as in the line,

"Emboss'd and stain'd o'er."

Here are two participles; in one the *e* is omitted; in the other it is not only retained, but made to bear a stress which does not belong to it. Even a vowel should not be burdened with a load which it is not supposed to be able to bear in certain situations. But, as we have said, these are trifling faults; indeed, they become as light as air, if perceptible at all, when placed in the balance with the many positive beauties of "Eva;" and, accordingly, we do not hesitate to recommend the poem to the lovers of the genuine fairy legend.

Poems. By CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI. 16mo., pp. 256. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1866.

Hitherto the publishers of this volume have been quite successful in their selection of English books for republication in this country. More than once we have congratulated them on the taste and judgment which they have thus evinced; but we are sorry we cannot do so in the present instance; and yet there are some pretty things in the volume before us. It does not do to say that some "lady reviewers" have spoken in high terms

of Miss Rosetti's poetry; gentlemen reviewers might have done the same without adding anything to the merit of the article, although they might have increased its market value. It is too often forgotten that Englishmen have gallantry as well as Americans; they certainly have enough to induce them to bestow more praise on the poetical efforts of a lady than the strict facts of the case would entirely justify.

We are sorry to think that it is "recommendations" of this kind which must have fallen into the hands of the Messrs. Roberts, lately. We see Miss Rosetti compared to Miss Ingelow, but there is a vast difference between the twain in all things, except that both are maiden ladies of a certain age, and that neither has much pretensions to personal charms. We have given our estimate in these pages of Miss Ingelow's poetry; we have presented specimens to our readers to show that the lady possesses genuine inspiration; but we must be so ungallant as to say that we find little trace of anything of the kind in Miss Rosetti. To us one is the same personally as the other; we know neither except by their works. For aught we are aware Miss Rosetti may be vastly more amiable, and consequently more worthy of compliments from the ruder sex, than Miss Ingelow; but poetry, whether genuine or spurious, has no sex, therefore we may be permitted to proceed with the few little criticisms which we have to make on the "Poems" before us.

More than once our English cousins have rallied us by saying that they send us their indifferent poetry as the French send us their indifferent wines; and they add that in one case as well as the other we are served right, since we swallow the worst more eagerly than the best, and will continue to do so until there is some improvement in the tone of our stomach. As we have already intimated Miss Rosetti gives us many pretty verses—very good models, so far as form and rhythm are concerned, for those nicely-scented effusions which our boarding school young ladies get up to secure diplomas at annual commencements. We would therefore recommend them for that purpose, did we not find some amongst them which do not inculcate exactly the sort of morality which most American mothers would like to teach their daughters.

There are some strange contrasts in Miss Rosetti's book; religion and irreligion, vice and virtue, are mixed up in it oddly enough, but ingeniously withal. It is remarkable that nothing affords her more inspiration, or enables her to make a nearer approach to the poetical vein, than the frailty of her sister woman. Sometimes she makes the "ruined" relate their experience as follows:

"I was a cottage maiden
Hardened by sun and air,
Contented with my cottage mates,
Not mindful I was fair.
Why did a great lord find me out,
And praise my flaxen hair?
Why did a great lord find me out,
To fill my heart with care?"

He lured me to his palace home—
 Woe 's me for joy thereof—
 To lead a shameless shameful life,
 His plaything and his love,
 He wore me like a silken knot,
 He changed me like a glove;
 So now I moan, an unclean thing,
 Who might have been a dove."—(pp. 30, 31.)

Perhaps it may be said that the repentance shown here makes amends for the pruriency and indelicacy; well, be it so. But before our poetess concludes she reminds innocent maidens that, although fornication is not a good thing, it has after all some agreeable features, which makes it preferable, in some cases, to the married state. If the following stanzas with which "Cousin Kate" concludes do not mean something like this, then we must confess that we do not understand them:

"O cousin Kate, my love was true,
 Your love was writ in sand;
 If he had fooled not me but you,
 If you stood where I stand,
 He'd not have won me with his love
 Nor bought me with his land;
 I would have spit into his face
 And not have taken his hand.
 Yet I 've a gift you have not got,
 And seem not like to get;
 For all your clothes and wedding ring
 I 've little doubt you fret.
 My fair-haired son, my shame, my pride,
 Cling closer, closer yet;
 Your father would give lands for one
 To wear his coronet."—(pp. 31, 32.)

Thus, the mistress had a "gift" which the wife had not, and seemed "not like to get." This was consoling to the former. The expressions "had fooled," "spit in his face," &c., are plain enough, but neither elegant nor poetical.

It is not alone in "Cousin Kate" that easy virtue is invested with interest. There are several other pieces in which the same sentiment is put forward in a manner to awaken our sympathies. If we understand "Sister Maude" its hero has been slain by the sister of his mistress, who did not like that the family should be dishonored. We transcribe the two first stanzas, so that the reader may be able to judge for himself.

"Who told my mother of my shame,
 Who told my father of my dear?
 O who but Maude, my sister Maude,
 Who lurked to spy and peer.
 Cold he lies, as cold as stone,
 With his clotted curls about his face:
 The comeliest corpse in all the world,
 And worthy of a queen's embrace."—(p. 69.)

It seems that the only person who has done wrong is Maude, for the poem concludes as follows:

"My father may wear a golden gown,
 My mother a crown may win;
 If my dear and I knocked at Heaven-gate
 Perhaps they'd let us in:
 But sister Maude, O sister Maude,
 Hide *you* with death and sin."—(p. 69.)

The erring one and her lover are likely to get in "at Heaven's gate;" but Maude, who disturbed their innocent fun may bide "with death and sin." This strikes us as a curious sort of morality to be inculcated by a maiden lady who devotes a large portion of her book to "devotional pieces." We are quite willing to believe, however, that the lady means no harm; indeed, we are inclined to think that the whole secret of the matter lies in her fondness for babies. Thus, the most interesting part of "Lady Maggie" is the first stanzas, in which the heroine so modestly looks forward to the happy time when she may make an addition to the population of her country:

"You must not call me Maggie, you must not call me Dear,
 For I'm Lady of the Manor now stately to see;
 And if there comes a babe, as there may some happy year,
 'T will be little lord or lady at my knee."—(p. 182.)

As we have said that nothing inspires Miss Rosetti so well as love, babies, &c., it may be well to show how she does in the same piece, after the little one has been disposed of. Accordingly, we transcribe the two stanzas of "Lady Maggie," which immediately follow that just given, only premising that there is a good deal more of the same kind:

"O, but what ails you, my sailor cousin Phil,
 That you shake and turn white like a cockerow ghost?
 You're as white as I turned once down by the mill,
 When one told me you and ship and crew were lost.
 Philip, my playfellow, when we were boy and girl
 (It was the Miller's Nancy told it to me),
 Philip with the merry life in lip and curl,
 Philip my playfellow drowned in the sea!"—(p. 182.)

But perhaps the most curious of all Miss Rosetti's productions is that entitled "Under the Rose," which extends to nineteen pages. This purports to be a daughter's account of the manner in which her mother was seduced. We transcribe the second stanza, which we think tells quite enough:

"I do not guess his name
 Who wrought my Mother's shame,
 And gave me life forlorn;
 But my Mother, Mother, Mother,
 I knew her from all other.
 My mother pale and mild,
 Fair as ever was seen,
 She was but scarce sixteen,
 Little more than a child,
 When I was born
 To work her scorn.
 With secret bitter throes,
 In a passion of secret woes,
 She bore me under the rose."—(p. 230.)

The daughter is next described; we are shown how charming she was—few born lawfully in an honorable house half so beautiful or so attractive. But towards the conclusion of the poem she becomes very pious, “almost” curses her father “for his pains,” and ends her narrative with an “Amen.” A good poet, such, for example, as Burns, or Moore, might be excused for being thus wayward; but we think a poetess whose song is not very sweet, or melodious at best—especially one who writes so many “devotional pieces”—ought to turn her thoughts into some more modest, or less indelicate channel. This is the first time we have had any serious fault to find with any production bearing the imprint of the Messrs. Roberts; and we have done so now very reluctantly, indeed with a feeling of sincere regret that for once at least they have been deceived by “lady reviewers.”

Ten Years of a Lifetime. By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of “*The Morrisons*.” 12mo., pp. 422. New York: M. Doolady. 1866.

Those who like an exciting story, startling incidents, mysterious appearances, and strange situations, will be pleased with this volume; for, although the author's pen has no particular magic in it, and makes but little pretension to that fascination which, if we are to believe certain publishers and their critics, is so common in our time, it is certainly more graphic and lively than that of three-fourths of the novelists, of the present day.

It is not to the more highly cultivated lovers of fiction we would recommend the book, however; there is too much murder, bloodshed, vice in it for that. By this we do not mean that it is a vicious and book, or that any bad moral is sought to be inculcated by the author. On the contrary, there is no incident or event which she does not turn to virtue's account, as far as possible. The difficulty is, that there are some of her characters whose influence cannot be otherwise than demoralizing. This is true, for example, of Dick Lavaridge and his demon associate, who are as ready to murder one in his own room as they are to pick his pockets, when they find him out.

Among the mysterious characters may be ranked Mrs. Farron. The reader's surprise is strongly excited by the interviews of this apparently respectable lady with so depraved a character as Dick Lavaridge; the surprise gives way by degrees to a feeling of the most anxious curiosity and deep interest. Meantime the mystery is revealed, and a wicked and bloody plot is brought to light; but we prefer to allow the reader to unravel the tangled skein for himself.

The two chapters respectively entitled “A last night for two of the Household,” and the “Inquest,” would prove by themselves that Mrs. Hosmer can draw vivid and startling pictures; we only wish she would employ her pen on less revolting subjects; for it seldom, if ever, does good

to drag vice from its lowest depths in order that the innocent and pure may see how it looks. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that "Ten Years of a Lifetime" is an interesting story, one that can hardly be thrown aside after the first ten pages have been read, even by the most fastidious. The book is neatly and clearly printed, and tastefully bound in muslin; the publisher having done his part creditably in every particular.

Superstition and Force. Essays on the Wager of Law—the Wager of Battle—the Ordeal-Torture.—By HENRY C. LEA. 8vo., pp. 407. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea. 1866.

There is a good deal that is curious and interesting in this volume. It exhibits an amount of research of which few publishers are capable; indeed, there are not many of our professional authors who could produce so instructive a book. Mr. Lea makes no important statements which he does not substantiate by citations, generally from the original sources. In this respect he pursues the course of writers like Bayle, Montaigne, Coleridge, Southey, &c., whose notes and quotations from authors who write in different languages are often the most valuable parts of their works. The value of the work before us is much enhanced by its copious and well-arranged alphabetical index.

The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by GEORGE LONG. 16mo., pp. 310. Boston: Tickner & Fields.

In looking over our shelf for a new book worth noticing, this volume fell into our hands for the first time in its present form. It is of such a character that we deem it a privilege to recommend it to our friends as full of true wisdom. Even the most fastidious and critical of American publishers have rarely published a more valuable book than this. The Emperor was learned in all the lore of the ancients—in that of the Hindoos and Egyptians as well as of the Greeks—and he presents us the essence of all in this volume in an exceedingly attractive form. In short, it is worth a gross of modern "works." We hope it will be extensively read.

Rescued from Egypt. By A. L. O. E. 16mo, pp. 465. New York Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union, 1866.

WE never receive a book from the press of this society which we cannot cheerfully and heartily commend for various degrees and kinds of merit; and that now before us is one of its best publications. The author, far from being pretentious, is very modest, but is familiarly acquainted with the Scriptures and a master of the English language, which is more than can be said of three-fourths of those who undertake to write religious books.

The chapters on the infant Moses, the decision of Moses, desert wanderings, &c., are worth the price of the whole volume. The account given of the conflicting passions of the Jews when they found

themselves hemmed in with the Red Sea on one side, and the mountain and desert on the other, while the pillar of fire directed them towards the sea, is very graphic and replete with interest. To this we need hardly add that the book is worthy of a place in the most select family library.

INSURANCE.

Insurance Reports and other Documents for the Quarter, August 31, 1866.

LIFE Insurance is assuming immense magnitude in this country; if only properly managed it is destined to transcend all other kinds of business both as a means of securing wealth and influence for those engaged in it and of benefiting the public at large. But it cannot be too strongly impressed on all concerned that a considerable amount of knowledge is essential to success. The ignorant may sometimes succeed so far as to accumulate millions; but they do so the same as the quack doctor, who knows nothing of the human system, occasionally makes more money than the most learned and experienced physician. It were easy to point out examples of this kind among Insurance companies; but these are exceptions. Nor must it be forgotten that, in proportion as the principles of insurance are well understood, it becomes more and more difficult for the mere pretender to gain his point.

Another fact to be borne in mind is, that to attain a certain amount of success by chicanery or other illegitimate means is a very different thing from maintaining that success against enlightened and vigorous competition. It is true that there are some who, although ignorant and illiterate themselves, have cunning enough to avail themselves of the knowledge and intelligence of others. This saves them from falling back to their proper level from whatever height they may have soared to before they had to encounter enlightened competition. Thus, consider the case under any point of view we will, it is equally plain that the great lever of success is knowledge.

In all European countries this fact is so universally recognized that there is no respectable Life company which has not a man of talent and learning connected with it. The mathematician must not merely be able to solve certain problems in algebra or the calculus, however difficult those problems may be; he must understand the philosophy of them; he must interrogate them and avail himself of what they teach. This is what Laplace did; had he not thus reflected on the nature of equations and proportions he could never have given the world his *Philosophical Essay on Probabilities*,* which forms the groundwork of the present system of Insurance calculations.

*Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités. 8vo. Paris.

In estimating the value and *power* of knowledge, our underwriters should bear in mind that the greatest impediment to success in their profession is the still prevalent opinion that, at best, insurance is but a game of chance. Those who regard it in this light must necessarily think it is illegitimate. If the chances go against the Insurance Company, they say, it must fail, and then we or our heirs lose all. We can assure the insurance fraternity that a large portion of the public reason on the subject in this way. And what is done, in general, to refute their erroneous theories? How many of our actuaries deem it necessary to do anything more by way of enlightening the public than to quote what this or that great man or great woman has said in favor of insurance? They should remember that this sort of argument has influence only with the narrowest class of minds. One who thinks for himself will not accept the dictum of any person without some proof of its correctness; if Franklin or Bacon is quoted to him, he may ask, Did Franklin or Bacon ever err? Who could deny that both erred? or that any other philosopher erred?

But there are laws which do not err, and which are as immutable as the Divine mind which conceived and established them. Now, we maintain that the principle of insurance, as intelligently understood, is founded on these laws, and that underwriters who know their business can calculate their profits and losses with as near an approach to accuracy as the dry goods merchant, the grocer, or the farmer. This is particularly true of Life underwriters; nor can its application be denied to those who write what are called accident risks. Whether an individual or a number of individuals will die, or be maimed, within a particular number of years, is indeed uncertain; no human science can determine the exact facts before the given period is expired. But calculations based on the statistics of whole communities, whose history is known, make an approach to the truth which would seem incredible, if not impossible, to those who pay but little attention to general principles and the nature of proportion, and only consider final results so far as they relate to their personal interest.

What actuaries should take most pains to do in their intercourse with the public is, to show that *there is really no such thing as chance*; that there is no effect without a cause; that what seems to the ordinary observer as a mere accident is as much the result of an immutable law as the eclipse of the sun or moon, or the accelerated motion of a disengaged piece of gold towards the earth. It has been well said by a modern philosopher that if man could derange the destiny of a single fly there would be no possible reason why men should not control the destiny of all other flies, of all other animals, of all men, of all nature.

This is no new doctrine; it is one held by the wisest men in all ages, and by the most pious Christians as well as the most impious Pagans. It

is not necessary that one may accept it, however, in order to understand that men and women die at a certain ratio in a given time, in a particular community—nay, that a certain number of persons are killed or maimed in a given time.

That this knowledge can be deduced from carefully prepared statistics so as to make a very near approach to the actual truth is beyond question; there is, therefore, no reason why the intelligent life underwriter should not receive a premium of insurance with as honest a feeling and intention as the banker receives the deposit on which he pays interest; and there is quite as little reason why the person who pays his policy should not have as much confidence in his contract as the person who deposits his money in the bank. It is true, that if the insurance company is one of doubtful character, it may fail; but do not banks sometimes fail, too?

The discussion of all these topics comes within the province of the actuary; it is his duty to attend to them; he neglects his duty if he neglects them. But what are the facts? What sort of knowledge do we receive, for example, from the actuary of the United States Life, the North America Life, the Security Life, or the Washington Life—if, indeed, any of those corporations has any such functionary connected with it? Is it not very much like the knowledge we get from the similar "books" of the quack doctors? Let us suppose that such companies sometimes employ intelligent men to perform the duties of actuaries, can it be expected that they will do a thousand dollars' worth of work for a hundred dollars?

While reflecting on the harm which a certain class of underwriters do, both to themselves and the public, by not encouraging competent men to perform the scientific part of their calculations, we are glad to learn from a well informed and reliable source that the subject of the formation of a "National Institute of Actuaries" is receiving much attention from several of the leading Life Insurance Companies of the country. Prof. Elizur Wright, who stands at the very head of the actuarial profession, has given the plan his hearty support, and in an elaborate and highly interesting paper, soon to be published, has set forth his views most vigorously. The details of the formation of such an institution cannot be at once decided upon, but we believe enough has been done to develop the idea and show the feasibility of the plan. No one is better calculated than Prof. Wright to give an impetus to so valuable a project, as he has the entire confidence of the Insurance world.

It is well known that the Institute of Actuaries of London is composed of the best practical and scientific minds to be found in Great Britain; why, should there not be some institution of a like character here, around or in which, as a nucleus, could be gathered those possessed of mathematical skill and practical ability in the profession? Such an institution would confer signal benefit upon the community.

The adherents of Life insurance are already counted by hundreds of thousands, and its pecuniary interests by hundreds of millions of dollars; and yet so little is known by the general public that many unscrupulous men succeed in entrapping the unwary and inexperienced inquirer into companies, the slightest investigation into the merits of which would create alarm rather than confidence. Why is it that the shrewd business man, with a surplus to invest, will take days and even weeks, to consider what he shall do with it, and yet, when called upon to insure his life, will rush headlong into a company without knowing anything of its standing and condition, its extravagance or economy of management?

There are thirty one life companies transacting business in Massachusetts. Of these thirty-one* twenty-three only stand above par, viewing them all in the light of strictly mutual companies; that is to say, eight of the whole number, or more than twenty-five per cent., have not a sufficiency of assets to discharge their liabilities according to the valuation adopted by Professor Wright in his calculations for the Massachusetts Legislature.† Nothing but the guarantee funds of these eight companies saves them from the charge of insolvency. Surely, if a company is not solvent without the aid of a subscribed capital the public, as well as the holders of the guarantee funds, are interested to know it. A company doing the business of life insurance should be self-sustaining, which we hold is not the case of the eight above referred to. Extravagant management, over-solicitation of agents, and exorbitant commissions will, in time, place some of the best companies where eight of the whole number now are. The subject of agents, commissions, and the collection of vital statistics should at once receive the attention of the really solvent companies, and the best way of reaching the result will be through the medium of a National Institute of Actuaries.

The experience of France leads to the same conclusions; and, be it observed, that there has scarcely one year elapsed since 1787 without new calculations on the subject of Life Insurance having been made by the French Academy of Sciences. Perhaps no French writer of the present day knows more about insurance than M. Nicolet, who for several years has occupied an official position similar to that of our insurance superintendents and commissioners. M. Nicolet, who is both a mathematician and a political economist of eminence, insists on the absolute necessity of scientific knowledge to an insurance company as a guarantee of success. Referring to the idea which the underwriter ought to have of the character of his risks, he says: "*Il n'y a que les théories mathématiques qui puissent conduire à la solution de cette question.*" He then proceeds to show that those theories must be based on numerous carefully based facts.

* See Prof. Wright's Eleventh Annual Report, p. 11.

† Comb. Experience Table of Mortality, 4 per cent. interest.

Speaking of Insurance in general he remarks that it requires no important sacrifices; that all it needs on the part of the insured is the practice of economy, which is a good in itself. Alluding to the different kinds he says: "*Elles inspirent le goût du travail, de l'ordre et de l'industrie, et ne sont que des précautions contre l'infortune.*" If insurance had no other influence than thus to inspire a taste for labor, order, and industry, it would be worthy of support and encouragement. But in addition to the benefits which it renders the insured, both morally and physically, it contributes largely to the wealth of the State, "*Elles concourent puissamment,*" he says, "*à l'accroissement de la fortune publique par la multiplicité des intérêts qu'elles embrassent.*"*

If insurance contributes to the wealth of the State in England and France, there is no reason why it should not produce a similar effect in this country. That it does, accordingly, is not denied; but what serves the State should be protected as well as controlled by the State. Hitherto, this fact has been rather lost sight of in this country. At the present moment any State of the Union may charge an insurance company from another State whatever its "collective wisdom" chooses for the privilege of doing business in it; so that one company may have to pay taxes to many different State governments without issuing a policy beyond the limits of the United States. This is both absurd and unjust; and we are glad that the matter has at last been brought before Congress, and that we may expect to see a National Insurance Bureau established at Washington by the beginning of 1867; one which will be alike beneficial to insurer and insured.

At this season of the year, underwriters have in general but little to say; the exceptions are the politicians, the advocates of the Timbuctoo heathen, the whiners who are inconsolable if they have to pay a thousand dollars or two, and the quacks *par excellence*. There are several of those whose bad manners and crooked ways cause their weak points to be exposed; and then they have to spend a large amount in having themselves puffed in country journals. This is a bad way to dispose of premiums, especially when they are coming in but slowly and require a large amount of drumming.

Underwriters of the opposite character, that is, those who do not doubt themselves, keep very quiet during the warm weather; and the remark applies with nearly equal force to those who insure life, limb, and property. The New York Life is the longest we have known; and we have never yet learned that its President was one day absent from his post, that he ever busied himself about other people's affairs, or that he ever whined at having to give a widow or an orphan a large check.

The patrons of the United States Life have not, indeed, much to complain of in the way of absence; both the President and Secretary are

* Encyc. Mod., vol. vi., page 652.

nearly always present, but the former whines and the latter smiles so incessantly that many who come to them to insure their lives think this contrast so mysterious that they hurry down stairs without their policies, surmizing—absurdly enough, to be sure—that there must be something wrong. We can assure our friends of the United States Life that they lose much more by this than they would be willing to believe.

But their Broadway neighbors gain by it. The President of the Equitable is, we believe, much older than the President of the United States Life; but who ever saw the former in a sullen mood towards anyone who had any business, however slight, to transact with him? The Equitable Vice-president smiles as well as the Secretary of the United States Life; but the former does so in time; his smile is natural, and as such it not only pleases, but inspires confidence; whereas the most charitable view that can be taken of the smiling Secretary is that he is always engaged in an effort to counteract the effect of the painfully lugubrious manner of his colleague.

If, instead of entering the Equitable, the party running away from Wall street turns into the office of the Knickerbocker Life, the President, meets him as a genial friend, who is conscious, without ostentation, that he has friendship to bestow; he is called to for the policy; the money is paid; and it is not until the document is "signed, sealed, and delivered" that the stranger learns that his company has issued twice as many policies in 1866 as any previous year; that it has had but light losses; that it has declared a dividend to policy-holders of over \$60,000, and that its assets are over \$1,200,000.

But a still more interesting sight than either of these was witnessed not long since at the office of the New York Life. A gentleman from a neighboring city approached the President, presented him a policy of insurance, a certificate of death, and a claim for \$9,000. The President looked carefully at the papers, put a very long face on him, and then shook his head ominously, as much as to say that all was wrong—the claimant was not entitled to a penny. He watched the effect on the latter with an occasional furtive glance, while at the same time he was writing as busily as if nothing had happened; but just as the stranger began to ruminate on the uncertainty of insurance and was evidently preparing to give a "bit of his mind," the President, relaxing into a quiet smile, told his Secretary to draw a check for the amount; he had scarcely done this when the stranger, grasping him enthusiastically by the hand, exclaimed: "Well, you can change expectation into despair, and despair into joy, more quickly than any one I ever knew!"

Another underwriter who occasionally perpetrates a similar joke is the President of the Mercantile Mutual, in Wall street. Some think that both do so, not merely to have a little harmless amusement at the effect produced on the claimant, but also to parody the conduct of others, who

are well known to object to every claim. As we have given examples of this on former occasions, we need mention no names now; those marine underwriters who, when they meet with a loss, attack captain, ship, ship-builders, &c., in turn, are sufficiently known at this time. But, upon the other hand, there are underwriters who admit claims made against them at once, and say: "It is all right; the money will be paid in due time, &c.;" but that time never comes.

Although there are several new insurance companies in this city that need to be insured themselves, there are others whose mode of doing business is not only highly profitable to themselves and to their policy-holders, but also exercises a salutary influence on many old companies. This is true, for example, of the Globe Mutual Life, which is generally acknowledged to have done more business during the time it has been in existence than any other company in the world had done when it attained the same age. Having heard much about the success of the Globe, we have taken the pains to make inquiries, and we learn from a source the reliability of which is beyond question, that since it was commenced, June 18, 1864, to the beginning of the present month, a period of little more than two years, it has issued 5,900 policies, insuring \$16,625,500, and receiving premiums to the amount of \$712,400.

The North America, Washington, and Universal Life would be much more profitably occupied in receiving lessons from the Globe, or some of the other successful institutions we have mentioned, though they paid \$1000 for each, if they could afford that amount, than in making "statements" in Philadelphia and Boston which are not the less expensive for being bombastic and injudicious. Thus, the Washington publishes "extracts from letters" as advertisements. A certain commission merchant says "it has been in successful operation for several years;" Tracy, Irwin & Co., dry goods people, say that the company is "highly respectable;" the cashier of the Bank of Binghamton, New York, says "I desire to commend this company," &c. Did we know nothing of resources or want of resources we should think that a corporation who needed recommendations of this kind must be a paltry affair. Do any of our readers think differently? If it was necessary or desirable to get a bank cashier to "commend" the Washington, why did not its officers contrive to get one nearer home than the village of Binghamton, such as the cashier of our National Park Bank, for example; and Mr. Worth is so polite and good-natured a man that we have no doubt he would give a line to the President certifying that the institution is "highly respectable." It would be better, however, if he added that the Park Bank would honor its drafts.

What the universality of the Universal Life consists in nobody seems to know, except it be in its pretentiousness. It makes a

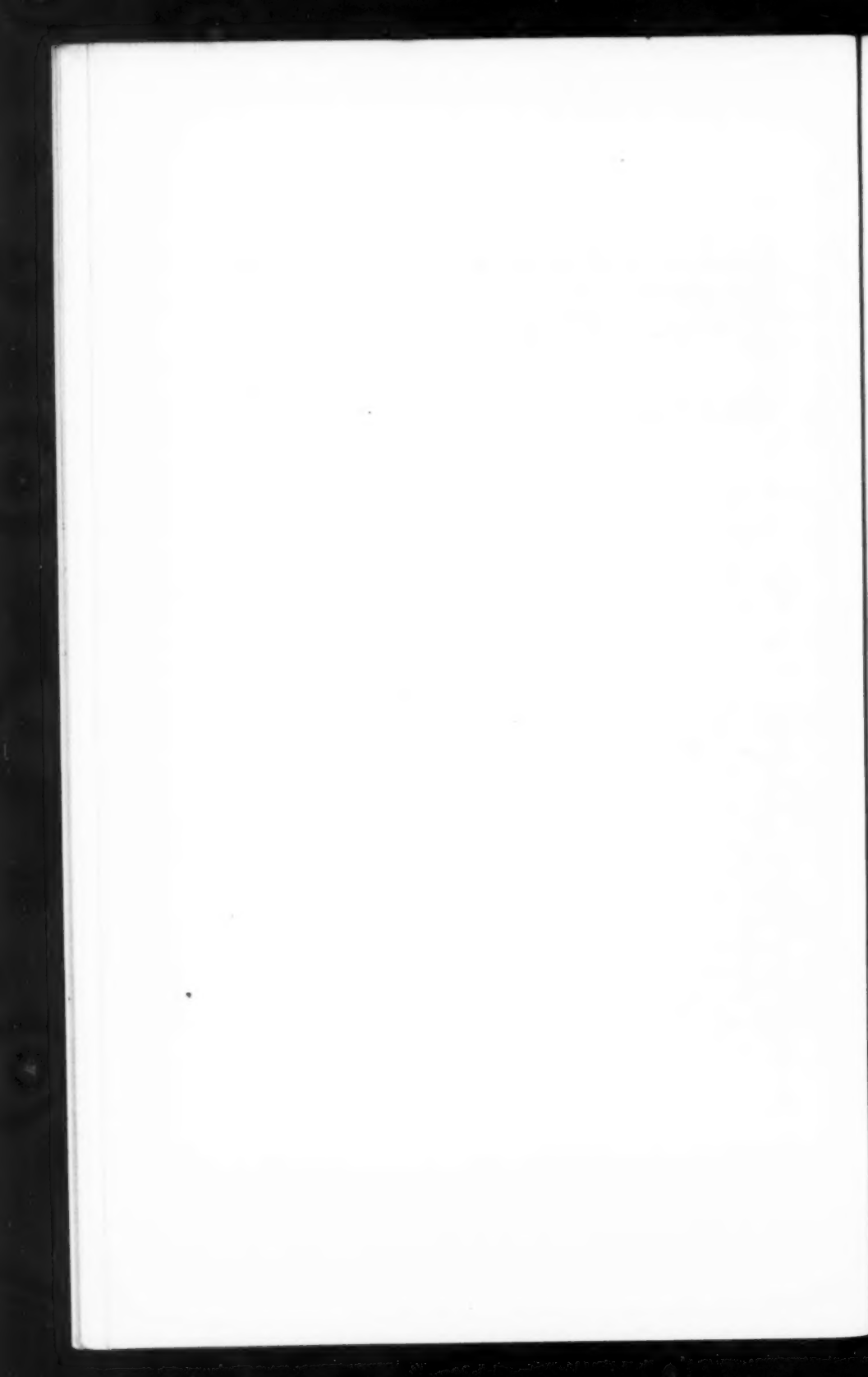
loud noise, but unhappily there are too many aware at the present day that empty vessels sound the loudest. Its business is so extensive that the President must be aided by two Vice-presidents, together with the Secretary and, in order to make it "respectable" it must have an "Hon." as "chairman of its executive committee." But among the whole party of functionaries there is only one who knows anything of insurance; we need hardly say we mean Mr. Bawley, the Secretary, who is a man of intelligence and ability. We hope he will get his salary from the "Universal" fund.

But we should not have gone so far from the Globe without giving another instance of the good results of intelligence, good sense, tact, and judgment—things that are worth the precious metal any time. The National Life would have furnished the illustration; but if this company is young its officers are old and experienced in the profession of underwriting. Both the President and Secretary graduated at the Manhattan Life, side by side with that sagacious, well-trying, and successful underwriter, Mr. C. Y. Wemple; and we are thus reminded that during the past year the Manhattan issued 2,558 new policies, insured to the amount of \$8,700,930, receiving net premiums to the amount of \$2,024,117, and making its total assets \$2,619,190. At this rate of progress it may soon claim rank with institutions like the New England Life, New York Life, &c., that is, with the best on this continent.

With one or two exceptions, our Accident Companies have yet a character to make; they have scarcely anything of the kind yet; their fair speeches and fine promises are accepted only by that class whose faith is much stronger than their understanding. We need hardly inform our readers that foremost amongst the exceptions is the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, an institution which has already become famous for the good it has done the public as well as itself. But this is a Life as well as an Accident company. It seems that during the last two years it has issued 70,000 policies, and paid over \$3,000 losses. In this, too, we have an illustration of the power of knowledge. No underwriters have studied the *science* of insurance more thoroughly than the President and Secretary of the Travelers', and, as a natural consequence their success is beyond doubt as long as they persevere in the same course. Another very successful Hartford Life company is the *Etna*. It seems to take the New England Mutual for its model, and we think it is right in doing so, for there is not a more accomplished underwriter anywhere than the President of the latter institution.

The subject of fire insurance we must postpone this time, for unhappily there is too much to be said upon it. Several companies have had to close up lately; and there are several others which are not likely to keep open very long. The Portland fire is blamed by nearly all who have had to succumb in this way; but most of them, if not all, had been in

a dying state from the very outset of their career. We are glad to learn that although the Washington, Hope, International, and Aetna, of Hartford, has each suffered heavy losses, none of them have felt any need to write to the newspapers, like a certain Broadway basement concern, to inform the public that the Portland fire has not exhausted all their funds.



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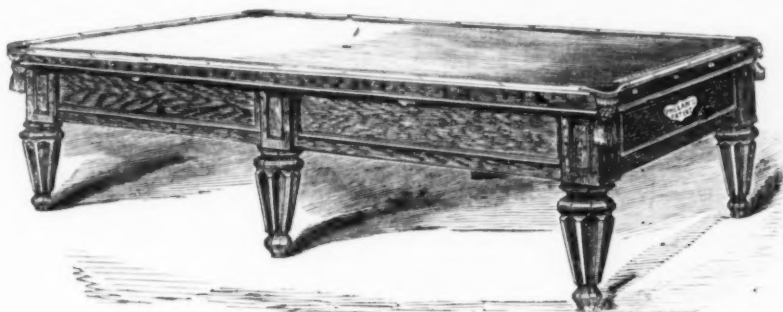
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